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**THE LIFE OF HUGO GROTIUS:** with Brief Minutes of the Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of the Netherlands. By Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. See. pp. 250. 7s. 6d. London: Murray. 1826.

THERE has always appeared to us something peculiarly graceful and enviable in the character of Mr. Butler's mind. The union of acknowledged skill and eminence in a learned profession, with an elegant taste for general literature, is, in itself, an agreeable and attractive spectacle. But the alliance is still more pleasing, when, as in the case of this gentleman, it is adorned with spotless integrity, and the most amiable qualities of private life, with the mildest spirit of philosophy, and with a generous, yet chastened, zeal in the cause of civil and religious liberty. Devoted to letters for their own sake, and evidently seeking, in their pursuit, a tranquil relaxation from the severer employments and cares of business, Mr. Butler has found time for the composition of works, so varied and numerous, as might seem to have demanded an uninterrupted and exclusive existence of learned leisure. Yet he is well known to have been, at the same time, constantly and actively engaged in one of the most abstruse departments of legal practice; and his success is, therefore, in the highest degree, instructive and encouraging, since it offers an irrefragable proof of the possibility of combining great literary attainments, with well merited professional celebrity. Of the unquestionable tendency of these blended pursuits to elevate the character and to purify it from the sordid corruption of worldly action, we need scarcely adduce the instance before us. We may be permitted, however, for a moment to intrude into the privacy of such a man, for the inculcation of his salutary example: we shall here no more be suspected of flattery, than if we spoke not of the living; and we know not why we should repress our admiration at the beautiful retrospect of this long life of honour and usefulness, in which letters have formed the recreation and delight of all seasons, and the especial solace of declining years.

By far the greater portion of Mr. Butler's works, bear the impress of that enthusiastic passion for literature, the modest indulgence of which, seems to have formed the single pur-

pose of his writing. Without obtrusion of himself, and almost, as it were, in silence, he has gone on accumulating the stores of his knowledge, compiling as he read, and dispensing the fruits of his studies. Without ostentation, and apparently without the design of throwing his authorship into prominent observation, he has usually put together his materials, just as they offered; and their arrangement seems never to have cost him a sensible effort. He gives us the idea of having written literally for his own amusement: there is never any ambitious pretension in his periods; never any laboured composition, or straining after effect. He tells whatever he has to say, in the plainest style, and utters his reflections, evidently, in the first terms in which they happen to rise upon his mind.

But this very simplicity of intention, and the absence of much selection in his matter, must be confessed often to weaken, materially, the great weight which his various learning and research, his refined literary tastes, and his philosophical spirit of reflection, should otherwise command. His compositions are always full of instructive details; but with these are too frequently mingled, particulars of trifling importance, and of ready access and familiarity to every scholar. It is no new remark, that, in the mere business of compilation, every book must necessarily be less learned than its author; but in Mr. Butler's productions, the disparity between the real erudition of the writer, and its palpable display, is unusually great. He has not the art—or he despises its deception—to use the thoughts and learning of other men, without formal acknowledgment; and hence his practice, which we have remarked upon former occasions, of too extensively quoting whole passages from earlier authorities, of which he might, without impropriety, have compressed the essence into a few paragraphs of his own language. Whether this plan may have originated in inadvertence or fastidiousness, it begets, unfairly enough, the suspicion of a defect in originality; and the appearance of borrowing from the stores of former writers, is produced by the very candour which refuses to conceal the sources of intelligence. The world are accustomed to judge of these matters, as if history itself were any thing more than the compilation of facts and materials previously accumulated.

The memoir before us is distinguished by

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all those peculiarities of Mr. Butler's manner to which we have been referring; and we should, with equal certainty, have recognised it at once for the production of his pen, if it had failed to bear his name upon the title-page. Like all his former historical essays, too, it has the charm of simplicity and brevity; and this is one of the most praiseworthy characteristics of the fruits of his researches. Having, in the singular ease of his style, less reason than most writers, to fear that the reader will tire over his pages, it has, besides, been his diligent care to avoid fatiguing attention, by even the ordinary length of a volume; and his most interesting dissertations have usually been comprehended within the limits of an abridgment. We will venture to assert, that no one has been deterred from the length, or even rose in weariness from the perusal, of one of his little volumes; and though many of Mr. Butler's contemporaries may surpass him in dexterous enhancement of the merits of their own labours, the self denial of accommodating the scale and form of his writings to the tastes of the languid students of these times, is certainly the especial praise of his judgment.

The life of Grotius is intimately associated with both the literary and religious history of the Seven United Provinces of the Netherlands, and, indeed, with that of all Europe, during the first half of the seventeenth century. But, to elucidate the career of this celebrated and really great man, it was not necessarily required that Mr. Butler should conduct us back, as he has done, to the age of Charlemagne; nor will it be readily apparent, why this biography of an individual should open, at the distance of nine centuries, like a Welsh pedigree, commencing from the flood. The 'succinct account,' therefore, of the devotion (as Mr. Butler has, rather pedantically, called it) of the German empire from the Carlovingian era, which forms the introductory chapter of the volume, may not, unreasonably, be deemed somewhat out of place; nor can the general scholar, possibly, find any thing new in the mere chain of commonplace facts, which Mr. Butler has here collected, relative to the state of literature in Germany, during the middle ages. All these, even if forming a natural preface to the life of Grotius, could not, in themselves, present a particle of novelty: but they have, in truth, not much more connexion with the subject, than the battle of Hastings, or the poetry of Chaucer, would have with the life of John Locke.

It is, however, the fortunate result of Mr. Butler's indefatigable industry and habitual spirit of inquiry, that he never fails to confer some useful illustration on every question which he finds pleasure in examining. So extensive is his learning, and so experienced his judgment, that his thoughts are seldom undeserving of attention; and, however irrelevant too, or unconnected with, the immediate subject matter of his undertaking, even his widest digressions are always entertaining. In his brief notice of the decline of literature under the descendants of Charlemagne, there is much truth in the reflection which he has here repeated, that there are strong grounds for believing the decay far less than is generally represented. "It is surprising," he well re-

marks, "how many works were written during these dark, and, as they are harshly called, ignorant ages. It is more to be wondered, that while so much was written, so little was written well. The classical works of antiquity were not unknown in those times; the Latin Vulgate translation of the Old and New Testament was daily read by the clergy and heard by the people. Now, although the language of the Vulgate be not classical, it is not destitute of elegance, and it possesses throughout the exquisite charm of clearness and simplicity. It is surprising that these circumstances did not lead the writers to a better style. They had no such effect; the general style of the time was hard, inflated, and obscure."

But the ninth and tenth centuries certainly produced some judicious historians, some subtle philosophers, some learned theologians and a few poets. Nor though, during the three next centuries, learning was deplorably obscured, does it seem ever to have suffered that total eclipse, and even extinction, which many authors have been fond of supposing, with the natural bias, to exaggerate our debt of gratitude to the Italian restorers of letters. In Constantinople and the Eastern empire, some glimmerings, at least, of the learning of classical antiquity had always been preserved. Under the Saracen dynasties, too, of Asia, Africa, and Spain, especially, the embers of science and philosophy had been fostered and rekindled; and the light which first beamed upon Italy, before the fourteenth century, and afterwards slowly irradiated all Europe, was derived from these sources. The whole intellectual process might, with more accuracy, have been designated as the return, than as the revival—and the distinction is not unimportant—of literature to western Europe.

In connexion with this opinion, we are rather surprised to find Mr. Butler contented to repeat one vulgar error, which we have before attempted to controvert. He ascribes, after Blackstone, the resumption of the study of Roman civil law in Italy, to the discovery of a copy of the Pandects of Justinian, at Amalfi. We may remind the reader of this common story, that the manuscript was found at Amalfi, by the Pisans, on their sack of that city, and through the agency of the conquerors, conveyed to Bologna; that the university of that place was, consequently, led to introduce the study of the civil law: and that the authority of its code, and the celebrity of Bologna as its great school, soon grew famous together, throughout Europe. At the same time, it is admitted by the believers of this tale, and by Mr. Butler among them, that Irnerius, the first professor of civil law at Bologna, was appointed to that station, and read his lectures there, "towards the year 1130." Now dates are stubborn evidence; and it is indisputable, that the sack of Amalfi did not take place until 1137:—that is, at least seven years later than the epoch at which Irnerius is known to have commenced his lectures. The study of the civil law in Italy, therefore, could not have originated with the fortunate and marvellous accident of the discovery at Amalfi, which has amused the imagination of the learned; and it

the more singular, that the romance of this often-told tale should have imposed upon Mr. Butler's acuteness because he knows, and states (p. 32), that Irnerius "who was by birth a German, had studied Justinian's law at Constantinople." The plain history of his introduction of the science at Bologna, may illustrate the degree of intercourse between the Eastern empire and western Europe, and explain the direction from which the returning current of learning set towards the shores of Italy, even if we refuse to entertain, in the case of the civil law, the very natural belief, that its authority and study had never become wholly extinct in that country.

There are several other little points, in Mr. Butler's introductory chapter, which might be noticed and discussed with advantage; but we are warned not to linger over them, in forgetfulness of the main subject of his volume. In compiling his memoir of *Grotius*, as in writing the life of *Erasmus* (and the two works may be received as companion volumes), Mr. Butler has, of course, not hoped to offer any new or original information. The memoir is, avowedly, founded on familiar authorities: Burign's Life of *Grotius*, of which there is already an English version,—the Latin vindication of his memory, in two volumes, ascribed to Lehman,—the article, *Grotius*, in Bayle—and, lastly, the letters of *Grotius* himself. After these, it is the least praise to which Mr. Butler is entitled, that this memoir will still be read with more profit and delight than any, or all, of them.

Hugo *Grotius*, if his memory deserve not exactly all the distinction which Bayle has assigned to him, as "l'un des plus grands hommes de l'Europe," was, at least, one of the most remarkable, wisest, and most virtuous characters of his age. If he had been merely the author of the treatise, "De Jure Belli et Pacis," he would be entitled to the lasting respect of mankind, as the founder of the doctrine of natural and international jurisprudence, and, through it, in some measure, of the modern sciences of moral philosophy and political economy. His treatise is no longer, perhaps, an authority in the study of the law of nature and nations, for it has been, itself, superseded by the more correct development of the principles which it first suggested. But it must ever remain a monument of prodigious erudition, as well as of benevolent argument. Mr. Butler has not, we think, discriminated its enduring merits, by his citation of Sir James Mackintosh, quite so happily, nor so briefly, as he might have done from the estimate of another philosophical critic. "Even now, when so different a taste prevails," says Mr. Dugald Stewart, in his first dissertation, "the treatise, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, possesses many charms to a classical reader; who, although he may not always set a very high value on the author's reasonings, must, at least, be dazzled and delighted with the splendid profusion of his learning." But the theological writings of *Grotius*, and especially his book, "De Veritate Religions Christianae," have procured for him, by the universal assent of all orders of Christians, a well-merited celebrity, of rather a different kind from that promoted by his political

works; and the share which he was led to suffer in the religious quarrel between the Arminians and Calvinists of the United Provinces, identifies his fortunes with all the history of that famous controversy. His fame for political wisdom, is mingled with the great diplomatic transactions of Europe, during his times; and, lastly, in his career merely as a distinguished writer, his life affords a highly interesting piece of library biography.

Hugo de Groote—for it is to this barbarous Dutch cognomen that we must refer his celebrated latinized appellation of *Grotius*—was born at Delft, in the year 1583, of a family of distinguished rank and hereditary talents. All his biographers agree that he discovered, from his earliest years, astonishing indications of the genius, of which so illustrious a reputation has descended to our times. He devoted himself to the law, and pleaded his first cause with signal honour, before he was seventeen years old! His brilliant success procured him considerable promotion; and before he was twenty-four years of age, he was chosen advocate-general for Holland and Zealand, and some years afterwards pensionary of Rotterdam, a high station in the republican constitution, which followed by the attainment of a seat in the States General. During this prosecution of his fortunes, he married Mary Reygersburgh, of an illustrious house in Zealand; and the union proved one of much happiness.

Thus far his political career had been most prosperous; and his ambition of literary fame had been already gratified, by the publication of several of his earlier works, which, though now not in so much esteem as his later productions, were, at the time, universally admired, and circulated the renown of their author throughout Europe. But a period of reverses was at hand. Some accidents of his education, and the natural temper of his mind, had made him favourable to the Arminian doctrines in theology; and he was intimately connected with the Grand-Pensionary, Barneveldt, the leader of the party in the United Provinces which professed those opinions. On the well known triumph of the opposite, or Calvinistic faction, which produced the iniquitous execution of Barneveldt, *Grotius* was involved in the fate of the Grand-Pensionary, and sentenced in 1619, with an equally flagrant disregard of justice, to imprisonment for life. The story of his escape from his captivity, in the spring of 1621, through the agency of his exemplary wife, has been often related, and is familiar to most readers; but Mr. Butler has invested the particulars with so much animation and interest, that we are tempted to repeat his narrative:

"At first, his confinement was very rigid: by degrees it was relaxed: his wife was allowed to leave the prison for a few hours, twice in every week. He was permitted to borrow books, and to correspond, except on politics, with his friends.

"He beguiled the tedious hours of confinement by study, relieving his mind by varying its objects. Ancient and modern literature equally engaged his attention: Sundays he wholly dedicated to prayer, and the study of theology.

"Twenty months of imprisonment thus passed away. His wife now began to devise projects for his liberty. She had observed that he was not so strictly watched as at first; that the guards, who examined the chest used for the conveyance of his books and linen, being accustomed to see nothing in it but books and linen, began to examine them loosely: at length, they permitted the chest to pass without any examination. Upon this, she formed her project for her husband's release.

"She began to carry it into execution, by cultivating an intimacy with the wife of the commandant of Gorcum. To her, she lamented Grotius's immoderate application to study; she informed her, that it had made him seriously ill; and that, in consequence of his illness, she had resolved to take all his books from him, and restore them to their owners. She circulated every where the account of his illness, and finally declared that it had confined him to his bed.

"In the mean time, the chest was accommodated to her purpose; and particularly, some holes were bored in it, to let in air. Her maid, and the valet of Grotius, were entrusted with the secret. The chest was conveyed to Grotius's apartment. She then revealed her project to him, and, after much entreaty, prevailed on him to get into the chest, and leave her in the prison.

"The books, which Grotius borrowed, were usually sent to Gorcum; and the chest, which contained them, passed in a boat, from the prison, at Louvestein, to that town.

"Big with the fate of Grotius, the chest, as soon as he was enclosed in it, was moved into the boat. One of the soldiers, observing that it was uncommonly heavy, insisted on its being opened, and its contents examined; but, by the address of the maid, his scruples were removed, and the chest was lodged in the boat. The passage from Louvestein to Gorcum took a considerable time. The length of the chest did not exceed three feet and a half. At length, it reached Gorcum: it was intended that it should be deposited at the house of David Bazaer, an Arminian friend of Grotius, who resided at Gorcum. But, when the boat reached the shore, a difficulty arose, how the chest was to be conveyed from the spot, upon which it was to be landed, to Bazaer's house. This difficulty was removed by the maid's presence of mind; she told the bystanders, that the chest contained glass, and that it must be moved with particular care. Two chairmen were soon found, and they carefully moved it on a horse-chair to the appointed place.

"Bazaer sent away his servants on different errands, opened the chest, and received his friend with open arms. Grotius declared, that while he was in the chest, he had felt much anxiety, but had suffered no other inconvenience. Having dressed himself as a mason, with a rule and trowel, he went through the back door of Bazaer's house, accompanied by his maid, along the marketplace, to a boat, engaged for the purpose. It conveyed them to Vervic, in Brabant: there, he was safe. His maid then left him, and, returning to his wife, communicated to her the

agreeable information of the success of the enterprise.

"As soon as Grotius's wife ascertained that he was in perfect safety, she informed the guards of his escape: these communicated the intelligence to the governor. He put her into close confinement; but, in a few days, an order of the States General set her at liberty, and permitted her to carry with her every thing at Louvestein, which belonged to her. It is impossible to think without pleasure of the meeting of Grotius and his heroic wife."—pp. 118—122.

Mr. Butler might here have added the spirited eulogy of Bayle, on the affectionate and enterprising devotion of this excellent woman, to the happiness of her husband. "Une telle femme mérite dans la République des Lettres, non seulement une statue mais aussi les honneurs de la canonisation; car c'est à elle qu'on est redévable de tant d'excellents Ouvrages que son mari a mis au jour, et que ne seroient jamais sortis des ténèbres de Louvestein, s'il y eût passé toute sa vie, comme des Juges choisis par ses ennemis l'avoient pretendu."

Notwithstanding the persecution which he had suffered, it is one of the most excellent traits in the character of Grotius, that his love of his native country continued unabated; and to a return thither were all his hopes, all his views, anxiously directed. But he was now doomed to pass through a life of banishment. He first retired to France, where he composed his *Apology* for himself; which served only, while it ably exposed his injuries, to deepen the animosities of his enemies in the States General. By Louis XIII., however, he was received with great honour, so highly had his least excellent works already established the reputation of his learning and genius. The French monarch settled a pension upon him; and for ten years he resided in Paris. If he would have cultivated the patronage of Richelieu, he might, perhaps, have continued still longer to enjoy an uninterrupted existence of lettered ease. But he gave a mortal affront to the cardinal, by declining to purchase his protection, at the total sacrifice of mental independence; and a residence in France was therefore made so irksome to him, and the yearnings of his mind for a return to his country were become so painful, that at length, in the year 1631, he was tempted to venture into Holland. But he was immediately exposed to a fresh sentence of banishment; and now perceiving that the virulence of his enemies was inexorable, he finally bade adieu to the United Provinces, and determined to seek his fortune elsewhere.

This first residence of ten years in France, was, perhaps, the most remarkable epoch in the literary life of Grotius. It was during this period that he produced his treatise "De Jure Belli et Pacis," which was published at Paris in 1625, and dedicated to the French king. It was now, also, that he translated into Latin prose, and gave to the world, his book, "De Veritate Religionis Christianae," which he had originally composed during his captivity at Louvestein. We know not why Mr. Butler has omitted to notice the circum-

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stances reported by Bayle, from Dumaurier, of the history of this work:—that it was first written for the use of his countrymen, in Flemish verse, that it might be the better committed to their memories, and that it was, farther, designed to assist the Dutch voyagers to the East, in the work of converting the natives of India. At Paris, also, Grotius finished and published his improved edition of "Stobaeus," which he had begun when a boy, and continued in prison:—a book, of which, altogether, we shall honestly confess our ignorance, except by character, as a compilation of classical fragments.

On his retirement from France, and final banishment from Holland, Grotius withdrew to Hamburg. From this retreat he was drawn forth by the offers of the celebrated Chancellor Oxenstiern, who had then directed the affairs of Sweden, since the death of his master, Gustavus Adolphus. Both that monarch and his minister had conceived a high opinion of the treatise "De Jure," and of the abilities and virtue of its author; and Oxenstiern now, in 1634, selected Grotius for the office of ambassador from Sweden to the French court. This station, considering that the thirty years' war was still violently raging, and that France and Sweden were the principal powers of the league against the house of Austria, was certainly one of the highest importance and dignity; and Grotius filled it, with ability and applause, for eleven years. He was then recalled, at his own solicitation, and proceeded to Stockholm, to render an account of his embassy.

On his journey, he passed through Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and was now well received at both those cities. On his arrival at Stockholm, too, he experienced from the Queen of Sweden, the famous Christina, the most flattering reception; and no promises were omitted on her part, to induce him to remain in her service. But, from some reasons which have never been thoroughly explained—some secret disgust, probably—he declined all the queen's offers, and quitted Sweden, by sea, for Lubec. The vessel, in which he had embarked, was driven, by stress of weather, upon the coast of Pomerania; and Grotius was pursuing his way to Lubec by land, when he was arrested by alarming illness at Rostock, and there, after a few days, breathed his last, on the 30th of August, 1645. His corpse was conveyed to Delft, and deposited in the tomb of his ancestors, with a simple and modest epitaph, of his own writing, in which he described himself as, "BATAVUM CAPTIVUS ET EXSUL"—a proof, as affecting as the lamentation of Dante, and without the same bitterness of hatred, of the incurable wound which injustice and exile could inflict upon a noble and sensitive spirit.

The precise nature of the religious sentiments entertained by Grotius, has often been a subject of doubt and dispute; and, as his theological opinions had subjected him to unmerited persecution during his life, so also were they converted, after his death, into matter for suspicion and obloquy to his memory. The real fact seems to have been, that the tone of his mind was too charitable and tol-

erant for the age which produced him. His spirit was truly that of universal Christianity, not of sectarian and exclusive dogmatism. Hence, it was one effect of his temperate principles, that almost every party was willing to assert his adherence to its own tenets; and the following epigram of Menage, humorously likens the variety of sects which claimed his religion, to the number of cities which contended for the birth of Homer:

"Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios,  
Argos, Athenæ,  
Siderei certant vatis de patriâ Homeri;  
Grotiade certant de religione, Socinus,  
Arrius, Arminius, Calvinus, Roma, Luthe-  
rus."

But, in the same ratio in which Grotius rejected the narrow intolerance of sects, he, of course, encountered the bigotted fury of his religious adversaries. The real history of his theological opinions would be curious, and is, perhaps, not difficult of explanation, with unprejudiced views. Having been guided by his reading and reflection on the Scriptures, sincerely, to embrace the interpretations of Arminius, he was, thereby, led to dissent from the more austere and exclusive doctrines of Calvin. The persecution to which he thus exposed himself, was not likely to change or weaken his repugnance to Calvinism; and, in his subsequent residence at Paris, he was, soon, still further disgusted with the fierce and uncharitable zeal of the French Calvinists. Having already inclined to the milder form of Arminianism, he now, openly, adopted it without reserve. His own published commentaries on the Scriptures were composed in this frame of mind; and the sentiments expressed in them have ever been regarded, both by some Catholic and other Protestant divines, perhaps without reason, as leading, in some measure, to Socinianism.

Among his later works, his treatise on Anti-christ excited against him attacks of another kind. His deep study of Scripture had prompted him to the examination of a question, which had, violently, excited the religious world in that age. Some synods of the reformed churches, had ventured to decide that the Pope was Anti-christ; and this absurd and extravagant opinion, had stirred up all the fury of the "odium theologicum," between Roman Catholics and Protestants. By venturing to expose the vain fanaticism of this dogma, Grotius, as was to be foreseen, violently irritated all the bitter enemies of the Roman Catholic church; and their indignation was the greater, as the obnoxious treatise was the confession of a Protestant inquirer. It is, probably, the candour evinced in this work (it was published in 1640), which has induced the belief, that Grotius gradually inclined, in his last years, to the Roman Catholic communion. But, whatever were his final shades of belief, it is clearly established, by the testimony of the clergyman who attended his last moments, that he evinced on his death-bed, the pious faith, and the consolatory hopes, of a sincere Christian.

Into the particular and exact modifications of opinion, which Grotius may have adopted,

it is, after all, very immaterial to inquire. It is sufficient to know that he was a man whom the whole Christian world might be proud to acknowledge for a member. And it is far more instructive to observe the spirit, which animated him with the ardent desire to effect the re-union of the general church. This was the evident, and the avowed object of all his theological writings; and this, too, it was, which drew down upon him the hatred of bigots of all denominations. Nothing in his life places him, as Mr. Butler justly observes, in a more amiable or respectable point of view, than his constant attempts to put Catholics and Protestants into good humour with each other and with themselves. A wish for the religious peace of the world, had "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." It was known, before his imprisonment at Louvestein, that he entertained a project for this benevolent purpose; and he avows it frequently and earnestly in his works. The hopelessness of his too sanguine aspirations after such a re-union,—the whole experience of theological history, if not the natural constitution of the human mind itself, has hitherto tended to prove that he, who, even amidst the fierce controversies and distractions of the seventeenth century, could still, steadily, direct the immense stores of his learning and genius to the accomplishment of so enlarged and benevolent a design, can be no otherwise characterized than as a truly great and good man.

We have suffered our attention to be engrossed by the interesting details which strictly belong to the life, writings, opinions, and character of Grotius. But we must not omit to render justice to some of the collateral matter of Mr. Butler's volume. The fortunes of Grotius were so closely interwoven with the religious disputes which agitated the Seven United Provinces during his life, that some account of these was appropriate, and even indispensable to the completion of his biography. The manner in which Mr. Butler has executed this part of his task, has, infinitely, increased the value of the work. He has presented us with the best abridged view which we have anywhere seen, of the whole features and history of the famous ARMINIAN CONTROVERSY. In one chapter, he takes a rapid survey of the state of religion in the reformed church of the Netherlands, between the age of Calvin and that of Arminius. In another, he offers an abstract of the proceedings of the synod of Dort, in which the doctrines of Arminius were prosecuted, and his disciples subjected to persecution and imprisonment, or exile. A third division of the volume, gives some account of Socinianism, and of the fortunes of the sect which he founded; and notices the controversy between our James I. and Vorstius. And another section traces the subsequent history of Arminianism from the Synod of Dort.

The whole of this portion of Mr. Butler's volume, intermingled as it is with the memoir of Grotius, will be found, by the general reader, a most useful digest of the ecclesiastical annals of the seventeenth century. It is compiled with admirable candour and impartiality; and should be perused, for the in-

structive lesson which it offers, by all those who have been seduced into the belief, that persecution and intolerance were peculiar to the proceedings of any Christian church, before the two last centuries. The story of the Arminian controversy, is thoroughly illustrative of the times in which it arose; and the hatred and cruelties, with which the ascendant party in the Dutch Calvinistic church pursued the assumed heterodoxy of the Arminians, are signal and melancholy proofs of the little influence that four centuries of intellectual illumination had yet exercised, in taming the fierce and vindictive spirit of the middle ages. Nor was it until a much later era that the sacred principles of religious liberty, in their enlarged application, began to be inculcated and impressed upon the general understanding of the world. The history of toleration, would be a curious volume in the history of the human mind: and, if his valued existence should be spared for so honourable a consummation to his labours, we know few writers of the present day, into whose hands the undertaking might more safely be committed, than into those of Mr. Butler.

#### ELEMENTS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND. By Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S., &c. Volume Third. 4to. pp. 567. 2l. 2s. London: Murray. 1827.

(Concluded from page 446, Vol. X.)

In our former notice of this volume, we confined our remarks to the first chapter, which treats of language, and to the two first sections of the second chapter, which is occupied with "the principle or law of sympathetic imitation." In the third section Mr. Stewart discusses several phenomena, which he thinks are in part resolvable into the principles previously laid down—if principles they may be called—which are all dependent upon that mysterious sympathy that is known to exist between the bodily organization of different individuals.

It is worthy of remark, that Lord Bacon touches slightly on this branch of the philosophy of the mind, to which he gives the title of "Doctrina de fadere, sive de communi vinculo anima et corporis;" and that he resolved the effects of this "mental and corporal chain," to a "magical transmission of spirits from body to body." "It is a strange thing in nature," says that acute observer, in his *Sylva Sylvarum*, "when it is attentively considered, how children and some birds learn to imitate speech.—They take no mark at all of the motion of the mouth of him that speaketh; for birds are as well taught in the dark as by light. The sounds of speech are very curious and exquisite; so one would think it were a lesson hard to learn. It is true that it is done with time, and by little and little, and with many essays and proffers; but all this dischargeth not the wonder. It would make a man think (though this which we shall say may seem exceeding strange) that there is some transmission of spirits; and that the spirits of the teacher put in motion, should work with the spirits of the

learner to produce the effect.

Medieval more important matters, of enthusiasm.

Mr. Butler

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learner a predisposition to offer to imitate, and to perfect the imitation by degrees.'

Medical writers scarcely render the subject more intelligible, when they refer the contagious nature of convulsions, of hysterical disorders, of panics, and of all the different kinds of enthusiasm, to the mere principle of imitation. Mr. Stewart contends, that the imagination also enters into the combination of causes which produce such sympathetic effects, though he does not attempt to draw any line between those causes, or, indeed, to investigate or analyse them at all. He deals only with the practical applications of which the facts, afterwards mentioned by him, are susceptible, abstracted from all consideration of the laws to which they ought ultimately to be referred.

Among these facts, he refers to the religious frenzy which formerly operated so powerfully on the minds and bodies of the enthusiasts of Cevennes, commonly called the Camisards; to the curious and incontrovertible phenomena produced in France, in the reign of Louis XVI., by the practice of animal magnetism; and to some instances of fanatical excitement, which occurred in Scotland, at the time of Whitfield's first visit to that country. He mentions also a description, somewhat visionary, in our opinion, of the operation of what the Quakers are pleased to call 'the spirit, upon not only the minds, but the bodies, of their congregations. From these, and other similar facts, Mr. Stewart concludes that certain bodily affections are contagious, but that the contagion operates through the *mind*. He suggests, therefore, for the consideration of physicians, an important question, whether certain kinds of insanity have not a contagious tendency. It is impossible, we think, for any person to entertain a doubt on this point, who has ever visited a mad-house. Unless habituated to that most lamentable of all scenes, the soundest observer can hardly contemplate it, without feeling his thoughts unsettled for some hours after.

Even when passions and emotions are supposed to be felt by an individual, although not manifested by any external expression, they are, to a certain degree, contagious. Has it not often happened that one person, oppressed by low spirits in a small company, has thrown a damp upon their enjoyments, which no exertions could counteract? Thus also, may a contrary sense of pleasure, and even the devotional feelings be excited, merely by the presence of persons known to be actuated by them. It is this operation of some inexplicable common cause, which gives to an earnest and powerful orator, such irresistible influence in a large popular assembly. Upon this subject Mr. Stewart has an admirable passage, which we must extract.

"There is something in the sight of a great multitude, more favourable to the excitement of the imagination and of the passions, than to the cool exercise of our reasoning powers. Every person who has been accustomed to address a large audience, must have experienced this in himself; and, accordingly, in popular assemblies, when a speaker indulges in declamation, or attempts to rouse the passions of his hearers, his eyes may generally be observed to sweep from place to place over his auditory;

sometimes, perhaps, in a moment of more than common animation, to comprehend the whole at a glance: but, when he is about to *reason*, or to detail facts, he strives to concentrate his thoughts by forgetting the crowd, and fixing the eye of a single individual. His hearers, in the mean time (at least, such of them as have not learned from early and long habit to maintain their self-possession and command of mind in circumstances so peculiarly adverse to reflection) become almost passive materials in his hands, and are prepared to follow wherever he leads the way.—So just is the maxim of Cardinal de Retz, that 'all great assemblies are mere mobs, and swayed in their deliberations by the most trifling motives.' In the history of human nature, few facts are more curious or more important than this; that where immense numbers of men are collected on the same spot, and their physical force is the most irresistible, their minds are the most easily subdued by the authority of (what they conceive to be) the voice of wisdom and of virtue. The consciousness of this power,—one of the proudest, unquestionably, which a man can possess over his fellow-creatures,—contributes more than any thing else to animate and inspire that eloquence which it supposes; and hence the foundation of a maxim laid down by Cicero, that 'eloquence is impossible, without a listening crowd.'

"On such occasions, the contagion of sympathetic imitation will be found to aid so very powerfully the ascendancy of the speaker's genius, as almost to justify the exclusive stress which Demosthenes laid on *action*, when compared with the other constituents of the oratorical art. Buffon seems to have been fully aware of the same thing, when he introduced the following description of the effects of *popular* eloquence into the discourse which he pronounced on his reception into the French Academy. The description appears to me to be just, and to be executed with a masterly hand; but I quote it at present, chiefly to have an opportunity of expressing my *dissent* from the conclusion which it is employed to illustrate. 'True eloquence implies an exertion of genius, and supposes a cultivated mind. It differs essentially from that fluency of speech, which is a talent possessed by all who have strong passions, flexible organs, and lively imaginations. Such men feel acutely, and express strongly, both by words and gestures, what they feel. Hence, by a sort of mechanical impression, they impart to others their enthusiasm and their affections:—it is the body which speaks to the body; all its movements, and all its expressive powers lending their aid. How little is sufficient to shake the opinions of most men, and to communicate to them the sentiments of the speaker! A tone of voice vehement and pathetic; gestures expressive and frequent; words rapid and sonorous.'

"Buffon proceeds afterwards to contrast this popular eloquence with that which was cultivated in the French Academy, giving the decided preference to the latter, and, indeed, treating the former with every expression of contempt. The proper inference, however, from his premises was, that if these secondary attainments of an orator can perform so much,

where there is a real deficiency in more essential endowments, what effects might they not produce, if united with the higher gifts of the understanding? Why undervalue an art, merely because it is adapted to the principles of our physical as well as of our moral frame; an art which, in ancient times, was cultivated by men not more distinguished by the splendour of their military virtues, than by those accomplishments which adorn and humanize the mind; and who, to a skill in composition, which it is our pride to imitate at a distance, seem to have added all the energy and all the grace which pronunciation and gesture, regulated by taste and philosophy, could supply? The eloquence of the French Academicians, when considered in relation to its professed objects, justly claims our admiration; but why contrast it with *that* eloquence—to which it bears no resemblance, but in name—which, in free states, has so often fixed the destiny of nations, and which the contagious sympathy of popular and patriotic emotions could alone have inspired? The compositions of Buffon himself, the most finished models, perhaps, of that polished and courtly style which he valued so highly,—what are they, when compared with those mightier powers of genius which

Fulmin'd over Greece  
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne?

"What are they, even when compared with *that* eloquence (tempered and subdued as it is by modern institutions and manners), of which our own age and our own country has furnished so many illustrious examples; and which, in political assemblies far more wisely and happily constituted than those of the Athenian commonwealth, secures to its possessors an authority which no other distinctions can command? Such an ascendant is to be acquired only by talents as various as the principles of that nature on which they are destined to operate; and whoever, in the cultivation of the same art, forgets how closely the physical frame of man is linked with his imagination and his passions, may abandon all ambition of that empire over the minds of others to which the orators of antiquity aspired, and must rest satisfied with the praise of refinement, ingenuity, and wit."—pp. 209-213.

In the fourth, and concluding section of the chapter, Mr. Stewart justly observes, that the principles upon which the phenomena, already referred to, depend, 'are subservient, *on the whole*, to beneficent and important purposes'; that the power of imitation is an essential matter to be attended to in the education of children; and that there are many accomplishments, particularly all those connected with grace, both in utterance and gesture, which children might be taught merely from the habitual sight of good models,—instead of consuming their time afterwards,—as *arts* which are to be systematically studied. The section concludes with a dissertation upon ventriloquism, the connexion of which with the subject under consideration is, we own, not very apparent to us.

The succeeding chapter is devoted to the varieties of genius and of intellectual character among men. What are the original dispa-

rities in their capacities. Mr. Stewart thinks it impossible to ascertain; but he considers it as presumable, from the analogy of the body, that such disparities exist, notwithstanding the theory of the original equality of all minds, which has been ingeniously maintained by Helvetius and others. That the varieties existing in the form of the head, and in the cast of the features, are significant of original varieties in the intellectual capacity, seems to be sufficiently established by the whole course of human experience. But even if this had not been the case, it scarcely admits of dispute, that the different circumstances in which men are placed, will produce great diversities in their talents. For instance, it is matter of daily observation, that great personal beauty, either in man or woman, diverts them from the cultivation of the mind; whereas, deformity produces the very opposite effect. If it be true, as that profound observer of human nature, the author of *Gil Blas*, asserts, that 'little men are commonly decisive and oracular in their opinions,' it must be admitted, that stature also has its effects upon the intellect. But, undoubtedly, the most obvious cause of the varieties in the intellectual faculties, by which men are distinguished, arises from the different pursuits to which they dedicate themselves in civilized society. "The metaphysician, for example, the mathematician, the poet, the critic, the antiquary, strengthen, by their respective pursuits, a corresponding combination of faculties and principles, while they suffer others to remain without due cultivation." We regret that we cannot follow Mr. Stewart in his observations on some of these characters, showing in what respects their intellectual faculties may be expected to be severally marked and discriminated, in consequence of their peculiar occupations. We can only find room for his reflections on the disposition to generalization, which usually increases upon men as years add to their experience.

"This tendency to abstraction and generalization commonly grows upon us as we advance in life; partly from our own growing impatience in the study of particulars, and partly from the inaptitude of our declining faculties to embrace with accuracy a multiplicity of minute details. Hence, the mind is led to experience an increasing delight in those vantage grounds which afford it an enlarged survey of its favourite objects. The flattened eye which can no longer examine the microscopical beauties of an insect's wing, may yet enjoy the variegated tints of an autumnal wood, or wander over the magnificence of an Alpine prospect.

"Is it not owing to this, among other causes, that time appears to pass more swiftly the longer we live? As the events we contemplate swell in magnitude and importance (the attention being daily less engrossed with individuals, and more with communities and nations), the scene must, of course, shift more slowly, and the plot advance more leisurely to its accomplishment. Hence, that small portion of our thread which remains unspun, appears to bear a less and less proportion to the space likely to be occupied by the transactions in which we are interested. Franklin, towards the close of life, complained repeatedly in my

hearing, that time passed much more rapidly in his old age than when he was young. 'The year' (he said) 'is no sooner begun than it is ended,' adding, with his usual good humour, 'I am sometimes tempted to think they do not give us so good measure now as formerly.'—Whoever compares the latter part of this great man's history with his first outset, will not think this change in his estimate of time very wonderful.

"The feelings which Franklin experienced when an old man, in consequence of the accidental circumstances of his history, are the natural effects of the habits of thinking, which the philosopher loves to indulge. In consequence of these habits, he feels every day more and more as a citizen of the world; and, associating himself with the inhabitants of the most remote regions, takes a deeper interest in the universal drama of human affairs. And if, in consequence of this, his years should appear to pass over his head more swiftly, it must be remembered that, after a certain period of life, this ceases to be a misfortune. Franklin himself, while he affected to hold a different language, plainly considered the matter in this light; and, indeed, could not have given a stronger proof of the happiness of his old age, than by the complaints he made of the rapid flight of time. It is only when our prospects accord with our wishes, that we are liable to the influence of this illusion."—pp. 207, 208.

This subject leads Mr. Stewart to discuss the difference between the sexes; and here he takes occasion to express his adoption of the opinion long since sanctioned by Plato, and maintained by the most enlightened and judicious philosophers, that, 'there is no natural difference between the sexes, but in point of strength. When the entire sexes are compared together, the female is doubtless the inferior; but in individuals, the woman has often the advantage of the man.'

"In this opinion, I have no doubt that Plato is in the right. The intellectual and moral differences between the sexes seem to me to be entirely the result of *education*; using that word in its most extensive sense, to comprehend not merely the instruction received from teachers, but the habits of mind imposed by situation, or by the physical organization of the animal frame.

"It must be remembered, too, that certain intellectual and moral habits are the natural and necessary consequences of that difference in point of strength which Plato allows to distinguish the sexes. The form of the male is evidently much the better fitted for bodily exertion, and a less measure of exercise seems to be sufficient to preserve the female in health. Hence the sedentary habits early acquired by the other sex, and that comparative timidity which results from a want of familiarity with those external injuries to which the stronger sex is daily exposed. This timidity, it is to be observed, by no means implies an impatience under present suffering; for the female, though less courageous than the male, is commonly more resigned and patient under severe affliction. The mental constitutions, in this re-

spect, of the sexes, are happily adapted to the different provinces allotted to them in life; the male being the natural protector of the female in moments of danger and sudden alarm; the female destined to be his comfort and support in seasons of sorrow, and of protracted suffering.

"From the greater delicacy of their frame, and from the numerous ailments connected with their sexual temperament, combined with their constant familiarity with distresses which are not their own, the sympathy of women with the sufferings of others is much more lively, and their promptitude to administer relief, wherever it is possible, is much more eager than in the generality of men. To the truth of this remark, every day's experience bears witness; and from the testimony of travellers, it appears, that the observation extends to women in all the different stages of society.

"In consequence of the greater nervous irritability of women, their muscular system seems to possess a greater degree of that mobility by which the principle of sympathetic imitation operates. Hence their proneness to hysterical affections, and to that species of religious enthusiasm which is propagated by contagion. Hence also their tendency to mimicry, and the niceness of their tact with respect to the more delicate features of character. —pp. 319-322.

To the different process of their education, and of their early habits, Mr. Stewart imputes the inferiority of the fair sex to the stronger, in a capacity for *patient thought*, and for all those pursuits which require systematic mental attention. From their infancy, the minds of females are peculiarly alive to sensible objects; they are, therefore, easily influenced by casual associations, and hence their acknowledged superiority in their powers of conversation, and in epistolary writing.

In the next, and concluding chapter of this volume, the author enters into a comparison between the faculties of man and those of the lower animals. After asserting, as incontrovertible maxims, that the operations of the former are guided by reason, and those of the latter by what we call instinct, he at the same time guards himself from the supposition that he would refer all the actions of man to the one principle, as all those of brutes to the other. The true line of distinction may be thus shortly stated—"the instincts of brutes are susceptible of important modifications, from the influence of external circumstances, and the accidental experience of the individual animal," while, on the other hand, "there are, in man, many natural propensities which seem to be perfectly analogous to instinct, in their laws, and in their origin." These plain truths are innumerable with a mass of facts and theories, which, after all, leave the question in its original state.

How far the lower animals are governed by pure, or by mixed instinct, as it is called, is a point, we presume, that never will be ascertained. What, however, it is of some consequence to us to know is this, that let the extraordinary acquisitions, made by the brute, be ever so great, they perish with the individual. He does not communicate them to his fellows, or to his progeny, and even in him they soon

\* *Plato de Republica*, I. v.

cease to appear, if not kept up by continual practice. Hence, no instance can be alleged, in which, "any one tribe of animals has improved its condition, since the earliest account given of them by natural historians." Of the extraordinary accomplishments, if we may use the expression, evinced by particular animals, every day furnishes abundant instances. But we have not a tittle of evidence to show, that these accomplishments extend themselves among the brute race, without the assistance of man, who alone can teach them.

In order to exhibit the superiority of the source whence man derives his capabilities of improvement, and as an answer to that cold system of philosophy, which teaches that all our knowledge is the result of our sensations, Mr. Stewart gives, in an appendix to this chapter, a detailed account of James Mitchell, a boy, born *deaf* and *blind*, and consequently *dumb*. The story is a very melancholy one, as concerns the individual; but, in a philosophical point of view, it is highly interesting and instructive. The following compressed history of this unique case, as Mr. Stewart considers it to be, we extract from the report of a clergymen, resident in Mitchell's neighbourhood.

" The subject of this brief notice is the son of the Rev. Donald Mitchell, late minister of Ardelach, a Highland parish, lying on the banks of the Findhorn. He was born 11th November, 1795, and is the sixth child of his parents, being the youngest except one. All his brothers and sisters (as well also his parents,) are perfectly free from the deficiency of sight and hearing, which occurs in his case; and are healthy and well formed. His mother, who is an intelligent and sensible lady, very early discovered his unfortunate situation: she noticed that he was *blind*, from his discovering no desire to turn his eyes to the light, or to any bright object; and afterwards (in his early infancy also,) she ascertained his being *deaf*, from the circumstance, that no noise, however loud, awakened him from sleep. As he grew up, he discovered a most extraordinary acuteness of the senses of touch and smell; being very soon able, by these, to distinguish strangers from the members of his own family; and any little article which was appropriated to himself, from what belonged to others. In his childhood, the most noticeable circumstance relating to him, was an eager desire to strike upon his fore-teeth any thing he could get hold of; this he would do for hours; and seemed particularly gratified if it was a key, or any instrument that gave a *sharp sound* when struck against his teeth. This would seem to indicate that the auditory nerve was not altogether dormant.

" In 1808, and again in 1810, his father carried him to London, where operations were performed upon his eyes by the most eminent practitioners, with *very little*, or rather with *no* (permanent) success; while an attempt that was made at the same time, to give him the sense of hearing, by piercing the tympanum, totally failed.

" Such is the brief history of this poor lad; it remains now to give some account of his appearance, behaviour, the feelings by which he seems to be actuated, the manner in which he

conveys his desires, and the methods by which he is managed.

" 1. His countenance, notwithstanding his unfortunate defects, does by no means indicate fatuity; nay, the lineaments of thought are very observable upon it. His features at times (in church, for instance, and during the time of family prayer,) are perfectly composed and sedate; when sensible of the presence of a stranger, or of any object which awakens his curiosity, his face appears animated; and when offended or enraged, he has a very marked ferocity of look. He is (for his age) of an athletic form, and has altogether a robust appearance.

" 2. He behaves himself in company with much more propriety than could be expected; a circumstance owing undoubtedly to the great care of his parents, and of his elder sister. He feeds himself. When a stranger arrives, his smell immediately and invariably informs him of the circumstance, and directs him to the place where the stranger is, whom he proceeds to *surrey* by the sense of touch. In the remote situation where he resides, male visitors are most frequent; and, therefore, the first thing he generally does, is to examine whether or not the stranger wears boots; if he does wear them, he immediately quits the stranger, goes to the lobby, feels for, and accurately examines his whip; then proceeds to the stable, and handles his horse with great care, and with the utmost seeming attention. It has occasionally happened, that visitors have arrived in a carriage, and, on such occasions, he has never failed to go to the place where the carriage stood, examined the whole of it with much anxiety, and tried innumerable times the elasticity of the springs. In all this he is undoubtedly guided by the smell and touch only, without any assistance from sight; for, going to call lately for his mother, I passed him, near to the house, within a few feet, without his noticing me in the least; and offering him a glass of punch after dinner, he groped for it, as one in total darkness.

" 3. The feeling by which he appears to be most powerfully actuated, (at least to a stranger,) is curiosity, or an anxious desire to make himself acquainted with every thing that is new to him. He appears to feel affection to those of his family very strongly;—discovered extreme sorrow on account of his father's death; laid himself upon the coffin, after his father's corpse was put into it, apparently in much grief; went frequently to his grave and threw himself upon it, whilst he gently patted the turf, and bewailed himself greatly. He is likewise capable of feeling mirth, and frequently laughs heartily. He is highly gratified by getting new clothes; and as tearing his clothes is the most usual expression of his anger, so the punishment he feels most is being obliged to wear them after he has torn them. He is subject to anger upon being crossed in any of his desires, or when he finds any of his clothes, or articles with which he amuses himself, removed from the chest in which he keeps them.

" 4. Respecting the manner in which he conveys his feelings and desires, I am much at a loss to give the information that might be expected. It is certain that those of his family

know perfectly in what temper of mind he is, and what he wants to have; and these intimations he conveys to them in the presence of strangers, without these last being sensible of his doing so. When he is hungry, he preaches his mother or sisters, touches them in an expressive manner, and points towards the apartment where the victuals are usually kept. If he wants dry stockings, he points to his legs; and in a similar way, intimates his wishes upon other occasions. A pair of shoes were lately brought to him, and on putting them on, he found them too small. His mother then took them, and put them into a small closet; soon after a thought seemed to strike him, and he contrived to obtain the key of the closet, opened the door, took the shoes, and put them upon the feet of a young lad who attends him, whom they suited exactly. This action of his implies considerable reflection, and shows that he must have made some accurate examinations, though unnoticed at the time. When he is sick and feverish, which sometimes happens, he points to his head, or takes his mother's hand and places it opposite to his heart, seemingly with an intention that she may observe its beating more quickly than usual. He never attempts to express his feelings by utterance, except when angry, when he bellows in a most uncouth manner. Satisfaction or complacency he expresses by patting the person or object which excites that feeling. His smell being wonderfully acute, he is frequently offended through that sense, when other persons near to him smell nothing unpleasant; he expresses his dissatisfaction on such occasions, by putting his hand to his nose, and retreating rapidly. His taste seems also to be exquisite, and he expresses much pleasure by laughing and smacking his lips, when any savoury victuals are laid before him.

"5. His father, when alive, was at much pains in directing him, as his mother still is; but his elder sister seems to have a much greater ascendancy over him, and more power of managing him than any other person. Touching his head with her hand seems to be the principal method which she employs in signifying her wishes to him respecting his conduct; this she does with various degrees of force, and in different manners; and he seems readily to understand the intimation intended to be conveyed. In short, by gratifying him when he acts properly, and withholding from him the objects of his complacency when he has done amiss, he has been taught a sense of what is becoming in manners, and proper in conduct, much stronger than it could be otherwise believed, that any person, in his singularly unfortunate situation, could acquire."—*Vol. iii. pp. 418-423.*

The latest communication, in the appendix, concerning this unfortunate person, is dated August, 1826. Added to the various papers, detailing his history, which are collected by Mr. Stewart, it demonstrates that, though Mitchell is still labouring under his original infirmities, his intellectual capacity has exhibited, with his advance in years, a gradual and striking improvement.

We have now introduced the reader to the

leading topics discussed by Mr. Stewart, in this volume. We could have wished, that they had been treated within a more reasonable compass than a quarto, of nearly 600 pages, particularly as an octavo, of 300, would have been much better proportioned to the quantity of valuable matter here given to the world. We have confined ourselves chiefly to the practical principles disclosed in it, with a view rather to induce the reader to study the work for himself, than to bewilder him in controversies and comments, which would far exceed the space that we could bestow upon them.

—  
*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

### THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

—  
A land of peace,  
Where yellow fields unspoil'd, and pastures green,  
Mottled with herds and flocks, who crop secure  
Their native herbage, nor have ever known  
A stranger's stall, smile gladly.  
See through its tufted alleys to Heaven's roof  
The curling smoke of quiet dwellings rise.

*Joanna Baillie.*

THE stately Homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand !  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land !  
The deer across their green-sward bound,  
Through shade and sunny gleam ;  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England !  
Around their hearths by night  
What gladsome looks of household love  
Meet in the ruddy light !  
There woman's voice flows forth in song !  
Or childhood's tale is told :  
Or lips move tunefully along  
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England !  
How softly on their bowers  
Is laid the holy quietness  
That breathes from Sabbath-hours !  
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime  
Floats through their woods at morn ;  
All other sounds, in that still time,  
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The Cottage-Homes of England !  
By thousands, on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
And round the hamlet-fanes.  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves,  
And fearless there they lowly sleep,  
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England !  
Long, long, in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be rear'd,  
To guard each hallow'd wall !  
And green for ever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its Country and its God !

**F. H.**

From *Blackwood's Magazine.*

LE REVENANT.

"There are but two classes of persons in the world—those who are hanged, and those who are not hanged; and it has been my lot to belong to the former."

THERE are few men, perhaps, who have not a hundred times in the course of life, felt a curiosity to know what their sensations would be if they were compelled to lay life down. The very impossibility, in all ordinary cases, of obtaining any approach to this knowledge, is an incessant spur pressing on the fancy in its endeavours to arrive at it. Thus poets and painters have ever made the estate of a man condemned to die, one of their favourite themes of comment or description. Footboys and apprentices hang themselves almost every other day, conclusively—missing their arrangement for slipping the knot half way—out of a seeming instinct to try the secrets of that fate, which—less in jest than earnest—they feel an inward monition may become their own. And thousands of men, in early life, are uneasy until they have mounted a breach, or fough a duel, merely because they wish to know, experimentally, that their nerves are capable of carrying them through that peculiar ordeal. Now I am in a situation to speak, from experience, upon that very interesting question—the sensations attendant upon a passage from life to death. I have been HANGED, and am ALIVE—perhaps there are not three other men, at this moment, in Europe, who can make the same declaration. Before this statement meets the public eye, I shall have quitted England for ever; therefore I have no advantage to gain from its publication. And, for the vanity of knowing, when I shall be a sojourner in a far country, that my name—for good or ill—is talked about in this,—such fame would scarcely do even my pride much good, when I dare not lay claim to its identity. But the cause which excites me to write is this—My greatest pleasure, through life, has been the perusal of any extraordinary narratives of fact. An account of a shipwreck in which hundreds have perished; of a plague which has depopulated towns or cities; anecdotes and inquiries connected with the regulation of prisons, hospitals, or lunatic receptacles; nay, the very police reports of a common newspaper—as relative to matters of reality; have always excited a degree of interest in my mind which cannot be produced by the best invented tale of fiction. Because I believe, therefore, that, to persons of a temper like my own, the reading that which I have to relate will afford very high gratification;—and because I know also, that what I describe can do mischief to no one, while it may prevent the symptoms and details of a very rare consummation from being lost;—for these reasons I am desirous, as far as a very limited education will permit me, to write a plain history of the strange fortunes and miseries to which, during the last twelve months, I have been subjected.

I have stated already, that I have been hanged and am alive. I can gain nothing now by misrepresentation—I was guilty of the act for which I suffered. There are individuals of respectability whom my conduct already has dis-

graced, and I will not revive their shame and grief by publishing my name. But it stands in the list of capital convictions in the Old Bailey Calendar for the Winter Sessions 1826; and this reference, coupled with a few of the facts which follow, will be sufficient to guide any persons who are doubtful, to the proof that my statement is a true one. In the year 1824, I was a clerk in Russia broker's house, and fagged between Broad Street Buildings and Batson's Coffeehouse, and the London Docks, from nine in the morning to six in the evening, for a salary of fifty pounds a-year. I did this—not contentedly—but I endured it; living sparingly in a little lodging at Islington for two years; till I fell in love with a poor, but very beautiful girl, who was honest where it was very hard to be honest; and worked twelve hours a-day at sewing and millinery, in a mercer's shop in Cheapside, for half a guinea a-week. To make short of a long tale—this girl did not know how poor I was; and, in about six months, I committed seven or eight forgeries, to the amount of near two hundred pounds. I was seized one morning—I expected it for weeks,—as regularly as I awoke—every morning; and carried, after a very few questions, for examination before the Lord Mayor. At the Mansion-House I had nothing to plead. Fortunately my motions had not been watched; and so no one but myself was implicated in the charge—as no one else was really guilty. A sort of instinct to try the last hope made me listen to the magistrate's caution, and remain silent; or else, for any chance of escape I had, I might as well have confessed the whole truth at once. The examination lasted about half an hour; when I was fully committed for trial, and sent away to Newgate.

The shock of my first arrest was very slight indeed; indeed I almost question if it was not a relief, rather than a shock, to me. For months, I had known perfectly that my eventual discovery was certain. I tried to shake the thought of this off; but it was of no use—I dreamed of it even in my sleep; and I never entered our counting-house of a morning, or saw my master take up the cash-book in the course of the day, that my heart was not up in my mouth, and my hand shook so that I could not hold the pen—for twenty minutes afterwards, I was sure to do nothing but blunder. Until, at last, when I saw our chief clerk walk into the room, on New Year's morning, with a police officer, I was as ready for what followed, as if I had had six hours' conversation about it. I do not believe I showed—for I am sure I did not feel it—either surprise or alarm. My "fortune," however, as the officer called it, was soon told. I was apprehended on the 1st of January; and the Sessions being then just begun, my time came rapidly round. On the 4th of the same month, the London Grand Jury found three Bills against me for forgery; and, on the evening of the 5th, the Judge exhorted me to "prepare for death;" for "there was no hope, that, in this world, mercy could be extended to me."

The whole business of my trial and sentence, passed over as coolly and formally, as I would have calculated a question of interest,

or summed up as underwriting account. I had never, though I lived in London, witnessed the proceedings of a Criminal Court before; and I could hardly believe the composure, and indifference—and yet civility—for there was no show of anger or ill temper—with which I was treated; together with the apparent perfect insensibility of all the parties round me, while I was rolling on—with a speed which nothing could check, and which increased every moment—to my ruin! I was called suddenly up from the dock, when my turn for trial came, and placed at the bar; and the Judge asked, in a tone which had neither severity about it, nor compassion—nor carelessness, nor anxiety—nor any character or expression whatever that could be distinguished—“If there was any counsel appeared for the prosecution?” A barrister then, who seemed to have some consideration—a middle aged, gentlemanly looking man—stated the case against me—as he said he would do—very “fairly and forbearingly;” but, as soon as he read the facts from his brief, that only—I heard an officer of the gaol, who stood behind me, say—“put the rope about my neck.” My master then was called to give his evidence; which he did very temperately—but it was conclusive: a young gentleman, who was my counsel, asked a few questions in cross-examination, after he had carefully looked over the indictment: but there was nothing to cross-examine upon—I knew that well enough—though I was thankful for the interest he seemed to take in my case. The Judge then told me, I thought more gravely than he had spoken before,—“That it was time for me to speak in my defence, if I had any thing to say.” I had nothing to say. I thought one moment to drop down upon my knees, and beg for mercy;—but, again—I thought it would only make me look ridiculous; and I only answered—as well as I could—“That I would not trouble the Court with any defence.” Upon this, the Judge turned round, with a more serious air still, to the Jury, who stood up all to listen to him as he spoke. And I listened too—or tried to listen attentively—as hard as I could; and yet—with all I could do—I could not keep my thoughts from wandering! For the sight of the Court—all so orderly, and regular, and composed, and formal, and well satisfied—spectators and all—while I was running on with the speed of wheels upon smooth soil downhill, to destruction—seemed as if the whole trial were a dream, and not a thing in earnest! The barristers sat round the table, silent, but utterly unconcerned, and two were looking over their briefs, and another was reading a newspaper; and the spectators in the galleries looked on and listened as pleasantly, as though it were a matter not of death going on, but of pastime or amusement; and one very fat man, who seemed to be the clerk of the Court, stopped his writing when the Judge began, but leaned back in his chair with his hands in his breeches’ pockets, except once or twice that he took a snuff; and not one living soul seemed to take notice—they did not seem to know the fact—that there was a poor, desperate, helpless, creature—whose days were fast running out—whose hours of life were even with

the last grains in the bottom of the sand glass—among them! I lost the whole of the Judge’s charge—thinking of I know not what—in a sort of dream—unable to steady my mind to any thing, and only biting the stalk of a piece of rosemary that lay by me. But I heard the low, distinct whisper of the Foreman of the Jury, as he brought in the verdict—“**Guilty**,”—and the last words of the Judge, saying—“that I should be hanged by the neck until I was dead;” and bidding me “prepare myself for the next life, for that my crime was one that admitted of no mercy in this.” The gaoler then, who had stood close by me all the while, put his hand quickly upon my shoulder, in an under voice, telling me, to “Come along!” Going down the hall steps, two other officers met me; and, placing me between them, without saying a word, hurried me across the yard in the direction back to the prison. As the door of the court closed behind us, I saw the Judge fold up his papers, and the Jury being sworn in the next case. Two other culprits were brought up out of the dock; and the crier called out for—“The prosecutor and witnesses against James Hawkins, and Joseph Sanderson, for burglary!”

I had no friends, if any in such a case could have been of use to me—no relatives but two; by whom—I could not complain of them—I was at once disowned. On the day after my trial, my master came to me in person, and told me that “he had recommended me to mercy, and should try to obtain a mitigation of my sentence.” I don’t think I seemed very grateful for this assurance—I thought that if he had wished to spare my life he might have made sure, by not appearing against me. I thanked him; but the colour was in my face—and the worst feelings that ever rose in my heart in all my life were at this visit. I thought he was not a wise man to come into my cell at that time—though he did not come alone. But the thing went no farther.

There was but one person then in all the world that seemed to belong to me; and that one was Elizabeth Clare! And, when I thought of her, the idea of all that was to happen to myself was forgotten—I covered my face with my hands, and cast myself on the ground; and I wept, for I was in desperation. While I was being examined, and my desk searched for papers at home, before I was carried to the Mansion-house, I had got an opportunity to send one word to her,—“That if she wished me only to try for my life, she should not come, nor send, nor be known in any way in my misfortune.” But my scheme was to no purpose. She had gone wild as soon as she had heard the news of my apprehension—never thought of herself, but confessed her acquaintance with me. The result was, she was dismissed from her employment—and it was her only means of livelihood.

She had been every where,—to my master—to the judge that tried me—to the magistrates—to the sheriffs—to the aldermen—she had made her way even to the Secretary of State! My heart did misgivings at the thought of death; but, in despite of myself, I forgot fear when I missed her usual time of coming, and gathered from the people about me how she

was employed. I had no thought about the success or failure of her attempt. All my thoughts were,—that she was a young girl, and beautiful—hardly in her senses, and quite unprotected—without money to help, or a friend to advise her—pleading to strangers—humbling herself perhaps to menials, who would think her very despair and helpless condition, a challenge to infamy and insult. Well, it mattered little! The thing was no worse because I was alive to see and suffer from it. Two days more, and all would be over; the demons that fed on human wretchedness would have their prey. She would be homeless—penniless—friendless,—she would have been the companion of a forger and a felon; it needed no witchcraft to guess the termination.

We hear curiously, and read every day, of the visits of friends and relatives to wretched criminals condemned to die. Those who read and hear of these things the most curiously, have little impression of the sadness of the reality. It was six days after my first apprehension when Elizabeth Clare came, for the last time, to visit me in prison! In only these short six days her beauty, health, strength—all were gone; years upon years of toil and sickness could not have left a more worn-out wreck. Death—as plainly as ever death spoke—sat in her countenance—she was broken-hearted. When she came, I had not seen her for two days. I could not speak, and there was an officer of the prison with us too: I was the property of the law now; and my mother, if she had lived, could not have blest, or wept for me, without a third person, and that a stranger, being present. I sat down by her on my bedstead, which was the only place to sit on in my cell, and wrapped her shawl close round her, for it was very cold weather, and I was allowed no fire; and we sat so for almost an hour without exchanging a word. She had no good news to bring me; I knew that; all I wanted to hear was about herself. I did hear! She had not a help—nor a hope—nor a prop left, upon the earth! The only creature that sheltered her—the only relative she had—was a married sister, whose husband I knew to be a villain. What would she do—what could she attempt? She “did not know that”; and “it was not long that she should be a trouble to any body.” But “she should go to Lord S—again that evening about me. He had treated her kindly; and she felt certain that she should still succeed. It was her fault—she had told every body this—all that had happened: if it had not been for meeting her, I should never have gone into debt, and into extravagance.” I listened—and I could only listen! I would have died—coward as I was—upon the rack, or in the fire, so I could but have left her safe. I did not ask so much as to leave her happy! Oh then I did think, in bitterness of spirit, if I had but shunned temptation, and staid poor and honest! If I could only have placed her once more in the hard laborious poverty where I had first found her! It was my work, and she never could be there again!—How long this vain remorse might have lasted, I cannot tell. My head was light and giddy! I understood the glance of the turnkey, who was watching me—“That Elizabeth must be

got away;” but I had not strength even to attempt it. The thing had been arranged for me. The master of the gaol entered. She went—it was then the afternoon; and she was got away, on the pretence that she might make one more effort to save me, with a promise that she should return again at night. The master was an elderly man, who had daughters of his own; and he promised—for he saw I knew how the matter was—to see Elizabeth safe through the crowd of wretches among whom she must pass to quit the prison. She went, and I knew that she was going for ever. As she turned back to speak as the door was closing, I knew that I had seen her for the last time. The door of my cell closed. We were to meet no more on earth. I fell upon my knees—I clasped my hands—my tears burst out afresh—and I called on God to bless her.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Elizabeth left me; and when she departed, it seemed as if my business in this world was at an end. I could have wished, then and there, to have died upon the spot; I had done my last act, and drank my last draught in life. But, as the twilight drew in, my cell was cold and damp; and the evening was dark and gloomy; and I had no fire, nor any candle, although it was in the month of January, nor much covering to warm me; and by degrees my spirits weakened, and my heart sunk at the desolate wretchedness of every thing about me; and gradually—for what I write now shall be the truth—the thoughts of Elizabeth, and what would be her fate, began to give way before a sense of my own situation. This was the first time—I cannot tell the reason why—that my mind had ever fixed itself fully upon the trial that I had within a few hours to go through; and, as I reflected on it, a terror spread over me almost in an instant, as though it were that my sentence was just pronounced, and that I had not known, really and seriously, that I was to die, before. I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. There was food, which a religious gentleman who visited me had sent from his own table, but I could not taste it; and when I looked at it, strange fancies came over me. It was dainty food—not such as was served to the prisoners in the gaol. It was sent to me because I was to die to-morrow! and I thought of the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, that were pampered for slaughter. I felt that my own sensations were not as they ought to be at this time; and I believe that, for a while, I was insane. A sort of dull humming noise, that I could not get rid of, like the buzzing of bees, sounded in my ears. And though it was dark, sparks of light seemed to dance before my eyes; and I could recollect nothing. I tried to say my prayers, but could only remember word here and there; and then it seemed to me as if these were blasphemies that I was uttering;—I don't know what they were—I cannot tell what it was I said; and then, on a sudden, I felt as though all this terror was useless, and that I would not stay there to die; and I jumped up, and wrenched at the bars of my cell window with a force that bent them—for I felt as if I had the strength of a lion. And I felt all over the lock of my door; and tried the door itself with my shoulder—

though I knew it was plated with iron, and heavier than that of a church; and I groped about the very walls, and into the corners of my dungeon—though I knew very well, if I had had my senses, that it was all of solid stone three feet thick; and that, if I could have passed through a crevice smaller than the eye of a needle, I had no chance of escaping. And in the midst of all this exertion, a faintness came over me as though I had swallowed poison; and I had just power to reel to the bed-place, where I sank down, as I think, in a swoon: but this did not last,—for my head swam round, and the cell seemed to turn with me; and I dreamed—between sleeping and waking—that it was midnight, and that Elizabeth had come back as she had promised, and that they refused to admit her. And I thought that it snowed heavily, and that the streets were all covered with it as if with a white sheet, and that I saw her dead—lying in the fallen snow—and in the darkness—at the prison gate! When I came to myself, I was struggling and breathless. In a minute or two, I heard St. Sepulchre's clock go ten; and I knew it was a dream that I had had; but I could not help fancying that Elizabeth really had come back. And I knocked loudly at the door of my cell; and, when one of the turnkeys came, I begged of him, for mercy's sake, to go down to the gate and see; and moreover, to take a small bundle, containing two shirts—which I pushed to him through the grate—for I had no money; and—if he would have my blessing—to bring me but one small cup of brandy to keep my heart alive; for I felt that I had not the strength of a man, and should never be able to go through my trial like one. The turnkey shook his head at my request, as he went away; and said that he had not the brandy, even if he dared run the risk to give it me. But, in a few minutes, he returned, bringing me a glass of wine, which he said the master of the gaol had sent me, and hoped it would do me good,—however, he would take nothing for it. And the chaplain of the prison too, came, without my sending; and—for which I shall ever have cause to thank him—went himself down to the outer gates of the gaol, and pledged his honour as a man and a Christian clergyman, that Elizabeth was not there, nor had returned; and moreover, he assured me that it was not likely she would come back, for her friends had been told privately that she could not be admitted: but nevertheless, he should himself be up during the whole night; and if she should come, although she could not be allowed to see me, he would take care that she should have kind treatment and protection; and I had reason afterwards to know that he kept his word. He then exhorted me solemnly “to think no more of cares or troubles in this world, but to bend my thoughts upon that to come, and to try to reconcile my soul to Heaven; trusting that my sins, though they were heavy, under repentance, might have hope of mercy.” When he was gone, I did find myself, for a little while, more collected; and I sat down again on the bed, and tried seriously to commune with myself, and prepare myself for my fate. I recalled to my mind, that I had but a few hours more at all events to live—that

there was no hope on earth of escaping—and that it was at least better that I should die decently and like a man. Then I tried to recollect all the tales that I had ever heard about death by hanging—that it was said to be the sensation of a moment—to give no pain—to cause the extinction of life instantaneously—and so on, to twenty other strange ideas. By degrees, my head began to wander and grow unmanageable again. I put my hands tightly to my throat, as though to try the sensation of strangling. Then I felt my arms at the places where the cords would be tied. I went through the fastening of the rope—the tying of the hands together: the thing that I felt most averse to, was the having the white cap muffled over my eyes and face. If I could avoid that, the rest was not so very horrible! In the midst of these fancies, a numbness seemed to creep over my senses. The giddiness that I had felt, gave way to a dull stupor, which lessened the pain that my thoughts gave me, though I still went on thinking. The church clock rang midnight: I was sensible of the sound, but it reached me indistinctly—as though coming through many closed doors, or from a far distance. By and by, I saw the objects before my mind less and less clearly—then only partially—then they were gone altogether. I fell asleep.

I slept until the hour of execution. It was seven o'clock on the next morning, when a knocking at the door of my cell awoke me. I heard the sound, as though in my dreams, for some moments before I was fully awake; and my first sensation was only the dislike which a weary man feels at being roused: I was tired, and wished to doze on. In a minute after, the bolts on the outside my dungeon were drawn, a turnkey, carrying a small lamp, and followed by the master of the gaol and the chaplain, entered: I looked up—a shudder like the shock of electricity—like a plunge into a bath of ice—ran through me—one glance was sufficient: sleep was gone as though I had never slept—even as I never was to sleep again—I was conscious of my situation! “R—,” said the master to me, in subdued, but steady tone, “it is time for you to rise.” The chaplain asked me how I had passed the night: and proposed that we should join in prayer. I gathered myself up, and remained seated on the side of the bed-place. My teeth chattered, and my knees knocked together in despite of myself. It was barely daylight yet; and as the cell door stood open, I could see into the small paved court beyond: the morning was thick and gloomy; and a slow, but settled, rain was coming down. “It is half-past seven o'clock, R—!” said the master. I just muttered an entreaty to be left alone till the last moment. I had thirty minutes to live.

I tried to make another observation when the master was leaving the cell; but, this time, I could not get the words out: my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and my speech seemed gone: I made two desperate efforts; but it would not do—I could not utter. When they left me, I never stirred from my place on the bed. I was benumbed with the cold, probably from the sleep and the unaccustomed exposure; and I sat crouched together, as it were,

to keep myself warmer, with my arms folded across my breast, and my head hanging down, shivering; and my body felt as if it were such a weight to me that I was unable to move it, or stir. The day was now breaking, yellow,—and heavily; and the light stole by degrees into my dungeon, showing me the damp stone walls and desolate dark paved floor; and, strange as it was—with all that I could do, I could not keep myself from noticing these trifling things—though perdition was coming upon me the very next moment. I noticed the lamp which the turnkey had left on the floor, and which was burning dimly, with a long wick, being clogged with the chill and bad air, and I thought to myself—even at that moment—that it had not been trimmed since the night before. And I looked at the bare, naked, iron bed-frame that I sat on; and at the heavy studs on the door of the dungeon; and at the scrawls and writing upon the wall, that had been drawn by former prisoners; and I put my hand to try my own pulse, and it was so low that I could hardly count it—I could not feel—though I tried to make myself feel it—that I was going to die. In the midst of this, I heard the chimes of the chapel clock begin to strike; and I thought—Lord take pity on me, a wretch!—it could not be the three quarters after seven yet! The clock went over the three quarters—it chimed the fourth quarter, and struck eight. They were in my cell before I perceived them. They found me in the place, and in the posture, as they had left me.

What I have farther to tell will lie in a very small compass: my recollections are very minute up to this point, but not at all so close as to what occurred afterwards. I scarcely recollect very clearly how I got from my cell to the press-room. I think two little withered men, dressed in black, supported me. I know I tried to rise when I saw the master and his people come into my dungeon; but I could not.

In the press-room were the two miserable wretches that were to suffer with me; they were bound, with their arms behind them, and their hands together; and were lying upon a bench hard by, until I was ready. A meagre-looking old man, with thin white hair, who was reading to one of them, came up, and said something—“That we ought to embrace,”—I did not distinctly hear what it was.

The great difficulty that I had was to keep from falling. I had thought that these moments would have been all of fury and horror, but I felt nothing of this; but only a weakness, as though my heart—and the very floor on which I stood—was sinking under me. I could just make a motion, that the old white haired man should leave me; and some one interfered, and sent him away. The pinioning of my hands and arms was then finished; and I heard an officer whisper to the chaplain that “all was ready.” As we passed out, one of the men in black held a glass of water to my lips; but I could not swallow; and Mr. W.—, the master of the gaol, who had bid farewell to my companions, offered me his hand. The blood rushed into my face once more for one moment! It was too much—the man who was

sending me to execution, to offer to shake me by the hand!

This was the last moment—but one—of full perception, that I had in life. I remember our beginning to move forward, through the long arched passages which led from the press-room to the scaffold. I saw the lamps that were still burning, for the day-light never entered here: I heard the quick tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of the chaplain reading as he walked before us—

“I am the resurrection and the life,” saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, shall live. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!”

It was the funeral service—the order for the grave—the office for those that were senseless and dead—over us, the quick and the living.

I felt once more—and saw! I felt the transition from these dim, close, hot, lamp-lighted subterranean passages, to the open platform, and steps, at the foot of the scaffold, and to day. I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me. The windows of the shops and houses opposite, to the fourth story, choked with gazers. I saw St. Sepulchre’s church through the yellow fog in the distance, and heard the pealing of its bell. I recollect the cloudy, misty morning; the wet that lay upon the scaffold—the huge dark mass of building, the prison itself, that rose beside, and seemed to cast a shadow over us—the cold, fresh breeze, that as I emerged from it, broke upon my face. I see it all now—the whole horrible landscape is before me. The scaffold—the rain—the faces of the multitude—the people clinging to the house-tops—the smoke that beat heavily downwards from the chimneys—the waggons filled with women, staring in the inn-yards opposite—the hoarse low roar that ran through the gathered crowd as we appeared. I never saw so many objects at once, so plainly and distinctly, in all my life, as at that one glance; but it lasted only for an instant.

From that look, and from that instant, all that followed is a blank. Of the prayers of the Chaplain; of the fastening the fatal noose; of the putting on of the cap which I had so much disliked; of my actual execution and death, I have not the slightest atom of recollection. But that I know such occurrences must have taken place, I should not have the smallest consciousness that they ever did so. I read in the daily newspapers, an account of my behaviour at the scaffold—that I conducted myself decently, but with firmness—Of my death—that I seemed to die almost without a struggle. Of any of these events I have not been able, by any exertion, to recall the most distant remembrance. With the first view of the scaffold, all my recollection ceases. The next circumstance, which—to my perception—seems to follow, is the having awoken, as if from sleep, and found myself in a bed in a handsome chamber; with a gentleman—as I first opened my eyes—looking attentively at me. I had my senses perfectly, though I did not speak at once. I thought directly that I had been revivified at the scaffold, and had fainted. After I knew the truth, I thought that I had an im-

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perfect recollection, of having found, of fancied, myself—as in a dream—in some strange place lying naked, and with a mass of figures floating about before me: but this idea certainly never presented itself to me until I was informed of the fact that it had occurred.

The accident to which I owe my existence, will have been divined! My condition is a strange one! I am a living man; and I possess certificates both of my death and burial. I know that a coffin filled with stones, and with my name upon the plate, lies buried in the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn: I saw, from a window, the undressed hearse arrive that carried it: I was a witness to my own funeral: these are strange things to see. My dangers, however, and I trust, my crimes, are over for ever. Thanks to the bounty of the excellent individual, whose benevolence has recognised the service which he did me for a claim upon him, I am married to the woman, whose happiness and safety proved my last thought—so long as reason remained with me—in dying. And I am about to sail upon a far voyage, which is only a sorrowful one—that it parts me for ever from my benefactor. The fancy that this poor narrative—from the singularity of the facts it relates—may be interesting to some people, has induced me to write it: perhaps at too much length; but it is not easy for those who write without skill, to write briefly. Should it meet the eye of the few relatives I have, it will tell one of them—that, to his jealousy of being known in connexion with me—even after death—I owe my life. Should my old master read it, perhaps, by this time, he may have thought I suffered severely for yielding to a first temptation; at least—while I bear him no ill will—I will not believe that he will learn my deliverance with regret. For the words are soon spoken, and the act is soon done, which dooms a wretched creature to an untimely death; but bitter are the pangs—and the sufferings of the body are among the least of them—that he must go through before he arrives at it!

From the *Quarterly Review*.

1. *Biblical Researches and Travels in Russia, including a Tour in the Crimea and the Passage of the Caucasus; with Observations on the State of the Rabbinical and Karaite Jews, &c. By E. Henderson, Author of Iceland, &c. London. 1826.*
2. *Voyage dans la Russie Méridionale, et particulièrement dans les Provinces situées au-delà du Caucase, fait depuis 1820 jusqu'en 1824. Par le Chevalier Gamba, Consul du Roi à Tiflis. A Paris. 1826.*

THERE are but few persons who, having read Dr. Henderson's Tour round Iceland, will not expect to find both instruction and entertainment in whatever may proceed from the same pen. We are inclined to think, however, that the general reader's interest may be somewhat damped in the perusal of his present volume, by its long and frequent digressions on bible societies and their proceedings, minute criti-

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cisms on scriptural translations, and dissertations on the religious creeds and conduct of the numerous sectaries of every denomination—Christian, Jew, Mahomedan, and Pagan, which are met with in various parts of the almost interminable dominions of Russia. There are other reasons why this performance of Dr. Henderson should be less entertaining than the former. In Russia he travelled over the great distance of nine thousand versts (about six thousand eight hundred miles) in eleven months, passing in rapid succession through various tribes, nations, and languages. He had to attend, and to assist in establishing, auxiliary bible associations in the capitals of no less than thirty of the Russian governments; and this business alone may well be supposed to have occupied so large a portion of his time and thoughts, as to leave, comparatively speaking, scanty opportunities for inquiries of a general kind; whereas in Iceland his undivided and concentrated attention was directed to one small island, curious in its structure and natural phenomena, inhabited by one people, of simple habits and manners, speaking one language and professing one religious belief. Perhaps, also, an interval of nine or ten years, spent mostly in devising, and executing plans for the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures, may, in some degree, have diminished the traveller's ardour for secular pursuits.

The volume before us is, notwithstanding all these circumstances, a highly curious one; and contains much matter that the scholar, the theologian, and the antiquarian, on the one hand, and the candid political student on the other, will not fail to appreciate.

The mission, of which Dr. Henderson now gives an account, originated in the favour with which the late Emperor Alexander was inclined to regard all efforts for the distribution of the Scriptures among the numerous nations scattered over his territories. This pious work he encouraged not only by pecuniary contributions, but by placing at the head of the society established for the purpose, his minister for ecclesiastical affairs and national instruction, the Prince Galitzin. It seems that this good man had not long filled the situation of president ere he became the object of a deadly hatred on the part of the Jesuits. By their agents in Russia, and through the instrumentality—so at least Dr. Henderson distinctly says—of certain leading politicians at the conferences of Labach and Verona, those ambitious priests did all in their power to impress the mind of Alexander with conviction, "that bible societies are politically dangerous." In this object they partly succeeded. The proceedings of the Bible Society began, and have continued, to be strictly watched; but Mr. Henderson informs his readers, that "the most rigid scrutiny in regard to the conspirators, proved that not one individual who took any part in the affairs of that institution, was, in any way, implicated in the late plot against the government."—It would indeed be highly disgraceful were these institutions to dabble in any way in politics; and of any such tamperings we entirely acquit Dr. Henderson; whose sole object appears to be the extension of that faith which, by promoting civilization, inculcating

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principles of pure morality, and infusing a spirit of benevolence among men, throws to an immesurable distance all other systems of religion which the world ever saw. But we shall not, on the present occasion, indulge in political speculations: intending to confine ourselves principally to the information which the volumes on our table afford as to some of the most strange and picturesque sects and tribes dispersed throughout the Russian dominions, and to a few remarks on Georgia.

In February, 1821, Dr. Henderson, in company with Mr. Paterson, set out from St. Petersburg, on his way towards Moscow. On approaching the city of Novogorod, whose imposing appearance, in the distant view of its churches and spires, upwards of sixty in number, forcibly attracts the attention of a stranger, our travellers felt satisfied that the brilliant and animated descriptions, which have been given of the ancient extent and grandeur of this old metropolis of Slavonia, are by no means exaggerated; a place "which once," says our author, "acquired such a tremendous importance, that the saying became proverbial—Who can withstand God and great Novogorod?" Its serious political influence in Moscovite affairs was only annihilated in 1578, when the iron sceptre of Ivan Vasilivitch almost levelled it with the ground, at a time when it is said to have contained nearly four hundred thousand inhabitants: its present population, including the military, does not exceed fifteen thousand. The cathedral church of St. Sophia, founded in 988, is still standing; many curious antiquities are preserved in it; and among others, some of Grecian workmanship; and the library is said to contain a number of Greek manuscripts, chiefly relating to ecclesiastical matters, and also two Slavonic MSS. of the four gospels of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The city contains three principal elementary institutions for the education of youth, a spiritual academy, a public school for the citizens in general, and another for the military. A few years ago the secular schools are stated not to have contained more than two hundred scholars; at present the number amounts to nine hundred, all of whom receive a free education. At the monastery of St. Anthony, on the right bank of the Volchov, is an academy of three hundred students, of whom one hundred and sixty have free board as well as education; the rest pay about 3*l.* sterling a-year: they are divided into three classes, philological, philosophical, and theological.\*

Not far from this, at one of the post-houses, kept by Russian peasants, who furnish horses for travellers, the host was so eager to peruse

\* Dr. Henderson was here informed of a circumstance which may be deemed rather curious. Near the banks of the Ladoga, a number of coins have lately been dug up, bearing inscriptions of Cufic characters, and among them one with the Latin inscription, "Ethelred Rex Anglorum," which he thinks might probably have been part of the *Danengeld* levied by the Danes on England, and conveyed through channels of commerce to this remote quarter.

a Slavonic New Testament which our author put into his hand, that he sat up most of the night reading it aloud; and this, though it interrupted the sleep of our travellers, afforded them unspeakable delight, as an early instance of that avidity with which, as they afterwards found to be the case, the Russian peasantry in general read the Scriptures: the poor man's joy on his being told the book was his own, is said to have been indescribable; and such was his feeling of gratitude, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could be prevailed on to accept any remuneration for the trouble and expense of accommodating his guests. As a contrast to the conduct of this poor man, we give the following account of their reception at Krestzi by the wife of one of those "deserters from the old faith," named *Staroveretsi*, who are as averse from having any concerns with the members of the orthodox Greek church, as the ancient Jews were from having any "dealings with the Samaritans."

"One of our number happening to have metal buttons on his travelling coat, and another having a tobacco-pipe in his hand, the prejudices of the mistress of the house were alarmed to such a degree, that all the arguments we could use were insufficient to prevail on her to make ready some dinner for us. When compelled to do any service of this kind, to such as are not of their own sect, they consider themselves bound to destroy the utensils used on the occasion; to prevent which loss, those who are more exposed to the intrusion of strangers, generally keep a set of profane vessels for the purpose. As the proprietor of the house we had entered appeared to be in affluent circumstances, it is not improbable that he might have furnished it with something of the kind; but the tobacco-pipe proved an insuperable obstacle to their use. So great, too, is the aversion of this people to snuff, that if a box happen to have been laid on a table belonging to them, the part on which it lay must be planed out before it can be appropriated to any further use. They live in a state of complete separation from the church; only they cannot marry without a license from the priest, for which they are sometimes obliged to pay a great sum of money. The sacrament, as it is usually called, they never celebrate; and baptism is only administered to such as are near death, on the principle adopted by some in the early ages of the church, that such as relapse, after receiving this rite, are cut off from all hopes of salvation"—p. 26.

At a place called Vodova, our travellers met with another religious sect, named *Bezpopootchini*, or the "Priestless:" their village had recently been burnt down by lightning, or, as they said, "burnt by the will of God." It seems they have a superstitious fancy, (which, our author says, prevails also in some parts of Germany,) that milk alone will quench fires kindled by lightning; and the consequence is, as may well be supposed, "it not unfrequently happens that, when this is resorted to instead of a plentiful supply of water, whole villages are consumed, and the inhabitants reduced to circumstances of great misery."

The town of Tver is estimated to contain a population of twenty thousand souls. It is com-

sidered one of the finest towns in the empire for its squares and edifices. "It has a beautiful cathedral of Gothic architecture, twenty-eight churches, three monasteries, a magnificent palace, and other public buildings, which altogether give the town a very imposing and agreeable appearance." Here, too, the public seminaries for the education of youth correspond with the wealth and extent of the place.

Moscow has so often been described that we must pass over what Mr. Henderson says of this splendid city, and its richly-decorated churches, in one of which,—the cathedral of the Assumption,—he was told, "that the French, in 1812, erected a furnace at one end of the church in which they were proceeding to melt all the candlesticks, and other articles of gold and silver which they could collect, but being surprised in the very act by the sound of a retreat, they made off with as many articles as they could carry, but were stopped by the Cossacks, who recovered to the amount of eighteen and a half poods of gold (six hundred and sixty-six pounds weight English), and three hundred and twenty poods of silver (five thousand five hundred and twenty pounds)." In this, and in the cathedral of the Archangel Michael, are deposited many curious and valuable antiquities and Greek MSS.; and a still greater number in the library of the Holy Synod and the patriarchal residence. In the great hall of the latter, Dr. Henderson attended the preparation of the holy oil, which is conducted with much ceremony every third or fourth year, and with such ingredients only as are prescribed by the Levitical law. We must also pass over two chapters of seventy or eighty pages on the origin of the Slavonic people, their name, language, and alphabet, with an account of the various editions of the Slavonic bible, and the Russian versions of the Scriptures. These chapters, we doubt not, will deeply interest many readers; but to examine them critically, nay, even to give a mere abstract of them, would occupy a larger space than we can at present afford.

Our author pauses at Maloi Jaroslavitz, which, says he, "will ever be memorable in the annals of Europe, as the spot where Napoleon lost his first battle on the disastrous retreat from Moscow." This unfortunate town was successively taken and retaken *seven* times in the course of three days. It was at a short distance from this place, and on the bank of the Louja, that Buonaparte, according to Ségur, took refuge in the habitation of a weaver—an old, crazy, filthy, wooden hut; in a dirty, dark room of which, partitioned off by a cloth, this singular man abandoned himself to a state of despondency as soon as he was made fully sensible of the unassassable nature of the Russian position. Here he is said to have spent the night in great agitation—now rising, now lying down again, and calling out incessantly, yet not a single word would he utter to those about him.

Proceeding towards Tula, and passing one of the estates of the Princess Galitzin, of Moscow, the only people observed at work were females; some breaking hemp, some mending the roads, and others managing the plough. "More robust pictures of health," says our

author, "we never recollect to have seen in any country." Tula has been called, and Mr. Henderson says not unaptly, the *Sheffield of Russia*—we have even heard it called the *Birmingham*; but it is little deserving of either appellation. Excepting the imperial manufactory of small arms, which is under the superintendance of an Englishman of the name of Jones, and in which it is said upwards of nine thousand people are generally employed, the manufacture of other species of hardware would be nothing thought of, even in one of the villages appended to the two English towns above mentioned. It is but recently that coal has been discovered in the neighbourhood; and that is so mixed with pyrites, as to be unfit to be used in the manufacture of iron. Tula, however, is a thriving place, and the valley in which it is situated is beautiful. It has an excellent gymnasium, containing two hundred and fifteen scholars; a Lancasterian school, and a spiritual academy, affording instruction to nearly six hundred students. Every where, as our travellers proceeded southerly, they observed that new buildings had been erected for the increased population, and improvements of various kinds were obvious. Among other matters, the state of the roads, that first and most essential point, seems to have been receiving much attention. "These," they tell us, "were also improved, and we had now a fair specimen of their size, which is such as necessarily fills a foreigner with surprise. They are formed by digging six ditches, that run parallel with each other, and leave intermediate spaces, the middle one of which is about forty feet in breadth, and is appropriated for the use of the military, the posts, and travellers. On either side of this is a fine walk, lined on both sides with a row of young trees, which, when grown, will afford an excellent shelter from the rays of the sun; and without the walks are two ordinary-sized roads for the boors, carriers, &c. Having been once made, the roads in Russia are maintained at little comparative expense, as they consist merely of the soil, which is either sand or a kind of hardened turf; and excepting some places where the wet is collected, afford the most agreeable and easy travelling of any in the world. That between the two capitals used to be extremely bad, as, indeed, part of it still is, consisting of planks or branches of trees, laid across the road; but a fine *chausée*, almost equal to any in Europe, is now forming, which will greatly facilitate the intercourse between those large cities."—Henderson, p. 146.

At Orel the Bishop Jonah entered cordially into the views of our travellers. He informed them that the number of churches in his diocese amounted to nearly nine hundred; but that, from extreme poverty, few of the priests were in possession of copies of the Holy Scriptures,—indeed that some of them were so poor that they had never, at one time, in the whole course of their lives, had so much as six rubles (about five shillings) in their possession; and yet, at every town Dr. Henderson visited in this district, hundreds of youths were found in training for the church. There was present, however, at the committee of the Bible Society, one venerable priest, turned of ninety

years, who had not only the desire, but the means of doing good. He has sometimes at his house three hundred poor persons entirely dependant on him for their subsistence; "he reads and expounds the Bible to them, prays with them, and endeavours, by personal conversation, to direct their attention to the 'bread of life,' and the infinitely important concerns of eternity." Every morning at four o'clock, this good old patriarch is, we are told, to be regularly found at his devotions in the church, and not even the rigours of a Russian winter are able to cool his zeal. In walking the streets of Orel, our travellers were struck by the appearance of a large house, the windows of which were secured by iron bars, and filled with the heads of females, whose demeanour induced the strangers to suppose them confined in a house of correction. It was found, on mentioning the circumstance to the bishop, that these ladies belonged to a theatrical band, supported by one of the nobility; and "our mistake," says Dr. Henderson, "wonderfully pleased his eminence, as it furnished him with an additional argument on the demoralizing tendency of the stage."

At Bielgorod, or the 'White Town,' a spectacle presented itself to our travellers, which, they tell us, quite overpowered their feelings. "At an early hour, the people who had collected from all parts of the government, and many of them from the governments adjacent, began to assemble in and around the cathedral; and after mass had been performed by the bishop, and an oration pronounced by one of the priests, an image of the saint, whose festival they were celebrating, was taken down from its niche, to be carried in solemn procession to a monastery at the distance of about thirty versts, where it was to remain during the fair about to be held in that place. Some of the priests, dressed in robes of yellow silk, embroidered with gold, carried a copy of the Gospels, richly gilt, and thickly studded with gems; others the banners; numbers supported crosses of silver and gold; and, last of all, followed the image, placed in a large ark, or car, borne upon the shoulders of four of the priests. As the procession entered the grand square in the middle of the town, it was joined by the pilgrims, to the number of twenty thousand, who all moved forward, with sticks or branches of trees elevated in the air; and on their leaving the town, an immense cloud of dust, carried up into the atmosphere, marked the direction in which they proceeded."—Henderson, pp. 155, 156.

Leaving the government of Kursk, our travellers entered the luxuriant pasture grounds of the Ukraine, or Malo-Russia (Little Russia), which supply the markets of Petersburgh, Moscow, and other great towns of the empire with cattle. "The Malo-Russians," says Dr. Henderson, "seem more disposed to cultivate the comforts of life than the generality of their neighbours; their manners are simpler and their morals more incorrupt, and a considerable degree of mental cultivation is discoverable in their ordinary intercourse." The country they inhabit has always been described as the finest portion of the Russian dominions, and our travellers seem to have found it so.—

"The large herds that were grazing in every direction; the peasants engaged in agricultural pursuits; the number of carriers passing on the road, and the constant succession of hill and dale, with beautiful copes of different sizes, afforded altogether an interesting and delightful prospect." The scene, however, was entirely changed when they passed through Valki, and entered Little Tartary by a breach in an earthen wall, erected in former days as a defence against the Tartars. It was eight feet high and twelve thick, and is said to run, from south-west to north-east, to the distance of more than five hundred miles. Here every vestige of wood had disappeared, and that vast *steppe* commences, which stretches, without interruption, to the Palus Maeotis, the Black Sea, and the mountains of the Caucasus, and from the Austrian frontiers to the grand Urals chain. "To whatever side we turned," says Mr. Henderson, "nothing presented itself to our view but sepulchral heights, and the remains of ancient camps and intrenchments, so that we literally travelled over an immense *Aeolodama*, the awful memento of human depravity." It is remarkable enough that the sepulchral mounds, scattered in such profusion over these regions, run in an eastern direction, exactly in the line in which the Tartar hordes pursued their way into Europe; and they bear precisely the same character on the Jenesei that they exhibit in Russia.

At Pultowa, where Charles the Twelfth fought the disastrous battle which obliged him to abandon his brave but vanquished warriors, and take refuge in the dominions of the Grand Signior, our travellers visited the large tumulus which perpetuates the memory of this event. It is a mound of earth, twenty-five feet high by one hundred in circumference round the base. The inhabitants are said to repair to it annually, to celebrate the victory of the Russians, and charitably to perform at the same time a mass for the souls of the slain.

Tchernigof is but a miserable town. "The population amounts to upwards of seven thousand, among whom is a considerable number of Jews, a poor, ragged, miserable looking set of human beings as are to be seen any where in the world. During our stay here, the mosquitoes began to be very troublesome, and the atmosphere was exceedingly oppressive, Fahrenheit's thermometer being from 80° to 84° in the shade. Towards evening the inhabitants repaired in great numbers to the Diesna, where they sought for a temporary relief beneath the cooling stream—men, women and children plunging into it indiscriminately in a state of complete nudity."—p. 172.

Dr. Henderson's account of the catacombs of Kief is curious enough, but too detailed to admit of our making any intelligible extract.—In one of the little chambers of these subterranean labyrinths, was pointed out to our travellers, through a small aperture, either the mummy or the effigy of a rigorous ascetic, of the name of John. This John, says the legend, constructed his own dormitory, and after building himself in by a wall, with this single small aperture, he interred himself up to the waist, and in this posture performed his devo-

tions, till death found and left him in possession of his grave. Kief is full of 'holy places'; it is to the Russians what Jerusalem was to the Israelites; on which account pilgrims are said to resort to it annually, to the amount of about fifty thousand, many of them even from Kamtschatka, and other distant regions of Siberia. Its fixed population is supposed to be about twenty-five thousand. Another object which claims the attention of the traveller at Kief, is a fine monument, raised, by order of his late Imperial Majesty Alexander, over the fountain in which the children of Vladimir the Great, when he became a Christian, were baptized in the year 989.

"It was near this spot that the general baptism of the Russians took place, the same year. On the preceding day, the idols had been either broken in pieces or burnt, and Perun, the chief of the gods, a huge monstrous piece of wood, with a head of massive silver, and a beard of gold, had been tied to the tail of a horse, and drawn to one of the highest precipices, whence it was thrown into the Dnieper. Whatever violence was thus offered to the objects of idolatrous worship, it does not appear that any coercive measures were employed to induce the people to submit to baptism. They flocked in crowds to the margin of the Dnieper, to which Vladimir and the Greek priests repaired in solemn procession, and, on a sign being given, the whole multitude plunged into the river, the adults standing up to the breast and neck in the water, while such as had infants supported them above it in their arms."—*Henderson*, p. 191.

Jitomir in Volhynia is stated to contain about twelve thousand inhabitants, of whom nearly ten thousand are the descendants of Abraham, who, notwithstanding, were eager to receive copies of the Hebrew New Testament, and appeared to read the gospels with avidity. Even the Rabbis called for Testaments, and entered with apparent interest into an argument on the sufferings of the Messiah. In another town of this province, Bereditchef, it is said there are upwards of ten thousand Jews, many of whom have contributed to the funds of its Auxiliary Bible Society by their voluntary subscriptions, and evinced an equal anxiety to obtain copies of the New Testament. The town of Dabno is chiefly inhabited by Jews, the number of whom is estimated at more than ten thousand, and many of them appeared to be in affluent circumstances. The Hebrew population subject to the Russian sceptre is stated by Dr. Henderson as being little short of two millions; Dr. Lyall, in his 'Military Colonies of Russia,' makes the number amount only to five hundred thousand. Whether either of them, or which, is right, we pretend not to determine. It is certain, however, that the Jews swarm in every part of Poland; where, by their activity and industry, they have nearly gained a monopoly of every thing: they rent the estates of the nobility and gentry; farm the public taxes; manage the distilleries; keep the inns and brandy-shops; and almost the whole of the wholesale and retail trade is in their hands. In short Poland may be considered, and, indeed, is called, the Paradise of Jews. The following is a striking picture of these Polish Israelites—

Dr. Henderson's pen bears the strongest testimony to the truth of some performances of Mr. Allan's pencil, the excellence of which as works of art attracted much notice a few years ago at Somerset House.

"The Polish Jew is generally of a pale and sallow complexion, the features small, and the hair, which is mostly black, is suffered to hang in ringlets over the shoulders; a fine beard, covering the chin, finishes the oriental character of the Jewish physiognomy. But few of the Jews enjoy a robust and healthy constitution; an evil resulting from a combination of physical and moral causes, such as early marriage, inimetic food, the filthiness of their domestic habits, and the perpetual mental anxiety, which is so strikingly depicted in their countenance, and forms the most onerous part of the curse of the Almighty to which they are subject in their dispersion. Their breath is absolutely intolerable; and the offensive odour of their apartments is such, that I have been more than once obliged to break off interesting discussions with their Rabbins, in order to obtain a fresh supply of rarified air.

"Their dress commonly consists of a linen shirt and drawers, over which is thrown a long black robe, fastened in front by silver clasps, and hanging loose about the legs. They wear no handkerchief about their neck, and cover the head with a fur cap, and sometimes with a round broad-brimmed hat. In their walk, the Jews discover great eagerness, and are continually hurrying towards some object of gain, with their arms thrown back, and dangling as if loose at the shoulder.

"They generally marry at thirteen or fourteen years of age, and the females still younger. I have heard of a Rabbi who was disposing of his household, preparatory to his departure for Palestine, that gave one of his daughters in marriage, who had but just completed her ninth year. As a necessary consequence of this early marriage, it often happens that the young couple are unable to provide for themselves, and, indeed, altogether incapable, from youth and inexperience, of managing the common concerns of domestic economy. They are, therefore, often obliged to take up their abode at first in the house of the husband's father, except he be in reduced circumstances, and the father of the bride be better able to support them. The young husband pursues the study of the Talmud, or endeavours to make his way in the world by the varied arts of petty traffic, for which this people are so notorious. It is asserted to be no uncommon thing among the Jews for a father to choose for his son's wife some young girl who may happen to be agreeable to himself, and with whom he may live on terms of incestuous familiarity during the period of his son's minority.

"Comparatively few of the Jews learn any trade, and most of those attempts which have been made to accustom them to agricultural habits have proved abortive. Some of those who are in circumstances of affluence, possess houses and other immovable property: but the great mass of the people seem destined to sit loose from every local tie, and are waiting with anxious expectation for the arrival of the period, when, in pursuance of the Divine promise.

they shall be restored to, what they still consider, *their own land*. Their attachment, indeed, to Palestine is unconquerable; and it forms an article of their popular belief, that, die where they may, their bodies will all be raised there at the end of the world. They believe, however, that such as die in foreign parts are doomed to perform the *Gilgul Mehitloth* (גִּלְגָּל מְהִלּוֹת) or trundling passage through subterraneous caverns, till they reach the place of 'their fathers' sepulchres;' on which account, numbers sell all their effects, and proceed thither in their lifetime, or remove to some of the adjacent countries, that they may either spare themselves this toil, or, at least, reduce the awkward and troublesome passage within the shortest possible limits. Instances have been known of their embalming the bodies of their dead, and sending them to Palestine by sea; and in such veneration do they hold the earth that was trodden by their ancient patriarchs, that many of the rich Jews procure a quantity of it, which they employ in consecrating the ground in which the bodies of their deceased relatives are interred."—Henderson, p. 222—225.

He adds—"The love of money, which is the root of all evil, is the predominating vice of the posterity of Abraham. Every thing is estimated by this standard. If you point out to a Jew an exquisite piece of workmanship, he instantly discovers the ruling bias of his mind, by asking—not, who was the artificer, or how it was executed; but, what did it cost? If he sees a statue, instead of his attention being called forth in admiration of its beauty, it is exclusively confined to the golden inscription—calculating how many ducats it would bring him, if placed at his disposal, instead of being fixed to the stone, where, in his opinion, its place might have been equally well supplied by iron.

"Their habits of illicit and unrighteous trade are proverbial. No means are regarded as sinful that promise to secure the acquirement of money: Cheating, lying, stealing and even murder, if the persons on whom they are practised be not Jews, are hallowed by the sanctions of the rabbins. They make a point of stealing from a Christian, whenever they have the smallest prospect of escaping with impunity. Nor is this pilfering disposition confined to the more abject and wretched part of the community; the well-dressed Jew is not unfrequently a thief in disguise—flattering himself with the hope, that his superior appearance will make him pass without suspicion."—p. 229.

The Jews have imported with them into the western world many of the superstitions of the east. One of their sects, named the *Chasidim*, or "Pietists," are not only the bitterest and most bigoted enemies of the Christian religion, 'but are also at enmity with all other Jews.' To their rabbins, whom they honour with the name of *Zadiks*, or 'Righteous,' they pay almost divine homage. The extravagance of their gestures during their public service, entitles them to the appellation of the 'Jewish Jumpers.' Working themselves up into ecstasies, they break out into fits of laughter, clap their hands, jump up and down the synagogue in the most frantic manner, and, turning their

faces towards heaven, they clench their fists, and, as it were, dare the Almighty to withhold from them the objects of their requests. This sect has so increased of late years, that in Russian Poland, and European Turkey, it is reported to exceed in number that of the *Rabbinists* in these parts."—Henderson, pp. 235, 236.

Within a few hours' ride of the town of Jassy, a scene of novel and motley description was presented to the view of our travellers.

"Wallachians, Moldavians, Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Jews, and Gipsies, to the number of twenty thousand, of every rank and condition in life, were in the act of emigrating from the principality of Moldavia, in order to escape the vengeance of the Tuks," in consequence of the late insurrection. This crowd was collected together at the quarantine of Skulani, on the left bank of the Prut, and occupied a space of several miles, which was surrounded by a cordon of soldiers. Within the circle were tents and carriages of all descriptions, with men, women, children, horses, cows, sheep, goats, dogs, swine, cats, and, in short, says Dr. Henderson, "every thing the poor emigrants could take along with them from their natal country." On the opposite bank were many thousands more, striving who should first get into the ferry-boats. At Kishenev the travellers saw large numbers of gipsies, who inhabit a particular part of the town: these people, it is pleasant and also surprising to hear, reside in decent houses; they observe cleanliness, and their females are adorned with profusion of trinkets; to this place, also, numbers of a poorer description had just fled from Turkish vengeance. Among the emigrants on the Prut was Daniel, the Metropolitan of Adrianople, a man who is described as of very short stature, and of a lively, active, and pious turn of mind. On learning the execution by the Turks of the Constantinopolitan Patriarch Gregory, Daniel conceived his turn might be next; but so closely were the Greeks of that city watched, that the only mode left for him to effect his escape, was to suffer himself to be headed up in an empty cask, which was put into a cart, amidst hogsheads of wine destined to the coast of the Euxine; and in this style the little bishop was jolted about for three days, before he could be safely shipped to Russia.

Having passed through Bender and Tiraspol, our travellers entered the extensive steppes between the Dniester and the Bog, where the only objects that relieved the dreariness of the scenery were a number of sculptured monuments, erected as way-marks, at irregular distances on both sides of the road. "They consist of large male and female images, hewn in stone, whose physiognomy, shape, and costume, evidently prove them to be designed to represent a people of Mongolian origin. They are executed with considerable taste, the features, limbs, and ornaments being all distinctly marked. Some of them are erect, and others in a sitting posture. They hold with both hands, in front of their body, a small box or pot, and are generally raised to some height above the stone forming the pedestal by which they are supported. They were found on the tumuli, which are scattered all over the steppe,

and are, in every respect, the same with those described by Pallas, of which we had afterwards numerous specimens in our progress through ancient Scythia. The fact that these regions were inundated in the thirteenth century by the Mongolian hordes, under Dchingis Khan, might naturally suggest the idea that these monuments are to be ascribed to that period; but this hypothesis is overthrown by the mention made of their existence by Ammannus Marcellinus, a writer of the fourth century, whose observation, that the features they exhibited were of the same cast with those of the Huns (*Xeszes*), forces upon us the conclusion that they were erected by the Mongolian tribes distinguished by that name, which were driven over the Volga by the Sien-pi, in the year 374, and spread alarm through all the nations inhabiting the eastern frontiers of the Roman empire."—*Henderson*, pp. 267, 268.

Odessa is too well known to require any particular description here. Under the fostering hand of the Duke of Richelieu, it has grown, in the space of thirty years, from a miserable Tartar village to a splendid town, containing, among meaner houses, at least two thousand stone edifices, and forty thousand inhabitants. The streets are mostly paved; but the squares and market-places in wet weather, by the trampling of the numerous oxen which bring down the grain of Poland, become a complete mire. "It was truly amusing to see," says Dr. Henderson, "in the centre of a town, exhibiting such a display of modern elegance, what is called, in North Britain, a *peat-moss*, the accumulated mud having been all regularly cut and stacked up to dry, exactly like peat in the midst of a morass. Nothing but the healthiness of the situation could have justified the removal of the former commercial stations of Taganrog and Kherson to Odessa, which has no river, but lies midway between the mouths of two rivers, the Dniester and the Dnieper; while both Akkerman, near the former, and Otschakof on the latter, directly command an extensive inland navigation. The town of Kherson, on the Liman (estuary) of the Dnieper, was said to be inconvenient and unhealthy; and if so, it was right to remove the admiralty establishment to the new town of Nicolaief, at the junction of the Ingul and the Bog, where the admiral of the Black Sea has his residence, and not at Sebastopol (Aktiar), the station of the Black Sea fleet. Near the junction of the Bog with the Liman of the Dnieper, are still to be seen the ruins of the ancient town of Olbiopolis, mentioned by Herodotus, and also by Strabo, as being a great emporium of trade. It must have been a place rich in learning too, if it be true, as has been said, that, in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, the inhabitants were accustomed to read the works of Plato, and that many of them knew the Iliad by heart.

About four miles to the north of Kherson, are seen standing on the level *steppe* two brick pyramids and a few graves. The one pyramid is the monument of the illustrious Howard, who, after travelling over a space of fifty thousand miles, to investigate and relieve the sufferings of humanity, fell a victim, near this place, to his unremitting exertions in this benevolent cause. It was his anxious desire that

this sequestered spot should receive his mortal remains, and that neither monument nor inscription, but simply a sun-dial, should be placed over his grave. The second pyramid is said to have been raised over the grave of a Frenchman who revered his memory, and wished to be buried by his side. That of the philanthropist, it seems, could only be distinguished by some admirer having cut into the bricks the words "*Vixit propter alios.*" The late Emperor of Russia, however, has caused a handsome cenotaph to be erected to his memory in the vicinity of Kherson, in the form of an obelisk, of white free-stone, thirty feet high, surrounded by a wall, within which is planted a row of Lombardy poplars. On the pedestal is an inscription, in Russian characters, "Howard. Died January 20th, 1790, aged sixty-five;" and, in accordance with the request of the good man, a sun-dial is represented near the summit of the obelisk.

Our travellers now crossed the deep ditch, and passed the gate which opens into the Tauridean Peninsula,—the Crimea. The modern name, Perekop, signifying, in the Russian language, a ditch or fosse, was substituted for the Tartar *Orkapi*, which, Dr. Henderson says, denotes the "gate of the neck or isthmus." The late Bishop Heber, who furnished so many valuable notes to Dr. Clarke's account of Russia, deceived by the French appearance of the word, translates *Orkapi* into "Golden gate;" the bishop observed that the epithet "golden" signifies *royal* in the eastern world; and this is true enough; but the Tartar word for *gold* is not, says Dr. Henderson, *or*, but *altan*. The principal town on the Crimea is Akmetchet, or the "White mosque," containing a population of eighteen thousand souls. Farther south is the town of *Baghtchisarai*, or the "Paradisaical palace"—rather, we should say, the "Palace of gardens"—the ancient residence of the Tartar Khans. "Here," says Dr. Henderson, "every thing around us inspired the mind with ideas and feelings altogether novel, and more resembling those produced by reading the airy fictions of romance, than any we had ever experienced in contemplating the objects of natural or artificial reality. The transition was nearly as great as that a person would be conscious of could he be transported in a moment from any European town, and set down in the midst of Bokhara or Samarcand—so completely did every object wear an Asiatic appearance."—p. 296.

With the exception of a few Greeks and Arminians, this town is wholly inhabited by Tartars and Jews, amounting together to about nine thousand souls. Dr. Henderson visited the principal of its thirty-three mosques, at the evening service of the Tartars, of which he speaks in the following favourable terms:—

"The Tartars all sat on their heels in the oriental manner, while the Molah recited to them certain Surahs, or chapters of the Koran; and when he came to the end of a section, or where any direct reference was made to the object of worship, they bowed themselves twice, so as to touch the ground with their foreheads. During prayer they covered their faces with both hands, following the Molah with low and solemn sighs, manifesting

throughout the most profound reverence and veneration. Much has been said in defence of pompous and splendid forms of worship, and many have insisted on their absolute necessity in order to interest the vulgar; but I will venture to affirm, that all the dazzling splendour of external ceremonies, superadded to the Christian system, never produced a solemnity to be compared with that resulting from the simple adoration here exhibited in a Mohammedan mosque; every sense seemed closed against earthly objects, and a high degree of self-annihilation appeared to inspire the mind of every worshipper. How humbling the reflection, that so little real devotion, and so feeble a sense of the presence of the great Jehovah, is often to be found in assemblies professing to worship him in spirit and truth!"—*Henderson*, pp. 202, 203.

Our travellers had long regarded with pleasing anticipations, the opportunity of obtaining a personal interview with the *Karaites* Jews, who inhabit an ancient fortress, situated on the summit of a steep rock, at the distance of a few miles from Baghchisarai; it is now named Djufit-Kale, or the Jews' Fort.—

"The antiquity of the sect, the reasonableness of their grounds of separation from the great body of the Jewish people, their purely oriental habits, the little intercourse that any of the learned in Europe have had with them, and the fact, long known yet but little investigated, that they possessed the books of the Old Testament in a peculiar dialect of the Tartar language: all tended to excite our curiosity, and render them the subject of Biblical and literary research."—p. 300.

Peysonel, in his "Commerce of the Black Sea," states, that a tradition obtained among this small community of Israelites, that their ancestors inhabited the city of Bokhara, in Great Tartary, and accompanied the Tartars in their memorable expedition into Europe. No such tradition, however, has reached the present generation; they have never heard that any bond of union ever existed between their ancestors and the Bokharian Jews; nor are there now, to their knowledge, any Karaim in that part of the world. The only traditional account among them is, that their forefathers came from Damascus, and settled where they themselves now live, about five hundred years ago, under the protection of the Khans of the Crimea. Dr. Henderson enters into a learned and critical discussion on the points of doctrine, in which they differ from other sects of the progeny of Abraham, and of their translation of the Tartar Targum, in which we shall not attempt to follow him, more especially as, in our review of Dr. Clarke's book, the reader may find an account of this extraordinary sect, who have been not improperly styled the "Protestants of Judaism," not materially different from that given by our author; but we cannot omit his testimony to their exemplary character:—

"The Karaim are free from many of the superstitions to be found among the Jews in general, such as the transmigration of souls, the power of talismans, &c.; and, as might natu-

rally be expected from their principles, the standard and tone of morals which their general deportment exhibits, is quite of a different stamp from those of the *Rabbinites*. In their persons they are tidy; their domestic discipline and arrangements are correct and exemplary; and their dealings with others are characterized by probity and integrity. It is one of their favourite maxims, that "Those things which a man is not willing to receive himself, it is not right for him to do to his brethren,"—a maxim literally corresponding with that which our Lord pronounces to be the sum of what the law and prophets taught as the duty of man to man.—Matt. vii. 12. How far the *Karaim* act up to this principle, may be ascertained by the fact, that they are universally respected by all who know them; and I never yet heard any person speak ill of them, except he was a bigoted adherent of the Talmud. In the south of Russia, where they are best known, their conduct is proverbial; and I cannot place it in a stronger light than by recording the testimony borne to it by a Polish gentleman in Dubno, who informed me that, while the other Jews resident in Lutsk are continually embroiled in suits at law, and require the utmost vigilance on the part of the police, there is not on record a single instance of prosecution against the Karaim for the space of several hundred years, during which they have been settled in that place!"—*Henderson*, pp. 322, 323.

Leaving the Crimea, our travellers proceeded along a narrow and sandy isthmus, which separates the Palus Maeotis, or sea of Azof, on its western side, from the "Putrid Lake," called by the Tartars "Tchuvash Dengiz." The waters of the latter are stagnant, impregnated with salt, and give out a disagreeable and insalubrious smell. The narrow isthmus, which separates the two waters, is two days' journey in length, during which not a human habitation occurs, except two or three post stations. At the northern extremities of this isthmus, a deep strait connects the Palus Maeotis with the Putrid Lake. A little to the northward, and between the River Moloshnaia and the Sea of Azof, are colonies of Nogai Tartars, who, till within these few years, led a life corresponding with that of the Nomadic Scythians, as described by Herodotus, when they were spread over the steppes on the northern shores of the Maeotis. They are descendants of that great body of Asiatic Tartars which passed into the West under Gengis Khan: in the wars of the South of Russia they had been forced across the Kuban into the regions of Caucasus, from whence, being plundered and annoyed by the warlike and predatory Circassians, they were glad to return and submit to the Russian sceptre, in the year 1791. Various attempts were made to establish villages for their accommodation, but it was not till 1808 that they could be prevailed on to discontinue that erratic mode of life to which they had always been accustomed—dwelling in tents, and moving their flocks and herds from place to place according as pasture and water rendered change necessary. By persuasion, however, and the adoption of regulations which were in accordance with

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their feelings—such as the appointment of Elders, and of their own Kadis or Judges—the Russian authorities so far succeeded, that, towards the end of 1812, villages began to rise on the *steppe*, and in a short time the whole population was brought into a settled and orderly state of society. In 1818, the number of both sexes amounted to thirty-two thousand, distributed into seventy-three villages, each of which had its own duly-elected magistrate.

On the right bank of the Moloshnaia, or Milky River, is established a sect of dissenters, who have been called Russian Quakers, and who, indeed, call themselves *Wrestlers with the Spirit*. They exclude all external rites and ceremonies; all their knowledge is traditional. They told our travellers, who offered them copies of the Scriptures, that they had no occasion for the gift; they had the Bible in their hearts—the light thus imparted was sufficient—they needed nothing more. A striking contrast to these conceited and repulsive sectarians was found on the opposite side of the river, in the settlements of the Mennonites, whose industrious habits, and the neatness of their villages, (amounting to thirty-three in number, and containing about eight thousand inhabitants,) made our travellers fancy almost that they were in the heart of Prussia.

"The Mennonites in this quarter are descendants of those to whom Frederick the Great granted peculiar privileges on the banks of the Vistula, in East Prussia, where they were raised, by the blessing of God on their industry, and the sobriety of their habits of life, to circumstances of prosperity and ease. Here they remained till the year 1805, when the Prussian government found it necessary to raise a powerful army against the French, and, contrary to their well-known principle of non-resistance, proceeded to enrol them among the new conscripts. On refusing to comply with the order, they were informed that there was no other alternative but to sell their property, pay ten per cent. of their capital, and leave the country. The only country to which they could flee as an asylum was Russia; and accordingly, in the above-mentioned year, disposing of all their immovable property, they quitted Germany; and taking along with them the greater part of their live stock, they arrived in these regions, where they had the most liberal grant of land, and privileges allowed them by the Russian government."—*Henderson*, p. 387.

Contiguous to these worthy Mennonites were found no fewer than twenty-one colonies of other Germans, partly Protestants and partly Catholics, consisting of four hundred and eighty-six families; and there are five hundred families of emigrants from Wittenberg, not far off, all of them apparently dwelling together in a state of the utmost harmony.

The number of immense tumuli which were scattered over this *steppe* led our travellers to conclude that they had before their eyes the spot which, according to Herodotus, was held sacred among the Scythians, as the place of interment for their kings. "They may be about twenty feet high, and two hundred in circumference. If they be indeed the identical sepulchres, their enormous appearance

still bears testimony to the barbarous rites of Paganism at that distant period of time. On the death of any of their kings, his body was instantly embalmed, and sent round to all the nations of Scythian origin, each of which, in its turn, conveyed it, in solemn procession, to the others, till, after having gone round them all, it was conveyed to the vicinity of the Gerthus, where a large square pit was dug, in which was deposited not only the royal corpse, but also the golden goblets used at the royal table, the ministers of the king, his principal wife, and his horse, all of whom were slain on the occasion. A great quantity of earth was then heaped over the whole, till it became an immense tumulus, the size of which was still augmented by a fresh accession of earth the following year."—p. 391.

Our limits will not allow us to follow Dr. Henderson in his route through Tcherkask, nor to notice any part of his account of the Don Cossacks, of whose history and manners many details will be found in one of our early Numbers." Neither shall we think it necessary to accompany him along the north-west shores of the Caspian to Mosdoff, and from thence across the Caucasus to Teflis, as his remarks on these interesting countries are rather jejune, and the pages he gives to them chiefly occupied with the condition of missions, the merits of translations of the Scriptures, and dissertations on Biblical literature. We wish, moreover, to preserve room for a more copious guide in these southern parts of the Russian empire, whose work stands second at the head of this article. We shall therefore take leave of Dr. Henderson, after briefly noticing some two or three societies, whom a community of feeling on matters of religion has collected together, under a government which has at least this merit, that all opinions, however extravagant, are not only tolerated by it, but protected.

At Sarepta, on the Wolga, is an establishment of Moravian Brethren, founded in the year 1765, by the special favour of the Empress Catherine. A mineral spring at a short distance from the settlement soon became a source of great prosperity to this society, in consequence of the increased number of visitors which now frequented it in search of health, and the improved accommodations which the brethren had the good sense to supply. Several companies of brethren and sisters joined the original settlers, and the establishment grew rapidly under their hands, far, indeed, beyond what had originally been projected. "They accordingly erected dwelling-houses, mills, tanneries, and distilleries; planted orchards, vineyards, and culinary gardens; and brought into operation an extensive system of agriculture. The town is regularly laid out, according to the plan of the Brethren's towns in Germany, with wide streets; a fine large square, with a fountain in the centre; a spacious place of worship; the houses belonging to the elders, the unmarried brethren, sisters, and widows, and those occupied by the different families, together with the workshops for the different handicrafts carried on in the

place. Fine tall poplars line the streets, and ornament the square; and the vineyards and gardens give it an appearance most enchanting to the eye that has been accustomed to wander in vain in quest of a single bush for hundreds of versts in the surrounding steppe."

—*Henderson*, p. 411.

We are grieved to find, from a note of the author, that this flourishing settlement has, since his visit, been almost entirely destroyed by fire. As to their missionary efforts, for the conversion of the Pagan Calmucks in their vicinity, our traveller describes the Sarepta mission as having been wholly unproductive:—with the exception of a few young girls, who "gave encouraging evidences of a work of the spirit of God in their souls," they did not appear to have made any converts.

At the foot of one of the Caucasian ridges, a little to the westward of Georgievsk, is situated the "Scotch Colony" of "Karass." This mission was established by Messrs. Brunton and Paterson, in 1802, since which time it has been joined by several German settlers, and the whole are protected from the depredations of the mountaineers by a party of Cossacks. The object seems to have been the conversion of the Mahomedan Tartars, in which, it is admitted, no progress has as yet been made. One reason of this failure, Dr. Henderson supposes, is the missionaries' ignorance of the Arabic language, and consequent want of a critical knowledge of the Koran. "What," says he, "should we think of a Mahomedan Effendi, who should settle in any part of Scotland, and attempt to convince the inhabitants that the doctrines of the Bible were false, and yet know nothing of the languages in which it was written?" One of the missionaries, however, he exempts from this censure. Before Mr. Henry Brunton had been two years at Karass, he, we are told, was able to undertake the translation of the New Testament into the Turkish language; and the extraordinary difficulties he had to encounter could only, says the writer, have been overcome by "that Divine Agent who worketh inwardly in his servants."

"The place at which he was stationed, the character of the surrounding tribes, the unsettled state of public affairs, the distance to which the missionaries were removed from the necessary materials of typographical labour, the embarrassments in which they were frequently involved, and the limited and continually interrupted intervals of time which could be devoted to the work, all tend to excite our admiration of the manner of its execution. The houses erected in the colony were by no means of a substantial or comfortable nature: and the printing-office, in particular, was so superficially constructed, that during the frost in winter, a trough of water, used for wetting the paper, though placed close to the stove, froze into a solid mass in the course of twenty-four hours, and all the iron-work of the press was white with frost. The cold prevented the ink from spreading properly, owing to which, and similar causes, the execution of the press-work was very indifferent. Being often alarmed by the Tcherkessians, the missionaries were obliged to secure the types by interring

them. Add to this, that the workmen were continually changing, so that they never rose higher than learners; and it may safely be affirmed, that there never was an edition of the New Testament, or of any other book, carried through the press under such a multitude of untoward circumstances."—*Henderson*, pp. 422, 423.

While we are ready to admire the perseverance of the good man who had to struggle against these difficulties, we cannot but feel a something like mortification, that so much labour should have been thrown away, and that Mr. Brunton's ingenuity should not have been exercised on matters that would have been more useful to himself and to society at large. His version, if it was worthy of being printed at all, might have been printed elsewhere: and to attempt any thing of the kind at Karass was about as wise a scheme, as it would be to rear silk-worms at Inverness. Another branch of the same mission is resident among the Ingush, a numerous tribe beyond the Terek, inhabiting the deep valleys of the mountains behind Vladikavkaz. These are represented by Mr. Blythe, the missionary, as an extraordinary people: they believe in the existence of a God, as a pure spirit, whom they call Dalle; in a plurality of demons, who sometimes assume a visible shape, and appear as armed men, with their feet inverted; in the immortality of the soul; the resurrection of the body; and the temporary punishment of the wicked in a future state. From the great veneration in which they hold the ruins of churches and monasteries in the Caucasus, and their adoration of the images which are still visible on their walls, it is supposed they are the descendants of the early Georgian Christians. Gamba, following Klapproth, says they are not Mussulmans and have ceased to be Christians, though they retain certain ceremonies adopted at the time of the celebrated Thamar, Queen of Georgia, who reigned in the year 1198. All these authors give the Ingush an excellent character for industry and intelligence. They always go armed, and for the protection of their villages against the incursions of the Kabardian mountaineers, they have built, at short intervals, castles or "towers of defence," the entrances to which are, as in our Martello towers, near the summit, and reached by means of a ladder, which can be drawn up, so as to cut off all communication. These towers are kept well stored with stones and other missiles.—But foreign feuds are not all they have; there are frequent broils among the people themselves, and they practise a bloody revenge of personal injuries.

"The missionaries were acquainted with a young man of an amiable disposition, who was worn down almost to a skeleton, by the constant dread in which he lived, of having avenged upon him a murder committed by his father before he was born. He can reckon up more than a hundred persons who consider themselves bound to take away his life, whenever a favourable opportunity shall present itself. There is scarcely a house in which there is not one implicated in something of this nature, on which account they never appear

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without a loaded gun and sword. They also wear a shield, made of wood or strong leather, and surrounded on the outside with iron, in the use of which they are very expert."—*Henderson*, p. 485.

Mr. Blythe, it seems, had made great progress in the Ingush dialect, and, what was still better, had succeeded completely in gaining the esteem and affection of these poor people; but he had scarcely been there a year, when he unexpectedly received orders from the governor-general to quit the place. No reason is assigned for this interruption of missionary intercourse—a thing unusual in any portion of the Russian empire; and Dr. Henderson speaks with great indignation against the man who could thus wilfully shut the door through which the gospel was about to enter, to deliver the poor benighted Ingush from all the horrors of their pagan state. We cannot, however, help suspecting that there was some very sufficient reason for this act of the Russian government—an act which is to be lamented on more grounds than Dr. Henderson would perhaps deign to consider, if it be true, as *Guldenstaedt* states, that a person who is venerated as a kind of Ingush high priest, has "his habitation in the mountains, near an ancient stone church, said to be adorned with various statues and inscriptions;" and that, "under the church is a vault that contains certain old books, which, however, no one ever attempts to approach."

In the vicinity of Teflis is a colony of German Millenarians, who, in the years 1816 and 1817, emigrated chiefly from Württemburg, influenced, as it is said, by the conviction that the second coming of Christ, and the millennium were near at hand. It seems that an author, of the name of Stilling, whose works are said to be much read in that part of Germany, had stated that the countries near the Caspian sea are those wherein Christ's visible reign will begin; and these poor deluded fanatics, taking this in a literal sense, being joined by some adventurers of a depraved character, whose only expectation was that of leading an easy life without working, assembled together, and set out by the Donau, on their way to Odessa. At their first outset they are supposed to have amounted to fifteen hundred families; but about two-thirds died on the Donau and in the quarantines, of the ague or plague; and it is stated that, long before reaching Odessa, the union of the remnant was broken by internal dissensions. Some of the leading men considered that the nearer they got to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, the sooner they would experience the blessings of the millennium—which, say they, will certainly commence in the year 1836. Others, again, were of a different opinion; but equally certain that something disastrous was about to happen to this globe of ours—nothing short of a second deluge—this party thought the grand object should be to settle as near as possible to Mount Arrarat, on the summit of which the faithful and chosen Stillingites might save themselves. As Georgia was well situated to answer the purposes of both sets of seers, the whole band set out from Odessa to cross the Caucasus, and seven villages in Georgia are now occupied

by the few survivors of this crazy expedition.

Some of these details are deplorable enough; but sheer imbecility of intellect is often as pregnant with extraordinary freaks as the most distorted imagination; and while on the subject of sectarians, we may just mention one story which is not found in Dr. Henderson's book, and which would have furnished an admirable addition to the catalogue of Russian enormities recorded by the two disappointed and irascible travellers, the Doctors Clark and Lyall. We give it, as we find it, in the words of the Chevalier Gamba, who, after speaking of the Russian dissenters, says,—

" Mais quelle distance entre la vie d'anchorette des Raskolniks, entre cette exaltation qui détermine à l'abstinence de tous les plaisirs, et le fanaticisme horrible qui a réuni en une secte nouvelle des hommes qui consentent à une entière mutilation: Cette secte, dont la création ne date que de peu d'années, a fait des progrès bien au-delà de ce qu'on pourrait croire. Ma plume se refuse à tracer les détails des cérémonies qui accompagnent un si affreux sacrifice. D'ordinaire, une vieille femme est chargée des fonctions de sacrificateur: cependant ces sectaires, conservant quelques sentiments d'humanité au milieu de leur barbarie, sont parvenus à éviter qu'aucun danger n'accompagne cette mutilation.

" Il paroit qu'ils fondent leur doctrine sur un verset de l'Évangile qui dit que si votre œil vous donne une mauvaise pensée, vous devez l'arracher; et sur une passage de la Bible, où il est question du bonheur des eunuques. Un homme digne de toute confiance me disoit qu'ayant demandé à un employé de la chancellerie d'Odessa, qui faisoit partie de cette secte, comment il avoit pu se porter à un attentat si douloureux sur lui-même, celui-ci répondit avec un sourire effrayant: 'vous ne savez pas ce que c'est que de chasser l'esprit malin.' On a voulu, il y a environ huit ans, punir ces sectaires par l'exil en Sibérie: chacun d'eux a envie le martyre, et il a fallu fermer les yeux sur une secte dont la publicité pouvoit favoriser les progrès déjà trop étendus surtout parmi les marins de la flotte impériale."—*Gamba*, ii. pp. 418, 419.

This Chevalier Gamba, consul to the king of France at Teflis, having turned his thoughts, as all French consuls feel themselves in duty bound to do, to the manner in which the commercial interests of France may be best promoted, at the expense of all other nations, but more especially of England, conceived a plan, which is developed in an introduction of fifty pages, and by which the old story of the arbitrary dominion of the seas exercised by Great Britain, and her monopoly of the trade with India, are to be at once annihilated. We pass over his nonsense about the dominion of the seas; and with regard to the other point, we suspect he will not find it so very easy of accomplishment as he seems willing to persuade himself. His first postulate is, that all the great powers of Europe shall bind themselves, by a solemn treaty, not of an "armed," but a "pacific neutrality," by which the general interests of this "vast commerce" are to be secured. This being accomplished, the next

step is, to destroy the monopoly of the "vast commerce" between Europe and Asia, now possessed by Great Britain; to which end the confederated powers are to re-establish the ancient intercourse and stations between these two parts of the world, as they existed before the discovery of America and the Cape of Good Hope. We could tell M. Gamba, that if the execution of his first project be politically and morally improbable, that of the second is physically impossible. We could show him, were it worth the while, that a single Indianaman, of twelve hundred tons burden, will bring from India or China to the Thames, in less time and at less expense, a greater quantity of merchandise than twelve thousand mules, donkeys, and dromedaries would carry, in many parts of his land journey, for a single week; and that looking to the five or six months' travelling over rugged and barren mountains and naked sandy plains,—what with the additional beasts for the drivers, the sore backs, the deaths, and the relays,—it may well be doubted whether three times twelve thousand might not be required to transport a single ship's cargo of goods from India or China, by land, (throwing him the navigation of the Caspian and Black Seas into the bargain,) to the capital of France; for—be it noted—a part of the Chevalier's plan is to avoid the Persian gulf and the Mediterranean in time of war, as not being *maria clausa*—and therefore not quite secure from the molestation of the unconscionable power which holds the "dominion." But, in fact, this project of the consul is a story as old as the time of Queen Elizabeth, and was tried and failed in the reign of Peter the Great, by Captain Elton and Jonas Hanway, men far superior, in every respect, to M. le Chevalier Gamba.—That Russia might profit, as undoubtedly she will, and, in fact, has partially done, by a commerce of this kind, is obvious enough. The possession of nearly the whole of the eastern coast of the Euxine, and the western coast of the Caspian,—the magnificent rivers which flow into them through the heart and centre of her own dominions,—with the occupation, also, of the whole interjacent country between those seas,—these give her advantages such as no other European nation can expect to enjoy.

An ukase of the late Emperor Alexander, of October, 1821, which opens Georgia to foreigners as well as Russians, with certain privileges and immunities, M. Gamba more than insinuates was grounded on his project. That sovereign, indeed, appears to have been so much caught by it, that he made the author a grant of a large tract of land on the banks of the Phasis, where he intends to plant vineyards, and improve the wines of Georgia. An order was also despatched to Admiral Greig, who commands the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, to convey the consul and his suite, in a ship of war, from Odessa to Redoute-Kale, on the western coast of that sea, by which he had an opportunity of seeing and making excursions into the countries of the Abassians, the Mingrelians or Colchians, and the Immeritians, all bordering on that coast. From Redoute-Kale he proceeded to Ketais, in Immeritia, and from thence visited the banks of the Phasis

and various parts of the ancient Colchos. His residence at Teflis gave him opportunities of seeing most of the provinces of Georgia, and on his return to France he skirted the western shore of the Caspian, from Bakou to Astracan. M. Gamba is but a superficial observer; and modestly enough, he apologizes for his deficiency in geology and natural history, and in the various languages spoken in Georgia. Still we may perhaps glean something from his two bulky volumes relating to this latest acquisition of the crown of Russia.

On his visit to the banks of the Phasis, now one dense forest, the Chevalier feels that he is treading heroic earth, and accordingly thinks it right to talk of Jason, and Alexander, and Mithridates. We are not surprised at this: we know from experience how wide a difference there will always be, in point of feeling, between the mind of a traveller on such classic ground as that of Colchos and Iberia, and of another who may be doomed to "plod his weary way" through the back-woods of America. The objects may be the same in both—forests, rivers, mountains—more sublime, probably, in the latter than in the former country; but when the eye once becomes sated, as it soon does with the most magnificent monotony, all that remains is drearily barren,—making no appeal to any memory either of deeds worthy to be written, or of writings worthy to be read; whereas, in the other case, every step the traveller takes calls up recollections which transport him back to those happy days, when the young imagination fed itself on such stories as the flight and subsequent sufferings of Phryxus, the fate of poor Helle, the adventures and exploits of Jason to recover the Golden Fleece, the magic cauldron of Medea, and the rejuvenescence of Eson. It can scarcely be doubted, that most of these venerable fables have their foundation in facts; and we could wish that some Oedipus, among the idle sons of the Cam or the Isis, would seriously set about expounding—what we think has not yet been satisfactorily done—these mystic tales of "hoar antiquity." Mr. Marsden, in one of his valuable notes on Marco Polo, says, "I have long entertained the idea, and hope it will not be thought an extravagant one, that the Golden Fleece, which Jason and his companions, in the Argo, are said to have brought away from Colchos and exhibited in Greece, was a cargo, or perhaps only a specimen, of rich, golden-coloured raw silk, in the hawk, which might, figuratively, be termed a *fleece*, because, like the wool of the sheep, it was to be twisted into thread, and woven into cloth." This is ingenious enough, and we have but two objections to urge against it. The first is, that Phryxus carried away the ram with the golden fleece from Greece, and that Jason only went to *fetch it back* again: the second is, that silk continued to be unknown to the Greeks, and even to the Romans, nearly a thousand years after the Argonautic expedition. Gibbon, following Strabo, supposes that the Colchians were in the habit of fishing up gold particles by means of sheep-skins, which is but a puerile suggestion, and open to objections of the kind just stated.

M. Gamba just hints at the possibility of the

Argonauts having first brought into the Western world from the banks of the Phasis, whose name it bears, that beautiful bird which is now so abundant in our copes, contributing to the amusement and the luxury of one class of society, and unhappily the innocent cause of demoralizing another. The forests of Colchos and Iberia still swarm with the common pheasant (*Phasianus Colchicus*), and the large turkey-pheasant (*Ph. Gallipavonis*), but not, as stated, with the golden pheasant, that species being a native, exclusively, of China. The usual mode of taking these birds by the present race of Mingrelians, or Colchians, is with the falcon, which may have accompanied the introduction of the former into the western world. The vine, as M. Chaptal supposes, was brought originally from Iberia into Greece. It is still found in its wild and native state in all the forests of ancient Colchos, climbing to the tops of the loftiest trees. If the celebrated chemist be correct, we see no reason why this delicious fruit might not have been transplanted at least as early as the pheasant into Greece; and if so, what charm more potent than the fermented juice of the grape could Medea have employed to invigorate the limbs and exhilarate the spirits of old Eson? It would appear, from the Iliad, that some three or four hundred years after the Argonautic expedition, wine was common enough in Greece. We may here observe, that the modern Georgians (under which term we mean to include the Colchians, Iberians, and Albanians) are in the habit of doing ample justice to their wines, which, according to M. Gamba, are by no means of an indifferent quality. "The consumption of wine in Georgia," he says, "and above all at Teflis, is considerable, I may even say, prodigious. From the artisan to the prince, the ordinary allowance of a Georgian is a *tongue* per day;" that is, a full gallon, the cost of which is from a halfpenny to sixpence or sevenpence a quart, according to the quality.

The wreck of walls and fortresses commanding the passes, and perched on the summits of the mountain ridges of the great Caucasian chain; the remains of bridges in the streams of the Phasis, the Kour, the Terek, and the Aragvi, or Aragua; the ruins of palaces, churches, baths, &c. in the midst of which are discovered, from time to time, medals of Medes, Parthians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans (Gamba, tom. ii. p. 259)—attest the various nations that have been in possession of Georgia in ancient times. The Consul thus describes one extraordinary monument—

"About five versts from the post of Dzeyam is seen the column of Chankor; it is placed outside the boundary of the fortress, and remarkable by the boldness of its elevation and solidity. It may be, compared to Trajan's column at Rome. It is of red brick, laid in the most regular manner in courses, and corresponding perpendicularly the one with the other. Its base, which is square, is fifteen feet wide each side, and twelve feet high. Upon this base stands the column, whose diameter is about twelve feet; its height about one hundred and eighty feet. The stairs wind round a double spiral, but so decayed as not to be

ascended without great danger. They lead to a gallery surrounding the column, at the distance of forty feet from the top. The origin is lost in the night of time; it is ascribed to Alexander, king of Macedon. It is surrounded on all sides with ruins more or less considerable. In olden time, no doubt, a population, rich, active, and powerful, occupied the territory at present covered with demolished buildings, in the midst of which wander, during the winter, a few Tartar Nomades."—Gamba, tom. ii. p. 245.

M. Gamba quotes a passage of Gibbon, taken from Strabo, the accuracy of which, he says, he cannot confirm, as, indeed, it would be most surprising if he could. "From the Iberian Caucasus," says the historian, "the most lofty and craggy mountains of Asia, the Phasis descends with such oblique vehemence, that, in a short space, it is traversed by one hundred and twenty bridges." But in making this quotation, he adds to it what is *not* in Gibbon "pour en rompre l'impétuosité;" as if bridges were thrown across torrents to check their impetuosity, instead of furnishing the means to cross them.

Georgia may be considered as one of the most interesting countries on the globe; we include under this name the whole territory between the summit ridge of the Caucasian chain of mountains and the river Araxes, or Arras, on the Caspian side, and the redoubt of St. Nicholas, some twenty miles below the mouth of the Phasis, on the side of the Euxine, and all that lies within these limits between the two seas; and also the two provinces of Daghestan and Shirwan, formerly belonging to Persia, but now held by Russia, partly by conquest and partly by cession. While Georgia maintained a nominal independence, it was not only kept in a state of perpetual internal warfare by the violence of its numerous khans, or princes, but subject to the frequent inroads of the Persians on the one hand, and the Turks on the other—it was, in fact, entirely open to the southward; but the great Caucasian ridge, stretching north-west and south-east between the two seas, had always proved a complete barrier against the Tartar hordes on the north, and might also have successfully resisted the Russian arms, had there been any thing like a common interest among the chiefs, and a disposition to support the king and the integrity of the country. There are, in fact, two practicable passes only across the Caucasus—that of Dariel, about the centre of the ridge, the Porta-Caucasia of the ancients; and that of Derbent, between one of the spurs of the Great Chain and the Caspian—the Porta-Caspia—across which a wall was built of four or five miles in length, passable only through a strong iron folding-gate.

The pass of Dariel is a narrow defile, bordered by almost perpendicular cheeks of rock, and five or six miles in extent. Sir R. Porter says, "The chasm rises from the river's (Terek) brink upwards of a thousand feet. Its sides are broken into cliffs and projections, dark and frowning—so high, so close, so overhanging, that even at mid-day the whole is

covered with a shadow bordering on twilight." Sometimes these checks give way, or an avalanche of ice and snow descends from the Kasbeck, in either of which cases the road becomes impassable, and the Terch below is choked up, and the valley inundated. The summit of this defile is a little beyond Kobi, where a large cross gives the name of *Kristowajagara* to a ridge, the height of which is estimated by Mr. Henderson at seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. He found it in the month of November covered with deep snow. The Russians have chains of posts the whole way from Dariel, without which it would not be safe to cross the Caucasus, on account of a numerous tribe of mountaineers, named Ossetes, or Ossetinians, whose dwellings are perched on the craggy cliffs, and who are still in the practice of plundering solitary travellers, and carrying off those for whom they expect a large ransom, like the Italian banditti. Indeed, as it is, the caravans still pass in large convoys at stated periods, and passengers are escorted generally by parties of Cossacks. Formerly these Ossetinians are said to have been in the habit of seizing the unwary traveller, by throwing from their lurking places the noose of a rope, like the *lasso* used by the Gauchos to catch their wild horses on the Pampas. The Russians have somewhat civilized these people in the neighbourhood of the Caucasian pass, near the summit of which there is now an establishment, supported by the late Alexander, and intrusted to Ossetinians, for the reception of winter travellers, who may be caught by snow-storms, like that of the mountain of St. Bernard in Switzerland.

Close to the westward of the pass rises in magnificent grandeur the Kasbeck mountain, whose summit has never yet been reached, but whose height has been estimated by Englehardt and Parrot, who in vain attempted to ascend it, at fourteen thousand four hundred feet above the level of the Black Sea. Farther to the westward, and about half way between that sea and the last named mountain, is the celebrated Elbourz, whose height is supposed to be about sixteen thousand feet. "The Snafell and Orafa Yokus," says Henderson, "whose size I had admired as stupendous, because they far exceeded any thing I had previously seen, sunk in the remembrance into mere pygmies in comparison of the gigantic king of the Caucasian range." The summit is cleft into two peaks, which, as the Armenians say, was occasioned by the keel of the ark grazing it on its passage to Ararat. The Persians consider the Alburz (the sublime, the shining) as the highest and most ancient of all mountains in the world—"the throne of Ormudz; the mount of the congregation of the celestial spirits; the pure region of light; where there is neither enemy, darkness, nor death; but where all is light, peace, and felicity." It was on this mountain that Zoroaster received the law, (as Moses did on Mount Sinai,) and to which he afterwards retired to spend the remainder of his existence in the contemplative vision of the Supreme. Our modern travellers have been less fortunate than this ancient sage, as

every attempt to reach the summit of Elbourz, as of Kasbeck, has hitherto proved abortive, chiefly, we believe, from the savage disposition of the barbarous tribes which dwell in the lower regions and around its base.

Very false notions have prevailed as to the wall at Derbent, through which was the Porta-Caspia; some making this Gog and Magog to stretch along the whole range of the Caucasus. "According to a recent description," says Gibbon, "huge stones, seven feet thick, and twenty-one feet in length or height, are artificially joined without iron or cement, to compose a wall which runs above three hundred miles from the shores of Derbent, over the hills, and through the valleys of Daghestan and Georgia." The Czar Peter caused it to be measured on taking possession of Derbent, and found it precisely what that accurate but much abused old traveller, Marco Polo, had stated it to be some five hundred years ago—namely, four miles! Gamba says, he saw one valve of the great iron gate that of old closed the passage of this wall, at the monastery of Gælath, near Kotsais, whether it had been carried as a trophy by David, king of Immeritia, who took Derbent by assault. It measured seven feet in width, and fourteen in height; and was composed of twenty bars, placed perpendicularly and crossed by seven others, which were again covered with thin plates of iron, and on these were the remains of inscriptions, but in what language M. Gamba does not inform us; he says, however, that the door bore the character of a high antiquity.

Little was known of the Caucasian nations till the Empress Catherine sent Guidenstaedt to traverse these wild regions, trace the rivers to their sources, make astronomical observations, examine the natural history of the country, and collect vocabularies of all the dialects he might meet with. He enumerates seven distinct nations, divided into numerous tribes, each speaking its own dialect; and among other things he brings away an extract from a manuscript chronicle in the Georgian language, compiled by order of Vachitung, a late sovereign of Georgia, from the monastery of Galati, near Cotais (the same where the French consul met with the iron door). Gamba, alluding to this MS., is pleased to observe, that "without admitting the existence of Karthos, who lived six generations after Noah, of his son Miskhethos, and their descendants, it is enough to recognise for the first king of Georgia, Pharnavaz, of Schinak'hartli, who lived shortly after the invasion of Alexander the Great, to be satisfied that this kingdom is one of the most ancient of the globe." The document in question is undoubtedly a fabrication. We know, however, that the kingdom of Georgia was conquered by Nouchirvan, in the reign of Justinian; became a portion of the empire of Mahmoud the Gasnavide; was invaded by Alep Arselan; ravaged by Tamerlane; conquered by Tamasp; reconquered from the Turks by Shah-Abbas;—that although thus, by turns, overrun and pillaged by Turks, Tartars, Persians, it never wholly lost its independence, but preserved itself as a kingdom nearly two thousand years; and,

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what is still more to its honour, that it preserved its ancient faith in Christianity for fourteen hundred years, in the midst of countries entirely devoted to the religion of Mahomet. Heraclius, who had proclaimed himself king of Georgia, after struggling during his whole reign against the invasions of the Persians, placed his kingdom under the protection of Catherine; and his son George made a cession of his states to the Emperor Paul. At the death of George, it was deemed expedient for the tranquillity of the country to remove his widow Mary to Moscow; but towards this high spirited dame, it was necessary to proceed with caution and great delicacy. General Lazareff, a Georgian, and her supposed lover, was pitched upon as the most proper person to make the proposal. Mary, fixing her eyes steadily upon him, said, "Lazareff, forget not that you are my subject, and don't suffer yourself to repeat to me so hateful a proposal, or I shall know how to punish you for it." The general persisted in his entreaties, and in an instant Mary drew her *quindjal*, or dagger, (a kind of Roman sword which all Georgians wear in the belt,) and laid him dead at her feet. Alexander, the brother of George, fled from the country, and is supposed to be one of those who encouraged Abbas Meerza to commence hostilities with Russia.

The late Emperor Alexander had no little difficulty in preserving tranquillity among the motley population whom he had to govern to the southward of Caucasus. He found it expedient to grant to the Persian khans of Daghestan and Shirvan, and to the native princes, the enjoyment of their former privileges, and, indeed, to change little in their ancient laws and customs,—except that it was necessary to restrain them from the brutal practices of selling their children to the Turks and Persians, and of executing summary vengeance on their vassals by mutilation or death. A few, and they were but few, examples of wholesome severity did not prevent vast emigrations into Georgia. M. Gamba states that, in the year 1820 alone, not less than seven thousand Persian families crossed the boundary, to whom it was intended to assign lands; and Turks and Armenians are to this hour in the constant practice of coming over and placing themselves under the protection of the Russian government. The Circassians, however, on the northern side of the Caucasus, are accused of still bringing up their sons and daughters for the slave-market, though it is done by stealth; M. Gamba tells one story of a Circassian selling his father to an Armenian for a sack of salt; and it appears from the following, which he gives on the authority of a one-eyed porter to a mosque, that Alexander's laws have not as yet put a total stop to the practice of mutilation.

"This Tartar was one of the officers of the late Khan of Ghendje's palace, of which he had the general superintendence. According to the custom of all the palaces of the East, the officers who cross the courts are required to walk with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their hands across the breast. One day this unhappy wretch, having inadvertently lifted his eyes towards the apart-

ments, perceived the Khan, and near him one of his wives. He was called before his master, and asked, in a severe tone, with which of his eyes he had seen the sultaness? he replied, with the right eye. The Khan immediately ordered it to be plucked out, which did not however prevent him from remaining attached to the person of the Khan, and continuing his functions till the death of his master."—*Gamba*, tom. ii. p. 251.

The Persians, it is well known, think no more of plucking out an eye, than we in Europe do of extracting a tooth.

The whole country of Georgia is so beautifully diversified with grand mountain scenery, gradually spreading out into hill and dale, that some of the old travellers fancied they had discovered in it the *Garden of Eden*. The climate is equally favourable to the growth of fruits, grain, and esculent plants, and to the human constitution. The sky is almost always clear and serene, the rain being chiefly confined to thirty or forty days in the year. In summer, on the plains, the thermometer usually stands about  $78^{\circ}$  to  $84^{\circ}$ , rising occasionally to  $90^{\circ}$ . The winter there scarcely continues two months, during which the thermometer seldom descends below  $40^{\circ}$ ; however, every possible degree of temperature, down to perpetual frost, may be had on the sloping spurs of the Caucasus. The hills and the ravines are covered with the finest forests of oak, beech, elm, chesnut, walnut, ash, and lime trees: many of them entwined with vines growing perfectly wild, and loaded with vast quantities of the finest grapes. Most of the cultivated fruits of Europe, as apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, and cherries, are found growing in the forests in a state of nature. The black and white mulberry grow without culture; and Iberia was famed for its silk long before this valuable article was brought into Italy by the two Persian monks, in the reign of Justinian. Cotton and flax grow spontaneously on the plains near the Caspian; and rice, wheat, barley, millet, sesamum, and madder are raised with very little culture. The pasture of the valleys is excellent; and the rivers are full of fish, but being mostly mountain-torrents, are unfit for internal navigation. Honey of the finest kind is collected from bees' nests in the crevices of rocks and hollow of trees, and their wax supplies no inconsiderable article of trade. In short, nature seems to have lavished on this favoured country all that can contribute to the comfort and happiness of a peaceable and industrious population. Wild animals are not so numerous as might be expected; but as every man goes armed, they have always met an enemy in every native. There are, however, on the plains and in the valleys, deer and antelopes; and in the woods and ravines, wolves, foxes, jackals, bears, wild hogs, and a species of wild goat, which the Chevailler Gamba calls *Touri*—but the print of which, in his "Atlas," is like nothing, we humbly guess, that ever was created, approaching more to an ass with two short horns and *one* ear, than to a goat. All the drawings are, in fact, evidently of Parisian manufacture; and all the fanciful figures of men and women are thrown into theatrical at-

titudes. It is evident, indeed, that M. Gamba cannot draw a line; but a Frenchman's travels would be nothing without an "Atlas."

It is impossible to form a conjecture as to the amount of population to the southward of the Caucasus. It has been loosely stated as something about half a million, exclusive of sixty or seventy thousand Russian troops. Under the mild government of Russia, it will no doubt rapidly increase. Before Georgia was annexed to this crown, the population was kept sorely down by the constant dissensions of the chiefs—for those idle, arrogant, and ferocious beings, possessed of unlimited power over the lives and properties of their vassals, chose to be constantly at war with each other, chiefly with a view to the making of prisoners for the Persian and Turkish slave-markets. The incursions of the Persians, moreover, utterly desolated, from time to time, the provinces on that frontier. It has been stated that Abbas the Great, as he is called, carried off at one time no less than eighty thousand families: this is, no doubt, seventy thousand more than the actual number; but the case was bad enough without exaggeration. All these drawbacks on population have for some years ceased, and the measures which the late Emperor adopted for the encouragement of commerce and agriculture, by his ukase of 1821, is said to have already produced the most beneficial effects. The capital, Teflis, which before was a mean and dirty town, is now rising, according to M. Gamba, into a splendid city; the generals, the native princes, the rich Armenians, all striving who shall build the most magnificent houses: they are constructing these, as well as their public bazaars, caravanseras, hospitals, barracks, and buildings for the civil and military administrations, on a grand scale, and according to a fixed plan; the commerce of the town is rapidly on the increase, and its population, which, in the year 1820, was only twenty-four thousand, had risen in 1825 to thirty-three thousand souls.

The Chevalier Gamba assures us, that the beauty for which the Georgian women have been long celebrated is by no means overrated; that their regular features and symmetry of form might have served as the model from which the Grecian artists have produced their finest statues. "It is in the adjacent climates of Georgia, Mingrelia, and Circassia," says Gibbon, "that nature has placed, at least to our eyes, the model of beauty, in the shape of the limbs, the colour of the skin, the symmetry of the features, and the expression of the countenance; the men," he adds, "are formed for action, the women for love." Yet, if we may believe Herodotus, the natives, in his time, were dark-complexioned (*μελαγχοίς*) and had crisp, curling hair (*συλοτρικές*); such is the change produced by the mixture of nations and the slow but most powerful influence of climate. The ladies of Georgia, however, not satisfied with those lovely tints which nature has bestowed upon them, have recourse to the odious use of paint. One of their great luxuries is the bath, which they enjoy in perfection at Teflis, where artificial excavations in the rock, situated in deep caverns, are supplied with natural warm water. Here, says an intelligent

and entertaining writer,\* the Georgian ladies devote a whole day in every week to these baths, and not unfrequently pass a whole night in them; it is here that, reclining in luxurious ease upon their couches, they amuse themselves by staining their hair and their nails; and here also they paint their faces red and white, and, above all, torture themselves to make the eyebrows join,—for that Anacreontic charm is absolutely essential in a Georgian beauty. M. Gamba informs us that the Armenian girls marry at the early age of twelve, he adds, that formerly they were married before they reached the age of ten; but that this was done by their parents to prevent their being demanded by the princes of Georgia either for their own, or for sale to the Persian harems, as married women were not in request in either of these.

On the Consul's return to France, along the western shores of the Caspian Sea, he notices a circumstance which shows how cautious we ought to be in rejecting as fabulous what we are pleased to deem improbable. Plutarch, in his life of Pompey, says, "After this action (with the Albanians), Pompey designed to make his way to the Caspian Sea, and march by its coast into Hyrcania: but he found the number of venomous serpents so troublesome, that he was forced to return, when three days march would have carried him as far as he proposed."<sup>†</sup> Now this place answers exactly to the *steppe* of Moghan, to the southward of the Kour, and upon the shore of the Caspian, respecting which M. Gamba says,—

"The general opinion in the country is, that in the months of June, July, and August, the *steppe* or plain of Moghan is so much covered with snakes, that men and horses cannot cross it without the greatest danger; during the rest of the year the snakes retire into the earth and the crevices of the rocks. When the General Zuboff was about to attack Salian, his army encamped about the end of autumn, 1800, and passed the winter on the plain of Moghan. The soldiers, in digging the ground to pitch their tents, were constantly turning up snakes in a state of torpor, &c."—*Gamba*, tom. ii. p. 285.

We may remark, also, that Mr. Freygan, on his mission from Teflis to Tabrezz, passed near some hills bordering the plain to the westward, one of which was named "the hill of serpents;" observing, "the inhabitants dare not go near it, on account of the numbers of these reptiles."

M. Gamba visited Bakou, in the vicinity of which are found those naphtha pits, which afford to the inhabitants an inexhaustible article of commerce, and of which not less than from seven to eight million pounds weight are annually consumed by Russia and Persia. This naphtha is used to light their houses, to grease the wooden axles of their carriages, and as paint, to preserve different kinds of wood-work; and the Georgians smear it over the sheep and goat-skins in which they keep their

\* *Lettres sur la Caucase et la Géorgie*  
Translated from the German of Madame Freygan.

† Langhorne's Plutarch, vol. iv. p. 80.

wine. At a little distance from the town is an ancient monastery, wherein a few of the disciples of Zoroaster, and two or three miserable Hindoos, are still to be seen adoring the All-holy Flame which is supposed to have been lighted at the creation of the world, and will continue till "time shall be no more." At the four corners of a large altar, chimneys or tubes of a considerable height carry the inflammable gas up into the air, where it is ignited, and a flame issues something like what we have in our own streets, burning continually, night and day. These gaseous lights, and the naphtha pits of Bakou, have been so often described, that we deem it unnecessary to enter upon any detailed account of them.—In the consul's progress through Daghestan he found the country well covered with Tartar villages, the inhabitants apparently in easy circumstances, and possessing vast herds of horses and cattle. He was told that in this province, at certain seasons, great numbers of horses die suddenly—from eating, as it is supposed, a particular plant, which M. Gamba has understood to be the *absinthium ponticum*. When the Russians marched an army into Bakou, they lost in one night two hundred and fifty of the horses employed in dragging their artillery. The plant is said to produce no ill effects on sheep and horned cattle. Silk, cotton, rice, sesamum, and madder, are the chief articles of produce. The forest-trees are small and stunted. The province of Kouba is said to contain sixty thousand souls, many of them Jews, who are here cultivators of the land, of good character, and in good circumstances. In most parts of Georgia, these people can scarcely be said to exist, their place being supplied by Armenians. The town of Kouba has about five thousand inhabitants, of which the Tartars and Armenians are the most numerous. This town and the country to the northward are so extremely unhealthy, that one-fourth of the Cossack soldiers stationed there are said to perish annually from the effects of the malaria.—Of the seven or eight thousand inhabitants of the ancient city of Derbent, which is supposed to have been built by Alexander, or some of his successors, two-thirds are said to be Persians, the rest Jews, Armenians, and Arabs. From hence to the Terek, the surface is diversified with hill and dale, and the fine plains are covered with the flocks and herds of the Tartars. A singular fact is mentioned, which we recollect to have read of elsewhere, we think in *Guldenstaedt*. Near the Soulak, and in a valley of the Caucasus are found, says our author, "two beautiful villages, inhabited by a people, active, industrious, sober, laborious, rich, independent; and whose manners and religion have no relation to those of the other nations by whom they are surrounded. They were generally supposed to be the descendants of a colony of Moravian brethren, which induced the Moravians of Sarepta to send thither, some thirty years ago, a deputation of three persons, to fraternize with them; but

whether the report was incorrectly stated, or whether the two or three generations that had passed away since the date of their retreat among those mountains had no longer left any trace of their original language, origin, and religion, the deputies returned with the conviction that there was no similitude whatever between them and these people."—*Gamba*, tom. ii. p. 370.

Cislar, near the mouth of the Terek, is said to be a handsome city, inhabited chiefly by Armenians. It is unhealthy, on account of the delta of alluvium deposited by the river; but the neighbouring country is beautiful and well cultivated. The vineyards, from which good wine is made, the mulberry plantations to feed the silk-worms, and the numerous orchards of fruit-trees, are all enclosed within fences. But from this place to Astracan is one dead flat, for about two hundred miles, composed of sandy deserts, creeks running inland from the Caspian, swamps, and morasses, without a tree or a bush—where nothing interrupts the line of the horizon except here and there perhaps the solitary hut of a fisherman, or the tents of some roving Tartars. It seems to be precisely that kind of country which is described by Della Cella as surrounding the Great Syrtis in Africa. It has all the appearance of having been at some time or other covered by the waters of the Caspian. Pallas and Gmelin, indeed, were strongly disposed to think that the Caspian must at one time have communicated with the sea of Azof—and said, none could think otherwise who looked to the low and sandy plain that stretches between the two seas, its saline plants, its soil impregnated with salt, and the abundance of shells peculiar to the Caspian Sea. If the union in question ever existed, however, it must have been at a period antecedent to all history; for Herodotus describes these regions just as we now find them. Nothing, we believe, but damming up the Strait of Constantinople could unite the Caspian and the Black Sea; and this would do more than that—it would convert the great southern *steppe* of Russia into one vast ocean.

Various conjectures concerning the Caspian have, in ancient as well as modern times, exercised the ingenuity of man. It was thought by the ancients, who were little acquainted with the effect produced by evaporation, that a sea into which the waters of the mighty Wolga, the Kuma, the Terek, the Cyrus or Kour, were constantly pouring, would necessarily overflow the low and flat parts of the surrounding country, unless there were some outlet for the water to escape; and thus, although Herodotus had given a sufficiently accurate description of the Caspian as an inland sea, un-

\* Hanway, and more recently, the writer of "Lettres sur la Caucase et la Géorgie," give interesting details of these fires "that are never quenched."

\* The same opinion prevailed in more modern times. "Considering," says Herbert, "how that these mighty rivers are incessantly vomiting their full-gorged watery stomachs into it (the Caspian,) in reason it may be granted, that it would overflow its banks, did it not as well empty as receive; for that is but a weak assertion that the sun attracts equally by vapours to that excess of water which is poured in."—*Herbert's Travels*.

connected with any other,\* yet Strabo, five hundred years afterwards, was persuaded that it communicated with the Northern Ocean by a narrow strait: Pliny, indeed, adopted the same opinion, and it prevailed even in the days of Justinian. In more modern times, the Caspian has been supposed by some to be connected with the Palus Maeotis, by others with the Persian Gulf, and by a third set again with the Black Sea, by subterraneous passages: we have been told that at the mouth which is supposed to open in the last mentioned sea, is found a species of sea-weed that grows only on the shores of the Caspian; and the same thing has been said of leaves and branches of plants appearing at certain seasons in the Persian Gulf, that grow only on the southern shores of the Caspian near Ghilan and Mazanderan.<sup>t</sup> The Black Sea theorists add that, near the Caspian vortex of this supposed passage, a species of fish is caught peculiar to the Euxine. Even Gibbon, in describing the shores of the Phasis, talks of "the hollowness of the ground appearing to indicate the subterraneous channels between the Euxine and the Caspian." There is a story which has run the round of the geographical dictionaries, and is erroneously attributed to them to Athanasius Kircher, which says that, in olden time, a fish was taken from the Caspian Sea with a golden ring about its tail, whereupon men read this inscription—"Mithridates mihi dabat in urbe Sinope libertatem et hoc donum." Such a story might well be considered worthy of Kircher, a man of much learning but small sense, and strangely deficient in the faculty of discriminating truth from fiction. He has, however, fables enough of his own, and should not be saddled with this story; though, indeed, he borrows a legend not unlike it from Abulhasen, showing how a certain bashaw of Suez, having caught a dolphin of monstrous size, fixed a plate of brass to the *branchia* of the animal, with this inscription in Arabic letters—"Amed Abdalla Bassa Suez tibi vitam una cum hoc munere donavit, anno Hegire, 720"—and how this same dolphin was afterwards caught near Damietta, in the Mediterranean.<sup>‡</sup>

Dismissing these puerilities, we may observe that, according to a very general opinion, the waters of the Caspian have long been on the decrease: and this on the whole accords with the observation of the Chevalier Gamba—who mentions some facts that give colour to another idea, namely, that there are certain periodical *variations* in the increase and decrease of its waters. He tells us that, no longer ago than four years, vessels drawing eighteen feet water navigated places which at present will admit of none drawing more than fifteen; that, not many years ago, the walls of Bakou were washed by the waves of the Caspian, from which they are now so distant, that the imperial navy no longer frequents as usual that bay.||

\* Herod. Clio.

<sup>t</sup> The voyagers Struys and P. Avril, and also Kämpfer, suppose these gulfs of communication to exist.

<sup>‡</sup> Ath. Kircheri *Mundus Subterraneus*, lib. ii. cap. 13.

|| It is stated by Hanway, that in his time

but anchors at the island of Sara; that new islands, one of them several miles in length, have appeared at a distance from the western shore. We are further informed that, about a century ago, at the mouth of the Terek, there was a town on an island in the sea, of the name of Toumin, which is at present covered by the waves; but the most extraordinary statement, and that which would prove the "variations" in the increase and decrease of the Caspian beyond a doubt, if true, is, that some time ago there appeared above the surface of the water, more than two versts from the shore, the summit of a building, the lower parts of which have by degrees emerged from the water to such an extent that the edifice is now ascertained to have been a vast caravansera. How greatly it is to be regretted that, during M. Gamba's stay at Bakou, a fever, which had seized his son and his interpreter, should have prevented him from obtaining ocular proof of the existence of "le caravansera decouvert par les eaux, et les îles nouvelles!" Of the existence of the former of them we must take leave to express our doubt, till the information comes in a less questionable shape: we suspect that it is nothing more than the repetition of an old story told to Jonas Hahway,<sup>||</sup> that the tops of houses might yet be seen where the water is several feet deep." And as to the *islands*, here the explanation is easy enough, when we remember the shifting and accumulation of the vast quantities of mud and sand brought down by the Volga, the Oural, and other large rivers, and the violent storms that sometimes agitate the Caspian Sea. It may, too, happen—nay, undoubtedly does happen, that the quantity of water thrown in by these rivers in different years, and the quantity of the evaporation, are not so nicely balanced as to preserve the surface at one uniform level; as, indeed, is proved by the fact of that level being highest in winter, or early spring, when the evaporation is least, and the influx of water greatest; and lowest in dry summers like that which is just passed, when the evaporation is greatest and the influx of water least.

But we believe we have exhausted our limits. If any one should think it impossible, that forty thousand persons, of forty different modes of faith—Jews, Christians, Mahomedans, and Pagans—ever could be found living together under the same government, and in the same town, each worshipping the Deity after his own manner, all tolerated, nay protected, by one presiding nation, and all tolerating each other, without hatred, or malice, or uncharitableness, on the score of their respective religious opinions—let the sceptic go to Astrachan. He will there find Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Hindoos, Calmucks, Cossacks, Mongols, Chinese, Bucharians, Turcomans, Poles, Germans, Italians; in short, representatives of every nation and every horde, from the wildest steppe of Asia to the most civilized kingdoms of Europe—and among the rest, three English, or rather Scotch families, sent by the Bible Society of

(now nearly eighty years ago) "ships can be moored head and stern forty fathoms off shore."

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London to convert the Bucharians, Calmucks, &c., to the Christian faith. "For this end," says M. Gamba, "they distribute Bibles translated into the languages of these different peoples; but the greater number, unable to read, can make no use of them, and those who can read are hardly disposed to change their creed for a religion deprived of all ceremony and exterior worship." Mr. Henderson says, in substance, nearly the same thing—"Sometimes they found few of the inhabitants at home; at others, those whom they did meet would scarcely listen to them. Sometimes they treated their message with mockery and scorn, hooted them with the utmost rudeness, and ordered them away." And yet it is stated by both our authors, that these Scotch families inhabit (we need not say at whose expense,) "beyond comparison, the best-looking house in Astrachan!"—Nobody can attach importance to the coldness with which professed proselyte-makers may happen to be received anywhere. But perhaps we ought to distinguish from the state of general harmony we have been applauding, two sects of Christians—the Rascolnicks, a kind of Russian Roundheads, and the Roman Catholics, whose priests are here, as they too often are elsewhere, ignorant, bigoted, and intolerant. Both these sects bear a hatred, *plusquam theologicum*, towards the established Greek church.

We cannot conclude without saying that the perusal of these two works, from the pens of two apparently impartial and dispassionate men, who have no grievances to complain of, no angry and disappointed feelings to gratify, no favour to ask or expect, and, in short, no other objects in view than the promulgation of truth, (always excepting that little share of vanity which attaches, more or less, to authorship,) must, we think, leave on the mind of the dispassionate reader an impression eminently favourable to the character of the Russian government. So little does there appear of the exercise of what Englishmen think of when they hear the mention of *despotic* power—jealousy, and unnecessary interference in private concerns—that, on the contrary, a spirit of forbearance, of kindness, and consideration, is every where manifested towards those who have sought protection under the imperial crown—whether it be to those hordes of barbarians which, in thousands and tens of thousands, have intruded themselves, most inconveniently sometimes, into parts of the Russian territory already occupied by Russian subjects, or to those restless and infatuated beings, whom disordered imaginations concerning points of religion would not permit to remain quiet in more civilized countries.

The government of Russia is no doubt arbitrary and despotic; but, as in Denmark, where the subjects are almost proverbially happy, the despotism is a mitigated and a mild one. It is one also in which the abuse of power carries with it its own corrective. Much unquestionably depends on the personal character of the sovereign; but he cannot, if so inclined, long play the tyrant with impunity. A Russian of

high rank, being present at a conversation in England, which turned upon the unceremonious manner in which they get rid of an obnoxious autocrat in Russia, is said to have *sotovce* observed, "It is very natural for you to disapprove of it; but we consider it as our *Magna Charta*." Russia has shown, indeed, that she has no wish, like the two great Mahomedan states of Turkey and Persia, to keep her subjects in a state of hopeless slavery and stupid ignorance: she is, on the contrary, proceeding, with a rapidity that could hardly be expected, to alleviate, with the view of eventually abolishing, the one—and, with liberality almost unexampled, to afford the means of enlightening the other, by the endowing of free schools for the children of the poorer citizens and the military, in every city and town throughout the empire—while excellent seminaries for the higher classes, at which the superior branches of education may be had at a trifling cost, are also to be found every where encouraged and protected by the government. The spiritual schools, as Mr. Henderson calls those for the education of the clergy, are perhaps too numerous, and educate too many students. The papas, or parish priests, are miserably poor, and the number of churches is far beyond what can be required for the purposes of religion. It can scarcely be necessary, for instance, that a town of twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants, not half of them Russians, should have fifty or sixty churches, and yet such is often the case. There is nothing, perhaps, more detrimental to the cause of true religion than to see its teachers degraded in their circumstances below the bulk of their fellow-citizens, whom it is their office to instruct. The same remark as to numbers may be applied to the military schools, as means for recruiting the army. In fact, the church and the army of Russia absorb a far larger portion of the population than sound policy would seem to warrant; and the stop which has been put to General Aratcheef's plans of military colonization would appear to show, that—in regard to one of these departments, at least—the imperial government have perceived, and are anxious to amend, the evil.

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From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

### ODE TO THE MOON.

MOTHER of light! how fairly dost thou go  
Over those hoary crests, divinely led!  
Art thou that Huntress of the Silver Bow  
Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread  
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,  
Like the wild Chamois on her Alpine snow,  
Where hunter never climbed—secure from  
dread?

A thousand ancient fancies I have read  
Of that fair presence, and a thousand wrought  
Wondrous and bright,  
Upon the silver light,  
Tracing fresh figures with the artist thought.  
What art thou like? sometimes I see thee ride

\* This useless mission, we believe, has since been abandoned.

A far-bound galley on its perilous way;  
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray;  
Sometimes behold thee glide  
Cluster'd by all thy family of stars,  
Like a lone widow through the welkin wide,  
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars:  
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,  
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,  
Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,  
To catch the young Endymion asleep,  
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch.

Oh thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!  
Huntress or Dian, or whatever named—  
And he, the veriest Pagan, who first framed  
A silver idol, and ne'er worship'd thee!  
It is too late, or thou shouldest have my knee—  
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,  
And not divine the crescent on thy brows;  
Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild Moon

Behind those chestnut boughs,  
Casting their dappled shadows at my feet,  
I will be grateful for that simple boon,  
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,  
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In nights far gone—ay, far away and dead,  
Before Care fretted with a lidless eye,  
I was thy wooer on my little bed,  
And watch'd thy silver advent in the sky;  
Letting the downy hours of rest go by,  
To see thee flood the heavens with milky light,  
And feed thy snowy swans before I slept:  
For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams—  
Thou wert the Fairies' armourer, that kept  
Their burnish'd helms, and crowns, and corslets  
bright.—

Their spears and glittering mails;—  
And ever thou didst spill in wand'ring streams,  
Sparkles and midnight gleams,  
For fishes to new gloss their argent scales.

Why sighs? why creeping tears? why clasped  
hands?  
Is it to count the boy's expended dow'r?  
That Fairies since have broke their gifted  
wands,  
That young Delight, like any o'erblown flower,  
Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the  
ground?  
Why then, fair Moon, for all thou mark'st no  
hour,  
Thou art a sadler dial to old Time  
Than ever I have found

On sunny garden-plot, or moss-grown tow'r,  
Mottled with stern and melancholy rhyme!

Why should I grieve for this? Oh, I must yearn,  
Whilst Time, conspirator with Memory,  
Keeps his cold ashes in an antique urn,  
Richly emboss'd with childish revelry,—  
With leaves, and cluster'd fruits, and flowers  
eterne,

Eternal to the world, though not to me.—  
Ay, there will those young sports and blossoms  
be,  
The deathless wreath, and undecayed festoon,  
When I am hearsed within,  
Less than yon pallid primrose to the moon,  
Whom now she watches through her vapours  
thin.

So let it be: Before I lived to sigh,  
Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills—

Beautiful Orb! and so whene'er I he  
Trodden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills—  
Blest be thy loving light where'er it spills,  
And blessed thy fair face, O Mother mild;  
Still put soul in rivers as they run;  
Still lend thy lovely lamp to lovers' fond,  
And blend their plighted shadows into one;  
Still smile at even on the bedded child,  
And close his eyelids with thy silver wand!

T. H.

From the Westminster Review.

1. THE TROUBADOUR, a Poem, by L. E. L.  
Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1825.

2. THE GOLDEN VIOLET, a Poem, by  
L. E. L. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1826.

THE attention we shall bestow upon the poems of L. E. L. will not be commensurate with our own opinion of their merits, but rather with the admiration universally bestowed on them by the class of readers to whom they are addressed; viz. the younger part of the fair sex, and those members of our's who deem it interesting to be sentimentally melancholly. As we feel a deep concern in the welfare of the former class of readers, and some pity for the situation of the latter, we shall consider our time well spent if we succeed in laying before them a correct estimate of these extravagant-ly applauded productions.

One word, however, by way of preface, concerning the authoress. Men are generally accustomed to treat women much in the same manner in which a superstitious votary treats the image of his saint; they approach them with reverence, bestow upon them, in words, great homage and adoration, and invariably manifest, by their actions, a most contemptuous opinion of their intellect. It is our intention to pursue a different course. We shall not shrink from a fair and complete criticism of the present works because they are the works of a woman; but this criticism will be written in the belief, and with a wish to impress the belief, that the authoress is equally capable with ourselves of comprehending the reasons we shall assign for the hardest of our strictures. Though our language be very remote from the extravagant flattery she has experienced, and by which it is scarcely possible that she should not have been intoxicated, it will not be the language of flippancy or invective; it will be addressed to her reason. We shall state no opinions without the arguments on which they are grounded; and however unsparing may be our critique, it will express no disrespect, will assume no fancied superiority. We shall address the authoress as an equal, because we consider her an equal; we shall repress nothing out of regard to her weakness, because we do not consider her weak: in short, we shall be perfectly candid in declaring our opinions, which, though far from favourable, are neither inspired by personal ill-will, nor by the still more contemptible desire of rendering any of our readers merry at her expense. Let the authoress fairly weigh our reasons, and we have little doubt that her good sense will at once acknowledge

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the justness of the conclusions to which they lead.

We shall endeavour as well to point out the practical tendency of L. E. L.'s productions, as to discuss their poetical merits. But as we well know that the influence exercised by a poem depends chiefly upon the estimation in which its poetical merits are held, we shall first proceed to estimate the value of L. E. L.'s writings considered merely as poetry. If we succeed in establishing our opinions on this point, the observations we shall afterwards promulge regarding their tendency will be received with greater attention, and acquiesced in with greater readiness.

L. E. L.'s poems are, for the most part, metrical romances; generally sentimental descriptions of sentimental loves: it is nothing wonderful, therefore that they have attracted the admiration of her female readers. Love is the great business of a woman's life; and any one who discourses with but ordinary ability on this all-important topic, finds in a woman a ready, patient, and admiring listener. Such facile judges, however, are not to be implicitly relied on; they but too often confound the attraction of the matter with the manner in which it is treated, and erroneously attribute to the mode in which the subject is discussed, the pleasure which arises solely from the inherent interest of the subject itself. We are inclined to believe that such has been the mistake in the present instance; and that L. E. L. has acquired a degree of fame by writing on love, which she by no means deserves, and which her readers would not have awarded had she chosen a less seductive theme.

It is generally believed, that to render a metrical romance entertaining, requires less ability than to create equal interest in a poem of any other description. This, however, is only partially true. The reader, indeed, finds mediocrity less irksome when his intention is somewhat occupied by a story, than when he has to depend for amusement solely on the poetical beauties of the production: but if mediocrity be more irksome in a poem without a narrative, perfection is more easy. The poetical novelist must not only possess the ordinary poetical excellencies, a fund of striking and original ideas, with the capacity of expressing them in powerful and melodious language, but must also possess powers of a totally distinct, and still more rare description—the power requisite to imagine, and to unfold an interesting fable: he must know as well what incidents will create vivid emotions in his reader's mind, as the manner in which those incidents should be related to produce their full effect. To acquire this knowledge, he must study human nature profoundly. It is not surprising, that a few should soar above mediocrity in a pursuit requiring qualifications that few have perseverance or capacity to acquire.

Concerning the narrative parts of L. E. L.'s poems there can hardly be two opinions. That the incidents of her tales have by others been a hundred times repeated is a matter of fact about which there can be no dispute; that even when new they were exceedingly puerile and uninteresting, is a matter of opinion,

to which few, we believe, who have read her poems, will refuse their assent.

A youthful pair invariably find themselves, at the commencement of the romance, in that ecstatic state of feeling usually termed being in love. The heroine is uniformly represented as perfectly beautiful; sometimes indeed, she is a blonde, flushed with health, possessing "clouds of fair hair," laughing blue eyes, and rosy lips: at other times she is a darker and more pensive beauty, whose brilliant eyes "flash darkly beautiful;" whose glossy curls surpass the raven's wing in the darkness of their hue, and whose pale and lofty brow speaks of exalted and melancholy musings. These engaging qualities are judiciously varied to suit different tastes, but at every change the heroine still is beautiful. The hero also possesses his share of personal attractions: he is always tall, straight, well-proportioned, and valorous; he may be either slender, or stoutly built, brown or fair, possessing dark eyes or blue, fair or black hair, a warrior or a bard. As the romance proceeds this engaging pair are crossed in their loves: to bear up against this misfortune, the gentleman rushes to war, and consoles himself by slaughtering his fellow creatures; the lady, with more humanity, manifests her constancy by rendering only herself unhappy: she gradually pines away, and because deprived of one pleasure, ceases to enjoy every other. These untoward circumstances having detained the denouement for the established time, the romance is at length brought to a pleasant or fatal conclusion, by overcoming the cross accidents, or rendering them insuperable.

Such being the *dramatis persona*, the next question is, where to place them. It is evident that such heavenly beings could only be the production of a heavenly country: we accordingly find them amidst bowers of roses, jasmines, honeysuckles; always wandering by the banks of some fair river; inhaling the odours of the above mentioned flowers, and lulled to slumber by the gurgling of some sparkling streamlet; cooing turtles attend them by day, and plaintive nightingales by night. The air of this delicious country is ever mild and balmy, the sun ever bright, and the moon always at full. Such are the narrations invariably found in the poems of our authoress: of the talents requisite to concoct them, of their novelty and their interest when concocted, the reader is capable of judging without our assistance.

We believe, however, that L. E. L. would prefer to rest her claim to admiration upon her poetical excellencies, rather than upon her merits as the contriver of a romantic fiction. These excellencies we will now examine.

We shall not attempt in this place to enumerate all the requisites to good poetry; we shall select only those particulars necessary for our present purpose. It may be said, without any great deviation from accuracy, that the excellence of any poetry, considered merely as poetry, depends upon the reflections or descriptions it contains, and the language in which those reflections and descriptions are expressed.

Reflections in poetry, as elsewhere, should at least be just: it would be an additional merit if they were new; and in all cases they should

at any rate, be pertinent, arising naturally from the objects supposed to suggest them, and illustrating, in some manner, the matter then actually in question.

To reflection, however, L. E. L. seems little disposed: all that we have met with in her poems, which comes under that denomination, are some few, yet trite, remarks on the fickleness of fortune, the instability of human happiness, and the cruelty of the world. Her complaints are usually of the following description:—

“ The first, the very first: oh! none  
Can feel again as they have done.”

“ Alas! that every lovely thing  
Lives only but for withering;  
That Spring rainbows, and Summer shine  
End but in Autumn's pale decline.”

The fleeting existence of rainbows is indeed an interesting and original subject of complaining; but the wisdom of such sorrow, or the pertinence of the remark, we are at a loss to discover: neither can we perceive what rational cause of rejoicing would exist, even if rainbows became everlasting. Moreover, although it be true as to Summer, that it ends when Autumn begins, Spring rainbows end somewhat earlier; this is an instance of the incorrectness always attendant on hasty writing. We would advise L. E. L. to trust in future less to her reader's ear, and more to his understanding.

The triteness of the following remark is only equalled by its incorrectness:

“ She led him to the lonely cot,  
And almost Amiral'd wish'd his lot  
Had been cast in that humble life,  
Over whose peace the hour of strife  
Passes but like the storm at sea,  
That wakes not earth's tranquillity.”

The day-dreams of Arcadian happiness have long since vanished; that poverty is rarely a state of enjoyment or content, is a proposition that no one above fifteen years of age now thinks of denying. We would ask also what is meant by the hour of strife passing over peace? peace is destroyed by strife; but we never before heard it made (even by metaphor,) a sort of high road over which strife might occasionally travel.

A portrait suggests the following lamentation:—

“ How sad, how strange, to think the shade,  
The copy faint of beauty made,  
Should be the only wreck that death  
Shall leave of so much bloom and health.  
The cheek, long since the earth-worm's prey,  
Beside the lovely of to-day,  
Here smiles as bright, as fresh, as fair,  
As if of the same hour it were.”

Whatever fame L. E. L. has acquired, however, is owing chiefly to her descriptions; to

Our quotations, in this article, are almost entirely extracted from the Troubadour. The observations, however, which they illustrate, apply equally to the Golden Violet, which is merely a repetition in different words of the ideas contained in the Troubadour.

her descriptions of love, heroes, heroines, and landscapes.

Descriptions as well as reflections, if intended to be worth reading, should be original: it is not requisite, indeed, that the objects described be different from those which other men have described, but the description should at least put them in a novel light. Moreover, as the object of a description is to present to the mind not only a vivid picture, but a picture of the very thing described, no epithet or illustration should be used that does not directly or indirectly contribute to this end. It is not by crowding epithet on epithet, image on image, that we raise this vivid conception, but by enumerating in the fewest words possible those few leading particulars that are sufficient to suggest all the remaining ideas requisite to a complete conception of the object we wish to represent to the imagination. We cannot better explain our meaning than by adducing the following example. It is the description of Andromache receiving her child from the arms of Hector, whose departure creates in her bosom the most anxious alarm. The tenderness of the mother, and the anxiety of the wife, are thus beautifully, yet simply described:—

“ He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,  
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;  
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe was laid,  
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd;  
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,  
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.”

It would be difficult by any number of words to raise a more vivid conception of Andromache's feelings than is created by this simple narrative. The reason is obvious. The laying the child on her bosom, hushing it to repose, and smiling over its slumbers, are all actions expressive of maternal affection; these indications were sufficient to suggest the idea of that state of mind which constitutes a tender and affectionate parent, while the sorrow that immediately succeeds or rather minglest with her joy, suggests with equal certainty the ideas of all those painful emotions which an affectionate wife would experience upon the departure of her husband to battle. Thus Cowper, in his admirable description of crazy Kate, conveys to the imagination a more vivid feeling of a wandering intellect by describing her as “begging an idle pin of all she meets,” and hoarding it in her sleeve, than the most laboured enumeration of her extravagances could have created. What more evident and striking proof of imbecility, than supplicating only for a pin, when destitute of every thing requisite for the preservation of life?

We will adduce one other illustration of these observations. Virgil, in describing the effects of a pest amongst the herds, gives the following example:—

“ *Ecce autem duro fumans sub vomere taurus  
Concidit, et mixtum spumis vomit ore crevorem.  
Extremos ciet gemitus. It tristis arator  
Morentem abjungens fraterna morte juven-  
cum;  
Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.*”

Every object here mentioned serves to

heighten the picture of misery. The ox dropping suddenly down, and dying; the sad husbandman loosing from the yoke the yet remaining ox, sorrowing for the death of his fellow, and the plough stayed in mid-furrow, are images that immediately create a strong and definite conception of the misery and desolation attendant on the pestilence the poet is describing.

The poems of L. E. L. furnish few instances of descriptions in consonance with the rules we are endeavouring to illustrate.

The conventional language of poetry, as distinguished from prose, after it has been made the vehicle of fine poetry, retains in some degree the power of calling up poetical ideas, even when it is thrown together without form, order, or meaning. A dictionary of such words, if printed in lines of ten syllables, might be mistaken for poetry by many who fancy themselves ardent admirers of poetic genius; and would in truth have as much claim to the title as nine-tenths of the verses which are commonly read and admired. Trusting to these poetical associations, and being pleased herself with the words, L. E. L. has crowded epithets and similes into her verses without regard either to poetical numbers or to reason. In many of her lines, consequently, it would be difficult to find sense, and still more difficult to find correct prosody. She evidently describes from the descriptions of others, and not from the observation and study of nature itself. Her descriptions therefore never bring the whole subject definitely before our view: scattered and unconnected particulars are enumerated, and epithet added to epithet, without any determinate end. We thus find suggested to our imagination only a confused mass of single images, destitute of connexion, or any particular adaptation to the subject. The following description of a battle from Byron, when compared with one extracted from the Troubadour, will fully illustrate our meaning:—

“ As rolls the river into ocean,  
In sable torrent widely streaming:  
As the sea-tide’s opposing motion,  
In azure column proudly gleaming,  
Beats back the current many a rood  
In curling foam and mingling flood,  
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,  
Roused by the blast of winter rave;  
Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash  
The lightnings of the waters flash  
In awful whiteness o’er the shore,  
That shines and shakes beneath the roar,  
Thus—as the stream and ocean greet  
With waves that madden as they meet—  
Thus join the bands whom mutual wrong,  
And fate and fury drive along.”

A river dashing into ocean, and a rushing tide impetuously repelling the headlong torrent, are magnificent illustrations of the furious charge of hostile armies; and the uproar created by the elemental strife is an awful picture of human warfare. From the commencement to the end of this description there is one definite comparison strictly adhered to; and every epithet used, every circumstance alluded to, serves to heighten the similarity.

But this apt similitude and determinate purpose are not to be found in the following passage:—

“ One silent gaze, as if each band  
Could slaughter both with eye and hand.  
Then peals the war-cry! then the dash  
Amid the waters! and the crash  
Of spears—the falchion’s iron ring,  
The arrow hissing from the string,  
Tell they have met. *Thus from the height*  
*The torrent rushes in his might.*  
*With lightning’s speed, the thunder’s peal*  
*Flashes the lance, and strikes the steel.*  
‘ Many a steed to earth is borne,  
Many a banner trampled and torn,’\*  
‘ Or ever its brand could strike a blow,  
Many a gallant arm lies low:  
Many a scarf and many a crest,  
Float with the leaves on the river’s breast.’

This is merely a confused enumeration of a few unconnected particulars, many of which, from the vague and general manner in which they are described, might with equal propriety belong to a tournament, a chase, and to a battle. The fury and the headlong madness of combatants are no where depicted. The torrent rushes in his might, but is a pacific torrent; meeting with no opponent, it is not an illustration of a combatant. Moreover, the arrow hissing from the string is no indication of the combatants having met, but is rather a proof that they are yet distant from each other. Neither is there any thing compared with “the torrent rushing in his might.” The word “thus” is used, but is neither referred nor referrible to any preceding part of the description. “Lightning’s speed,” and “thunder’s peal,” are the common-places of a school-boy; and moreover the couplet in which they occur is almost without a meaning. Does the lance flash with the thunder’s peal, or with lightning’s speed; and if flashing with lightning’s speed, what object is attained by describing the *rapidity* of its gleamings? It is evident that the circumstances have been enumerated without any definite end, and the epithets applied without any consideration of the pertinence of their application. Whether a particular epithet serves to illustrate the object to be described, is a question that never suggests itself to L. E. L.’s mind: if a word sound prettily, and possess the proper number of *syllables* (feet never being thought of), no further qualification appears to be required; it is placed in *juxta* position with certain other syllables, and thus contributes its quota to the formation of a line. L. E. L.’s vocabulary, though so indiscriminately brought to bear upon every subject, is nevertheless exceedingly scanty, and her stock of imagery still more scanty than her vocabulary. Her printed works amount to more than three octavo volumes; yet we seriously believe that these volumes would be reduced to less than fifty pages, if her poetry were stripped of roses, violets, bees, rainbows, suns, and moons; for

\* Almost verbatim from the two bad lines in the speech of Marmion to King James.

† “Or ever” is not English, at least not grammatical English.

these elements enter into all her descriptions, and compose, by their various combinations, almost every line of her poetry. The number and dissimilitude of the objects, however, which they are made to illustrate, bespeak a boldness and ingenuity in the application of scanty materials, that few poets have had the power or the opportunity of manifesting. Love, for instance, is like the smell of the rose; lovers are like the rose-trees (love is also like the morning sun, like wine, like a palace, like a lion's den). Dreams, smiles, and eyes, are like sunshine; dreams are also like violet's breath, a rainbow, music, and mirth. A blush is like the inside of a white violet; a turban, a lamp, a lady's blandishments are all like a rainbow; and the lady herself like the moon. We cannot give a more characteristic specimen of L. E. L.'s poetry, than the following fragments of a song from the Troubadour:—

“ In some valley, low and lone,  
Where I was the only one  
Of the human dwellers there,  
Would I dream away my care;  
I'd forget how in the world,  
Snakes lay amid roses curl'd.”

If this idea be not novel, the mode of expressing it is not more so; and it is tame enough at best.

“ I'd forget at once distress,  
For young love's insidiousness;  
False foes, and falser friends,  
Serving but for their own ends.”

This idea, too, is equally original, and the expression equally appropriate, elegant, and new.

“ I will fly like these away,  
To some lonely solitude,  
Where the nightingale's young brood  
Lives amid the shrine of leaves,  
Which the wild rose round them weaves.  
And my dwelling shall be made  
Underneath the beech-tree's shade.  
Twining ivy for the walls,  
Over which the jasmine falls,  
Like a tapestry work of gold,  
And pearls around each emerald fold.”

Is the image of jasmine and ivy twined together, rendered more definite and vivid by the simile of the tapestry? The illustration itself would be unintelligible without the light reflected on it by the subject it is meant to illustrate.

“ And my couches shall be set  
With the purple violet;  
And the white ones too, inside  
Each a blush to suit a bride.”

This collocation of words appears remarkably agreeable to our authoress: in the same poem she has,

“ And the gold-spotted moss was set  
With crowds of the white violet.”

Again—

“ With a moss-seat, and its turf set  
With crowds of the white violet.”

Again—

“ The blush should be like the one,  
White violets hide from the sun.”

We will be a little more methodical, and range the example under particular heads.

Roses and other flowers:—

“ The lady sits in her lone bower,  
With cheek wan as the white-rose flower.”

“ And she was nurtured as a flower,  
The favourite bud of a Spring bower.”

“ Look on the cheek, the rose might own  
The smile around, like sunshine, thrown.”

“ I will dwell with Summer flowers,  
Fit friends for the Summer hours;  
My companions honey-bees,  
And birds, and buds, and leaves, and trees.”

“ Beneath the garden lay fill'd with rose-trees.  
Beneath the garden lay fill'd with rose-trees.  
Beneath the garden lay fill'd with rose-trees.  
Beneath the garden lay fill'd with rose-trees.”

“ And underneath its shelter stood,  
Leant like a beauty o'er the food,  
Watching each tender bud unclose,  
A beautiful white Provence rose;  
Yet wan and pale, as that it knew  
What changing skies and sun could do;  
As that it knew, and knowing sigh'd,  
The vanity of Summer pride.”

Moon-shine and sun-shine:—

“ I thought how upon the moon-lit hour,  
The minstrel hymn'd his maiden's bower.”

“ Music's power  
Is little felt in sun-lit hour.”

“ When memory, like the moonlight, flings,  
A softness o'er its wanderings.”

“ Hope and fame

Together on my visions came;  
For memory had dipp'd her wings  
In honey-dews and sun-lit springs.”

To say nothing of the affectation and obscurity of the phrase “ sun-lit springs,” we would ask if the alleged cause of the expectations of future fame at all elucidates the matter? We hope for fame: why? Because

“ Memory has dipp'd her wings  
In honey-dews, and sun-lit springs.”

We fear that whoever has no other reason for his expectations of fame, will live and die in obscurity. Under the head of unintelligible, we could adduce a volume; two examples, however, must suffice:—

“ Freshness of feeling, as of flower,  
That lives not more than Spring's first hour.”

“ When comrade of the star and flower  
He watch'd beside his lady's bower;  
And number'd every hope and dream,  
Like blooms that threw upon life's stream  
Colours of beauty.”

Want of space, not of matter, prevents any further extracts.

The merely writing correct poetical lines, is the easiest part of the poet's task. It is an operation that a schoolboy often performs with accuracy, by the aid of a correct ear and a slight knowledge of prosody. Correct prosody indeed is but one of the requisites to poetical numbers: it is, however, an indispensable one. For the formation of a correct poetical line, there are required a certain number of syllables, and a certain number of emphatic syllables.

bless. **Rhythm** in poetry resembles time in music, and its emphatic syllables are like the accented musical notes. Without accented notes there is no music; without emphatic syllables there is no poetry. All polysyllabic words have at least one emphatic syllable: the syllable, however, on which the emphasis falls, is different in different words; but the syllable in a poetical line on which the emphasis must fall, is always determinate. And the art of the writer lies in so arranging his words, that their emphatic syllables shall always coincide with the emphatic syllable in the line. In L. E. L.'s opinion, however, a certain number of syllables is of itself sufficient to form a verse; of the necessity of emphasis to constitute rhythm, her lines prove her to be ignorant. The following, in addition to many already quoted for other purposes, are sufficient evidence of this:—

“They parted, but each one that night,  
Thought on the meeting at twilight.”

Here the word “at” and the syllable “light,” occupy the place of emphatic syllables; and the line is not verse, unless they be improperly accented in the pronunciation.

Again—

“Oh! where is the heart but knows  
Love's first steps are upon the rose?”

Again—

“I cannot but think of those years.”

No ingenuity can convert this into poetry. The next example is equally untractable:—

“A loved one, and yet be forgiven.”

The next, as far as rhythm is concerned, are like a sailor's ditty:—

“Their fathers died for thy fathers,  
They would have died for thee.”

“Too beautiful to be quite vain,”

is prose, unless we make “full” and “be” emphatic; our reading would then be an exact imitation of the sonorous sing-song of a schoolboy. We fear that we have tired our reader's patience, and shall therefore close here our remarks on L. E. L.'s poetical merits.

It is now our intention briefly to remark upon the tendency of her writings. We shall not examine how great may be the influence these writings are likely to exercise over the feelings and opinions of her readers; but we fear that if they exercise any, that influence is more likely to be pernicious than useful.

It must be recollected, that the heroes whom L. E. L. describes are the heroes of a woman, and they may therefore be supposed to possess the qualifications requisite to engage a woman's affection. A lady is good authority in these cases, and her beau-ideal of a hero may be fairly taken as the standard to which those men must conform who wish for her admiration. And what greater inducement can be found for men to model themselves after any original, than the known approbation and encouragement of women?

That compound of qualities which constitutes a hero in the opinion of our authoress, is that sort of character commonly called roman-

tic. He is to love women, and poetry, and fighting: he is to love women with so much ardour, that the remainder of his life is to be without comfort either if his love be not returned, or if the beloved object should die or be married to another during the hey-day of his affection; poetry he is to love, as a means of eulogizing the bright eyes of a fair lady, courting her smiles, and deprecating her frowns; and war, as the only noble and gentlemanly mode of dispelling ennui, as well as the most successful means of obtaining the admiration of a tender and gentle damsel. All his passions are to be extreme; feeling and impulse are to be the sole guide of his conduct; while reason and cold calculation are to be strangers to his counsels. He is indeed always to act nobly, but solely by an instinctive virtue; for that virtue which is the result of principle seems of too methodical and homely a character to belong to high-born knights and gallant gentlemen, whose time is supposed far too valuable to be spent in so trifling and useless an employment as reflecting on the rule of life, or the difference between vice and virtue. When a lady's eyes are to be praised, or a gentleman to be run through the body, it would be a stain on knighthood to delay the accomplishment of either of these pleasing tasks, by any impertinent inquiry concerning the possibility of finding a more beneficial, or more benevolent employment. In short, a hero must rush to war, heedless of the misery it creates; glory, the most selfish of all passions except love, being worthy of more consideration than the misery or happiness of millions of his fellow-creatures; he must despise all useful occupations, and consider the business of war the only decent employment for a gentleman. He must be proud and arrogant, because he is stronger than his neighbours; and must cultivate all those intense and vehement emotions the indulgence of which destroys the taste for the calmer and only permanent pleasures of life. It seems never to have occurred to our authoress, that the beings whom she so fondly admires, because endowed with all these pleasing qualifications, and in the superlative degree, are purely imaginary; and that if accident should combine these various qualifications in one individual, he would be no better than a scourge to his fellow-men, and a curse to himself.

We can see no very good reason why women should always be rendered an instrument to the destruction of all our best sympathies; why they should be induced to bestow their approbation upon men just in proportion to the efficacy with which they produce, and the zest with which they enjoy bloodshed and misery. Love and war are words that we see but too often connected; and success in love is but too well known to be the reward of valour in war. The savage presents to his mistress the scalps of his enemies, and finds favour in her eyes according to the number of these testimonies of his prowess. The more civilized killer of men, the modern soldier does not indeed preserve as a trophy the bloody heads of his opponents, but dangles at his button-hole a medal or hangs round his neck an order or a scarf, and obtains, by these petty yet horrible baubles, the admira-

vation and affection of those gentle beings who are supposed to render men mild and benevolent—of women, who at the sight of human blood would tremble, and shriek, and faint, but who recklessly bestow their admiration on men whose trade is to spill it like water, and to spread desolation and carnage over the globe. The time may come when women will cease to aid in rendering mankind a savage and a brutal race. At present, however, a charm is spread over the disgusting trade of blood; idens of gaiety, of unspeakable pleasure, of romance, of beauty, and of pomp, of every thing, in short, that is glaring and attractive, are associated with the cruel and heart rending business of war. A woman imagines only the pleasurable part of this life of butchery—the parade—but never the battle; she sees the young soldier decked out in his gaudy livery; she dreams of plumes and helmets, trumpets, cloaks, sashes, and spurs (for thus far the inventory of a soldier's accoutrements is romantic); but seldom can she see this interesting object of her contemplation worn out, fatigued, cold, and hungry; his "brilliant trappings all besmirched," his limbs perhaps shot off, and himself exposed, in this mangled condition, to a burning sun, thirsty, feverish, and almost mad with agony. Neither does the spectacle of cities stormed, their inhabitants plundered and butchered, present itself to her view, nor apparently even to her imagination: yet wherever war is, these things must be. Did L. E. L. weigh these fatal consequences when she indulged in her fantastic descriptions of war and warriors? When she composed the following lines, did she believe that war was an evil?

"Lady, to-night I pledge thy name,  
To-morrow thou shalt pledge mine;  
Ever the smile of beauty should light  
The victor's blood-red wine.

"And rush'd the blood, and flash'd the light  
To Raymond's cheek, from Raymond's eye,  
When he stood forth, and claim'd the fight,  
And spoke of death and victory.  
Those words that thrill the heart when first  
Forth the young warrior's soul has burst.

"And Raymond felt as if a gush  
Of thousand waters, in one rush,  
Were on his heart, as if the dreams  
Of what, alas! life only seems,  
Wild thoughts and noon-tide revelries,  
Were turned into realities."

That is to say, the gay dreams of his youth were about to be realized by the joys of warfare.

"Impatient, restless, first his steed  
Was hurried to its utmost speed,  
And next his falchion's edge was tried,  
Then waved the helmet's plume of pride."

"When will youth feel as he felt,  
When first at beauty's feet he knelt!

And where the glory that will yield  
The flush and glow of his first field,  
To the young chief? Will Raymond ever  
Feel as he now is feeling? Never."

In other words, no pleasure in life is equal to the satisfaction of having slaughtered a large number of our fellow-creatures in a field of battle.

"The first, the very first: oh, none  
Can feel again as they have done,  
*In love, in war, in pride, in all*  
The planets of life's coronal;  
However beautiful and bright,  
What can be like their first sweet light?"

Here, and by a woman, we have war classed as one of the "planets of life's coronal;" and thought also "beautiful and bright." Can any one who believes that human suffering is no fit subject for rejoicing, praise without a blush the feelings of satisfaction derived from desolation and carnage? And can L. E. L. with justice lay claim to the praise of gentleness of disposition, or eulogize with sincerity the beneficent sympathies of our nature, at the distance of a few pages from such passages as the above? Of what use are applause bestowed on tender feelings, when accompanied by the declaration of sentiments which militate against every interest of humanity?

A few words more, upon L. E. L.'s opinion concerning the reciprocal duties of the sexes, and we have done. To a careless observer it must appear extraordinary that a woman should make a distribution of these duties entirely in favour of the opposite sex. To any one who knows with what servility women are accustomed to follow the opinions of men, any other distribution would appear surprising.

There floats in the imagination of most men a vague notion, that it is the peculiar excellence of a woman to possess a timid and retiring character; in other words, to be diffident of her own judgment, and rely implicitly on that of others. They therefore contrive that all rules for her conduct shall have a tendency to make and keep her this timid character. A love of dominion on the part of men has alone induced them to consider this timidity and helplessness as desirable qualifications. They almost universally believe it conducive to their interests to have women paraded before them, and exhibited like automata; to have them patiently submit to be criticized, to be admired, and to be chosen. To permit a woman to weigh one man's merits against those of another; to keep her judgment in suspense, till she learns their comparative excellencies; to permit her to change her opinion, to own that her preference had been improperly bestowed, would, they fear, be to render women free agents, to make them our equals, and to rob us of those dear prerogatives of domination which our vanity and indolence are so deeply interested in maintaining. It unfortunately happens that the opinions of men in any society are invariably the opinions of women also; no matter whether imimical or not to the interests of women. In the case before us it consequently happens that none are more firm or warmer advocates for the utter helplessness of women, than women themselves; none more ready to punish every attempt to escape from thraldom, every indication of a desire to judge for themselves. A vast number of hard epithets have for this purpose been coined by fe-

male indignation, of which unsparing use is made whenever a sister manifests restiveness under control. To such a length has this principle been carried, that the mere circumstance of a woman's endeavouring to provide for herself, because it rescues her from the domination of men, is considered a derogation from her dignity, and degrades her, if she be a gentlewoman, from her station in the world. Although this may be exceedingly grateful to the vanity of men, we have but too convincing proofs of its baneful effects on the happiness of women.

L. E. L. takes every opportunity of preaching up this perfect subordination, and of bestowing admiration upon those qualities which fit women for being useful and agreeable slaves; while those unfortunate attributes, which render the dominion of men precarious, are visited with corresponding reprobation. In the Troubadour we find the hero, Raymond, permitted without censure to rove from beauty to beauty, reckless of the fatal effects of his fascinating arts; while Adeline, because she rejects Raymond's love, and is, like himself, somewhat difficult to please, is accused of cruelty and disdain, and visited with all the indignation our authoress is capable of assuming. She is, it appears, a coquette: that is, she can behold a number of men admiring her beauty without falling in love with any of those admirers; and does actually permit young gentlemen to make flattering speeches on the subject of her charms, without absolutely annihilating them with her frowns. On such slight encouragement it appears that the men fall dangerously in love; so dangerously indeed, that usually their lives are despaired of; at least so says our authoress, who cannot retain her wrath when speaking of those heartless creatures who smile, and have the cruelty to look exceedingly pretty, unmindful of the dreadful consequences attendant on the display of so much beauty as they possess.

“ But she, alas for her false smile,  
Adeline loved him not the while.  
And is it thus that woman's heart  
Can trifle with its dearest part,  
Its own pure sympathies? Can fling  
The poison'd arrow from the string  
In utter heartlessness around,  
And mock, or think not of the wound?  
And thus can woman barter all  
That makes and gilds her gentle thrall;  
The blush which should be like the one,  
*White violets hide from the sun;*”  
The soft low sighs, like those which breathe  
In secret from a twilight wreath;  
The smile, like a bright lamp, whose shine  
Is vow'd but only to one shrine;  
All these sweet spells, and can they be  
Weapons of reckless vanity?  
And woman, in whose gentle heart,  
From all, save its sweet self, apart,  
Love should dwell with that purity,  
Which but in woman's love can be:  
A sacred fire, whose flame was given  
To shed on earth the light of heaven;

That she can fling her wealth aside  
In carelessness, or sport, or pride!”

Here is an injunction as strict as the lord chancellor's against waste, to restrain young ladies in future from being prodigal of blushes, sighs, smiles, or good-natured glances, in presence of any gentleman, save him whom, by the gift of prophecy, she may discover to be destined, in the fulness of time, to become her lawful husband. We would beg leave, however, to assure L. E. L., that, in these days, men seldom die of love; that she needs feel no further uneasiness on this account, and that the overflows of her benevolence would be more advantageously directed if employed in sympathizing with the wrongs of her sex, than with the victims of their cruelties.

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*From the Westminster Review.*

LA COMMEDIA DI DANTE ALIGHIERI:  
*Illustrata da Ugo Foscolo. Tom. I. Londra:  
Pickering. 1825.*

THOSE who are acquainted with Italy and with Dante, cannot but be gratified in observing the eager study of the works of that immortal poet, to which the Italians have devoted themselves since the stimulus given, towards the close of the last century, by Alfieri, Gozzi, Monti, Parini, and others: for all the works of Dante have this distinguishing characteristic, that they not only contain an admirable application of sound principles to the Italian language and poetry (which existed only during the triumph of the school of Dante,) but also the best maxims and fittest instructions for inspiring the Italians with a love of their country; and for removing those local obstacles which, from the state in which Italy has so long languished, are opposed to her regeneration. Strangers to Italy can hardly conceive how so fierce a contest can have been so long waged respecting Dante's doctrines as to the Italian tongue; doctrines which he has advanced in a little unfinished work, written in bad Latin, and entitled, *De Vulgari Eloquio*, where he endeavours to establish what is the genuine Italian language: and after a train of cogent and profound reasoning, passing in review the different dialects of the Peninsula, discards them all, the Tuscan included, and decides, without hesitation, that the claim of the Florentines to the exclusive possession of the true dialect is an untenable and ridiculous pretension.\* He adds, that the true Italian is that which is written and spoken by polished writers in every part of Italy, and is not restricted to any particular province. Since the discovery, in the sixteenth century, of this work of Dante's, the Florentines, having failed in disproving the authenticity of the work, have strenuously resisted its authority. Thus this illustrious man, after having been condemned by the Florentines of old to be burnt alive, as a bad citizen, has been doomed

\* Post haec veniamus ad Tuscos qui propter amentiam suam infroniti titulum sibi Vulgaris illustris arrogare videntur.—L. i. e. 13.

\* Is this verse or prose?

afresh by their posterity to undergo, as it were, a similar punishment in his writings, for imputed ignorasce of that language which he himself created.

But a philological dispute like this, which, when first agitated three centuries ago, was a mere question for pedants and literary triflers, is now of far different importance. The earliest and greatest curse of Italy was the jealousies which grew out of the division of her provinces. The inheritance has been those civil hatreds and unworthy disputes which were studiously kept alive by each petty tyrant who succeeded in enslaving his small and exclusive circle of dependents. This division not only deprived Italy of the strength necessary to oppose a foreign power, but led one state after another to invite the presence of these strangers, from whom they patiently submitted to any insult, provided their neighbours had received a greater. Of this political parricide, the court of Rome was the great prototype. For, independently of cutting Italy in twain by her geographical position, independently of her ready disposition to call in one foreign power to expel another, which she had previously invited, while at no time was she very scrupulous in the use of either temporal or spiritual means to effect her ends; as she was never sufficiently strong to master the whole Peninsula, nor so weak as to fear any of its separate states, so she always fomented those intestine discords, on the existence of which alone she perceived her own safety to depend. Alluding to this, Machiavelli said, with his peculiar discernment, that Italy owes it to her priests that she has neither religion nor reputation.\* Thirty years of revolution have, however, produced an important change. A foreigner now rules, directly or indirectly, from one end of Italy to the other. There is now but one Italian prince: nor does he seem disposed (we hope we may be mistaken) to utter that word, that single but mighty word, "Unite," which would be hailed as the matin song of salvation. There is not now, in truth, one of the provinces of Italy that does not hate the government to which it is subject, and to which it is linked alone by the fearful, but not indissoluble, chain of terror. The petty tyrants who accustomed their subjects to look on their fellow-citizens of another state as foreigners, have either disappeared, or, from the pressure of the moment, are obliged to enter into one common league. Thus, while all the governments of Italy are united, the people are equally so. Formerly, both tyrants and people were divided; Italians were then the enemies of Italians: now, the stranger is the foe; collision of interest exists no longer; hatred and energy, and tyranny, all centre in one point.

Napoleon, whom the Italians should hate,

not so much for having inflicted evil, as for neglecting to confer blessings, was, however, their benefactor in this, that he destroyed the distinction of Florentine, Lombard, or Piedmontese, and taught the present generation, who will certainly influence the next, to consider all those as brethren who speak the same language. The Venetian, the Milanese, the native of Romagna, were for some years under the same laws, the same administration, and the same despotism, and united even by their common wretchedness. The remembrance of the existence of a kingdom of Italy, which, it is true, was but the shadow of national independence, will be neither soon nor easily effaced from Italian hearts. Rome, Turin, Florence, indeed, were no part of this kingdom, but their union with the French empire only made the foreign yoke more odious, and led the respective inhabitants of these states no longer to regard each other as strangers.— Then the civil, criminal, and commercial laws, and the leading and fundamental maxims of government, were the same throughout Italy, whether Italian (if we may use the term), French, or Neapolitan. For proofs of the prevalence of this national sentiment, we need only refer to the journals and official reports of that monarch who may now be deemed the holiest of the Holy Alliance, the emperor of Austria. Our readers have, no doubt, been tired of hearing it incessantly repeated, that Italy was, and perhaps is now, filled with *sects*, to whom the most atrocious sentiments and designs were charitably imputed; designs which were to overturn the legitimate order of things in their native country, or to liberate (for this is the meaning of legitimacy in Italy) *"i felicissimi suditi"* from the noxious presence of foreigners. Granting the existence of these immensely numerous *sects* in Italy, it evidently proves that the Italians not only regard each other without distrust, but are closely united by the ties of friendship and patriotism in a league against their common enemy. We know, as an exemplification of this remarkable and happy change that has taken place in Italy, that the Genoese, whose old hatred towards Piedmont and all its inhabitants is notorious, received with brotherly kindness and most generous hospitality those brave and unfortunate men of Piedmont who, after their unsuccessful struggle for liberty, arrived among them in 1821, poor and dependent, though they left behind them fourteen millions of francs unspent in the public treasury, which they might have carried off.

Language is doubtless the chief distinction between one people and another. Supposing for a moment that the political ties which bind the nations of Europe together were dissolved, leaving all at liberty to form fresh unions, according to their choice, we should see that, where not separated by leagues of ocean, all those nations speaking the same language would unite together, just as the particles of different salts in the same solution are attracted each by its homogeneous kind, and form regular crystals, *per l'amor che sentono l'una per l'altra*, as Dante would say. This explains the policy of the Romans in imposing their language on the nations whom they con-

\* Abbiamo adunque con la chiesa e con i preti noi Italiani questo primo obbligo d'essere diventati senza religione e cattivi; ma ne abbiamo anche un maggiore, il quale è cagione della rovina nostra. Questo è che la chiesa ha tenuto e tiene questa nostra provincia divisa.—*Discorsi su T. Lirio, L. i. e. 12.*

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quered,\* well knowing, that diversity of language is that which constitutes a foreigner, and taught by their own language to regard a foreigner as an enemy.† Napoleon, whose despotism was of itself equal to that of any two Roman senates, decreed that the French language should be used in all public acts in those Italian provinces which he incorporated with his colossal empire, Rome and Florence excepted. The theatre was not even left to the unfortunate Italians, the suspicions of the government banishing from the stage the generous and patriotic Alfieri. But in the kingdom of Italy, where it would have been too barefaced to attempt this, what was practicable was effected through other means; and among these it was decreed, that all young men wishing to go to the Universities should, before their admission, bring proof of having studied French in the different colleges, where professors were appointed to teach that language. This attempt to abolish the Italian could only answer to France while governed by Napoleon; nor would it even then have succeeded, if despotism, which corrupts and contaminates every thing, had not, in time, so far degraded the Italians, as to make them put the finishing stroke to their own destruction, as the Cumeans formerly did, when they eagerly begged permission to make use of the language of their victors.‡

Now that the danger is past, it is evident to all enlightened Italians, that it is of the first importance to their country to preserve her language. Living under governments where to be charged with having the feelings of an Italian is too often synonymous with condemnation, and the loss of all that renders life dear, and frequently of life itself, they also perceive that philological discussions may be productive of the happiest effects in keeping up the national spirit. Unable to speak the truth without disguise, yet feeling, that duty to themselves and to their country forbids them to preserve an injurious silence, they have discovered a way of invoking their countrymen by the powerful spell of *national attachment*. This way presented itself to them in Dante's work *“De Vulgari Eloquio.”*

The Italians to whom we have referred saw that the doctrines of Dante—that man to whom Italy owes every thing, and who acknowledged but one language as the true Italian—were exactly those calculated to serve their design. Accordingly, on his authority they began, by showing that the Italian language is not, and ought not to be, either Tuscan, Roman, or Sienese; that the Italians should henceforth be only one nation; and that it was inadmissi-

ble to speak either of different dialects or separate provinces.

When this question began to be agitated three centuries ago, as we have already remarked, it was merely ridiculous and useless, not being directed to its proper object. It was, indeed, sometimes injurious, because the vulgarity of some of the disputants rendered them only the more hostile to each other; and because the contest was not so much in favour of one language throughout Italy, as from a dislike of the arbitrary tone of the infant Academy Della Crusca. By some it was, at that period, denied (by Gigli for instance,) that the language was either Tuscan or Florentine; not in order to restore one common language to the whole nation, but merely to establish its supremacy at Siena. In short, the doctrines of Dante were not then maintained in the spirit of their author, nor had Dante himself that magic power over a nation enervated by the dominion of Spain and the Council of Trent, which he possesses at this day, thanks to the ardour with which the study of his poem has been renewed. Now, the combat is carried on under the shelter of his name, that name so eminently Italian, and his doctrines are now propagated with various commentaries. This kindles and increases the desire of studying the *Dixina Commedia* itself, to which he owes his fame, and in which he introduces with such felicity the precepts laid down by him with equal force as a rhetorician, in his lesser work, *De Vulgari Eloquio*. But if these discussions had no other merit than that of extending the reading of the *Dixina Commedia*, they would still be of incalculable advantage, since there is either no work capable of rousing Italy from her present state, and of making her again what she was, or, if there is, that work is the *Dixina Commedia*; with this advantage, too, that no human power can prevent its being reprinted, or can limit its study. Nay, in that part of Italy directly subject to Austria, the government, from a well-grounded jealousy of the court of Rome, looks with favour on the study of the works of Alighieri, who was so formidable an enemy to that Court, and hurled his thunders with such force against the Papal power. To understand this feeling, it will be right to take an estimate of the respective power of Austria and the court of Rome at the present day in Italy.

Whoever attentively considers the conduct of the Austro-Italian cabinet on the subject of religion, will observe, that Austria speculates before-hand on the future. It is not at this moment that she has any thing to fear from the preponderance of the court of Rome in Italy. In no country are the papal bulls, and the superstitions and nummeries of the Romish religion, more despised. Even in the times of the Italian republics of the middle ages, and before Italy groaned under multiplied fetters, the Italians laughed at their popes, without ceasing to be Catholics; and in former days, the pope, whose name was so terrible, and the object of such reverence to the nations of Christendom, was frequently chased from Rome, and even put into prison by those subjects whom he now rules with leaden hand and iron rod. When the ambas-

\* Imperiosa civitas Roma non solum jugum verum etiam linguam suam dominis gentibus imposuit.—*D. Augustin. de Cixitat. Dei.* b. ix. c. 7.

† Apud majores nostros, is (hostis) dicebatur quem nunc peregrinus dicimus.—*Cicer. I. Offic.* c. 12. See *Servius in Virgil. Eneid.* iv. 424.

‡ Cumanis petentibus permisum ut publice Latinè loquerentur, et praeconibus Latinè vendendi jus esset.—*T. Liv. Histor. I.* 40, c. 42.

sadors of our Henry II. repaired to Rome to exculpate that monarch from the crime of Becket's death, they did not find the Pope in the Vatican, but at Tivoli, besieged by the inhabitants of Rome: so that, as Macchiavelli, in his own unrivalled manner, remarks, while a powerful and distant monarch was abjectly humbling himself before the Pope, his neighbours were in arms against him, and, driving him to the last extremity. "So true it is," says that great politician, "that *phantoms* are more formidable when viewed from a distance than when examined closely." Now, that the Romans, not through fear of the Pope, but of that league which has bound great part of the continent in chains, are no longer able to expel his holiness from Rome, they are contented, like other Italians, with laughing heartily at him, his indulgences, and his jubilees.† Indeed, as they could not enter into all the absurdities which they were called on to believe, they began by ridiculing, and have ended by despising, not only the church of Rome, but the Gospel and the Scriptures. The vices of the titled Romish clergy, from the *nepotism* of the popes to the avarice of the priests, their well known state of concubinage, and their immorality, have had an admirable tendency to produce this effect.‡

It is not, therefore, under such circumstances that Austria has any thing to fear; but she sees that the papal policy is Austrian now, as it was French under Napoleon: not a step, however, further so than its interest requires. Neither now, nor at any time, has the Holy See supported a sovereign more than with a view to self-preservation in time of danger, or to the increase of reputation and real power. Fair words and timely concessions were then used, and by artful colouring the latter were represented as so many sacrifices, when in fact they were gains. Those who are versed in history must acknowledge that we have no record of the existence of any government which has been so skilled in the art of profiting by circumstances as the court of Rome; of sailing with the tide; of flattering the interests of every other power, and of availing itself of men of every class and party, and

\* Istori. Fiorent. l. i.

† At the opening of the Jubilee last year, not more than about four hundred Italians repaired to Rome from other parts of Italy: of these how many were forced to take the journey, being members of fraternities which paid their expenses? And how many more went to perform an act of penance imposed by their confessor? And how many others out of curiosity? If those are subtracted who may be fairly supposed to belong to these three classes, perhaps there were not a hundred persons who spontaneously and from pure zeal visited Rome at the celebration of the Jubilee.

‡ Non si può fare altra maggior conjectura della declinazione d'essa (religione) quanto è vedere come quelli popoli che sono più propensi alla chiesa Romana capo della religione nostra, hanno meno religione. . . . Per gli esempi rei di quella corte questa provincia ha perduto ogni devozione ed ogni religione.—Macchiavelli, *Discorsi*, 5.v.

working on their passions. Napoleon might have annihilated the papal power; but in order to do so he must have permitted freedom of discussion; he exacted silence and passive obedience. He must have allowed the Gospel and the Bible to be preached to the people in all their purity; he must have denied the assumed omnipotence of the Pope; freed the bishops from the vassalage in which they were kept; and assembled councils and synods like those of Constance and Pistoia. But Napoleon was not desirous that the people should become accustomed to respect the laws more than the head of the government: he would have the people believe blindly in the power of one man alone. He did not wish that men should become accustomed to liberty, nor assemble together where freedom of opinion and unrestrained discussion were allowed. On this account he supported popery, which supported him in return. In crowning Napoleon at Paris, Pius VII. exercised one of the highest attributes of power, and was only too happy to see a conqueror to whom all the world gave way, kneel before the tiara to receive a diadem. This act itself showed that Napoleon did not consider that he wore the crown *legitimately*, either by virtue of his sword or by the will of the people; and since the Pope could not hinder him from being emperor of the French, and his not acknowledging him as such would only serve as a pretext (where many were not necessary) for seizing the patrimony of St. Peter, in spite of the twelve apostles and their successors, he chose to do away with this pretext, and to crown him emperor with his own hand rather than see him on the throne without his sanction. The possessions of the convents had been sold, and the purchasers had enjoyed them peaceably for several years without the slightest doubt having been ever started as to the legality of their titles, whether the Pope approved the contracts or not. But as his Holiness could not prevent what had happened, he took good care to sign a *concordat*, stipulating for his approval of these sales being necessary to their validity; by doing which, the principle was established, that without this subsequent ratification, and the indispensable approbation of the head of the church, they were illegal. The papal Court, which was so much a gainer by these transactions, took great credit for them, making a merit of its generosity; and obliged the then existing government to return thanks to the Pope for having become a party to what had the air of being so many sacrifices on the part of the church, made with pious resignation for the welfare of Christianity. Not content with this, the court of Rome lost no opportunity of courting the French government; of praising its mildness, and extolling its moderation, justice, piety, and *legitimacy*, in the most extravagant terms. In proof of this assertion, cardinal Caprara, archbishop of Milan, had a catechism printed for the use of the schools in the kingdom of Italy, in which, amongst others, there was one article, the knowledge and observance of which were declared necessary to the salvation of souls. (Some chapters were pointed out as being distinctly so, and had the special mark of sacerdotal approbation.) 1

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ferred to the fourth commandment, and contained a long argument to show "the obligations of good Catholic subjects towards their princes, and particularly those of the Italians towards Napoleon I. emperor and king." After declaring that he was deserving of the highest honour, amongst other reasons because he was the anointed of the Lord by the hand of his Holiness, it concludes with the following words—"To honour and serve our emperor and king, therefore, is to honour and serve God himself." The people, however, did not believe this; and the curates and priests, who gravely inculcated such strange doctrines from the altar, with the addition of Latin extracts from the Scriptures, unintelligible to the congregation, but supposed by them to sanction the intelligible text, did not hesitate to condemn them, both in private society and from the confessional. They solemnly prayed for the monarch in public whom they cordially reviled in secret, and they encouraged the latter sentiment in others. Their private exhortations were more powerful than their public preaching, because they had the air of being spontaneous; so that the only fruits of the Catholic doctrines of Caprara were, that those persons who knew that their teachers were insincere in their injunctions to honour and serve the king, thought that they were only enjoined *pro forma* to honour and serve God. In the mean time, when the Pope was so unjustly and ignominiously dragged to prison by Napoleon, and the cardinals were put into confinement, many persons, who at another time would have rejoiced at this, felt indignant at such proceedings; and the people sympathized with an unfortunate old man, whom Napoleon had himself elevated and held up to their veneration and esteem by the manifestation of those sentiments himself. Pius VII. was the very individual whom he had solemnly recognised as a sovereign prince, and the visible head of the religion declared to be that of the state. He it was who, *to aid and favour* Napoleon, had approved the sale of the church possessions. Yet, in opposition to the rights of nations, this sovereign, who rested on the faith of treaties, was dragged from his bed with every indignity. But far different is the position of Austria. She is careless as to the papal approbation in ecclesiastical affairs, because in all her proceedings she acts as if her actions and decrees were grounded on an undeniable right, inherent in the empire. She perceives that the more the court of Rome embraces the principles of the Jesuits, the further it is removed from those of Vienna. Austria is aware of that maxim of which Napoleon was ignorant—that *subsequent favours do not cancel old grievances*: that Rome cannot look with complacency on the emperor's nomination, at his pleasure, of bishops holding Jansenist principles;\* on his refusal to place the censorship

of the press in their hands; his not considering the papal sanction necessary previous to the imprisonment of a priest; his prohibition against the entrance of friars into his dominions; and his denial of permission to his subjects to repair to Rome to enjoy the plenary indulgence, which the Pope would dispense to them with a liberal hand.\* Austria knows that priests never forget nor forgive; that they wait for favourable time and place with marvellous patience; that small concessions are only so many incitements to demand greater; and that the Jesuits, the present rulers in Rome, are never content until they become masters in those houses into which they at first gain admittance on the score of charity. But Austria will neither tolerate Jesuits nor friars of any kind, as she considers them auxiliaries of the other Italian rulers, with whom she may one day be at variance. She is indisposed also towards the holy fraternities, because she dislikes that they should preach, in private as well as in public, the doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope over the empire; while at the same time she is unwilling to incur obligation towards them for abstaining from doing so, as she does not choose to be under the necessity of treating any person with deference, still less the satellites of the Pope, and because she compels all classes indiscriminately to obey her without remonstrance. The clergy, and especially the bishops, are treated by her with peculiar rigour, as they consider themselves according to the canons, not to be legally and unconditionally subject to the temporal power. In Piedmont the bishops refused to take the oath of fidelity to the government without permission from Rome. It was granted, as the exercise of such a prerogative established the principle that permission might be denied; it was not denied, as there was no object in doing so; and as on swearing allegiance, they promised that they did so under the papal sanction and not otherwise. The Piedmontese government, being the vassal of Rome, was obliged to swallow this bitter pill; but Austria would send the first bishop to prison without ceremony or formality of any kind, *illicio et immediate*, who should evince the slightest hesitation in obeying an order of the government. In 1815, when after having in vain attempted, in the face of recent treaties, to retain the three legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Ravenna, she was obliged, at the instance of her allies, to give up the point, she did not abandon these possessions to the Pope, as a *just retribution* to their legitimate and ancient sovereign.

bull *Unigenitus*. The Austrian government would not yield by appointing another individual to the bishopric, and the episcopal see of Mantua remained vacant seven or eight years, and we believe, indeed, is so still.

\* An edict was published in the Austrian state, prohibiting any of the subjects of the emperor to go to the jubilee at Rome. But the government might have spared the cost of the paper. The Lombards would not have gone at any rate, and the sentiments of the Italians may be collected from the small number of pilgrims from those states in which there was no prohibition.

\* The Austrian government appointed a canon of the name of Morandi bishop of Mantua, a man distinguished for piety and learning; but the court of Rome refused him canonical institution, because he was suspected of Jansenism. His journey to Rome to be instituted was to no purpose, as he refused to subscribe the famous

reign; for general Steffannini, the Austrian commandant in Bologna, on withdrawing his troops, published a proclamation, stating that Austria gave (as if it were a gift), not restored, the three legations to the Pope; and the gifts of sovereigns, it is well known, are not irrevocable. As a sovereign, the Pope is legitimate in the eyes of that power, but scarcely so much so as other princes.

For these reasons, Austria will probably always be favourable to the circulation of Dante's works, as they lay bare the vices of the court of Rome without mercy, and refute her extravagant claims, by dissipating the delusions on which they are founded. To this must be added that he openly supports the imperial doctrines against the popes, and the principal object indeed of his book *De Monarchia* is to maintain against the court of Rome, that the empire is independent of her. And his reward was, that his book was put under the censure, and enrolled in the index of prohibited works. Indeed his bones were nearly being disinterred, and burnt as those of a heretic.\* The life of Dante shows him to have been a true and staunch Italian. He was a Ghibelline after the popes had invited foreign powers into that country, and when, abandoning their pastoral crook for the sword, they wished to render themselves superior to the laws; and, as a Ghibelline, he was of the imperial faction in the sense already mentioned, because the emperors would doubtless restrain

\* These are Dante's words: "Sic ecclesia A, imperium B, autoritas sive virtus imperii C. Si non existente A, C est in B, impossibile est A esse causam ejus quod est C esse in B. Adhuc; si nihil operante A, C est in B, necesse est A non esse causam ejus quod est C esse in B, cum necesse sit ad productionem effectus praoperari causam, presertim efficientem, de qua intenditur;" and this is infallible logical demonstration. As to the fact of the threatened disinterment and burning of Dante's bones as a heretic, Boccaccio, in his Life, and Bartolo da Sassoferato, a celebrated commentator of the Roman Laws, and contemporary of Dante, place this beyond a doubt. To satisfy the curiosity of our readers, we give the words of this jurist, often quoted, but seldom referred to. In his commentary on the L. I. § 2, ff. de *Requir. Reis*, Bartolo disputes whether a judge can cite an absent person to appear, who is living in another state, and says, "Quidam sunt habentes jurisdictiones separatas et distinctas, ita quod una ab alio non dependet, nec sunt sub eodem domino, prout papa et imperator. Tunc unus non potest citare in territorio alterius; ita loquitur C. *Pastoralis*, sed debet requirere illum judicem in ejus territorio est ut illum citet, ut hic dicitur. Et tenet illam opinionem quam tenuit Dantes prout illam comperi in uno libro quem fecit qui vocatur *Monarchia*: in quo libro disputavit tres questiones; quarum una fuit, an imperium dependeat ab ecclesia? et tenuit quod non. Sed post mortem suam quasi propter hoc fuit dominatus de heresi, nam ecclesia tenet quod imperium dependat ab ecclesia, pulcherrimis rationibus quas ommito: tenendo istud, quod imperium dependeat ab ecclesia."

the unbridled pontiffs within their proper limits, and expel those strangers from Italy, who had been invited thither by them.

The greatest merit of Dante, that especially which renders him so much dreaded by the Jesuits, is the spirit of inquiry and research with which he inspires his readers, teaching them to use their reason as the foundation of their belief. Only a herd of sheep, says he, follow one another, without knowing why—not men created by God for the exercise of virtue and acquirement of knowledge. Now let truth only be freely sought, and it must be effectually found. Dante had undoubtedly a mind most strongly impressed with religion; yet in his poem, precisely because he is truly and sincerely religious, he attacks all the abuses and superstitions of the court of Rome with prodigious force; and has done that which, by the way, the leaders of the reformation subsequently took so much credit for. Against the abuses of not reading, or of garbling the Scriptures—the riches of the priesthood—the omnipotence of the Pope—the imposture of the decrets—the venality of the Roman court of chancery, and against bulls, excommunications, indulgences, and masses, Dante raises his tremendous voice from one end of the *Divina Commedia* to the other. He perpetually declaims, too, against the civil discords of the Italians, and their various tyrants are held up by him to patriotic execration. Change but the names, what he then said is applicable to the present day. But further, the reading of the *Divina Commedia* necessarily requires a profound study of the history of the times of Dante and of the middle ages in Italy; and were this alone the fruit which the Italians would gather from the study, it would, as we have already said, be an inestimable gain.

In whatever form the maxims of Dante were repeated to Italian ears, they would not fail to make a powerful impression, but no one can truly estimate its strength, if he but considers the poetic charm with which, by the pen of Dante, they are clothed, and which so greatly enhances their attraction. We feel, for instance, the power of the imagery of Dante, but can hardly be alive to all the force and vivacity of expression which constitute so great a part of true poetry: we can estimate the nobleness of some of his characters, but can hardly do justice to the peculiar propriety of their eloquence. The bitterness of his irony, the pungency of his reproaches, the delicacy of his praise, the touching grace of his pity, require, for their full perception, a vast mastery of the language. To understand the extent of the influence which Dante may exert upon the destinies of Italy, we must imagine the powerful effect produced upon a people of the most lively perceptions and strongest feelings, by the sublime truths of that immortal poet, amidst such splendour of expression, such striking similitudes, propriety of diction, sobriety of style, copiousness of imagery, harmony of metre, variety, vigour, and grace, logic and enthusiasm combined; all occurring in the midst of continual patriotic allusions, so dear to the national feeling of a people.

Dante is now more than ever talked of in England; yet, without being identified with

the author and his book, it is impossible to enter into what we have now said. All persons, however, would be judges, and, what is worse, some who evidently show that they have never read nor heard more than a few passages from the poem, here and there.

But it is not enough to be an Italian to feel and even to understand the *Divina Commedia*; and to enable the Italians to reap that advantage from it which we trust they will yet do, some assistance is required. From the moment that this poem was composed, the want of this was felt, and a commentary is still in existence, though only printed in part, styled *del Famigliare di Dante*, and written by some friend of Dante himself, who states that he had heard him say that he had never, for the sake of the rhyme, written any thing which he had not previously designed to write. After this commentator, an infinite number appeared, and still there is not yet one good commentary, while its necessity is felt more and more every day. In proportion as we are further removed from him, the history of himself, the times in which he lived, and of his life, becomes more uncertain, broken, and obscure. It is well known how often it is necessary to the understanding of the poem, and, still oftener to the perceiving and enjoying the delicacy of its frequent historical allusions, to be perfectly acquainted with the Italian history of that period. Still more necessary, we should say, is an accurate knowledge of his life, cleared from what is fabulous; because in this singular poem the real hero and principal actor is the poet; every thing refers to, every thing depends on, him. Moreover, he was the creator of his language, formed and selected words from every dialect, and, as a poet, used them figuratively; and the language of his time not being that of the present day, a commentary becomes desirable, in order to feel and comprehend a poet well, who knows how to say so exactly, neither more nor less than he intends. To understand Dante, the reader must also be intimately acquainted with the state of knowledge in the world in his day, whence this knowledge was derived, and, what is more extraordinary, how it has been in some cases verified, after the lapse of ages.<sup>2</sup> As if, too, this were not sufficient to give employment to a commentator, Dante takes pleasure in throwing the veil of allegory over many parts of his poem, rendering the commentator's task the more difficult, as the poet himself was a most subtle investigator of allegory, and continually discovered it where others would not have suspected its existence.<sup>3</sup> In such a field, the unbounded space of possibili-

\* The planetary attraction, for example, was the foundation of Dante's astronomical system, which clearly states that the heavenly bodies mutually attract each other.—See *Parad.* c. 2, v. 123, and c. 28, v. 122.

† For an example of this, we have only to open the *Convito*. But, for the sake of those who have not this work (often unintelligible, thanks to the ignorance of the copyists and the credulity of the Academy della Crusca, which has often legitimized words that have been interpolated, and thus rendered the text more obscure) we will cite an example. Dante says,

ties lie before the commentator open to his path. But this is not all. He must possess exquisite taste and talent for criticism, enabling him to make a selection amongst various readings, often equally beautiful, but entirely different. These are gifts and acquirements rarely united in the same individual: and where they are found, it is no easy task to put them into practice, considering the dryness of the subject, the Herculean labour, and almost more than human patience necessary, and the inadequate fame which he has a right to expect from so ungrateful a toil.

The volume of Ugo Foscolo, by its arranged facts and arguments, connected in succession, and supported by authorities, punctually quoted by volume, chapter, and page, endeavours to elucidate as much of the life of Dante as is necessary for understanding, or rather to prepare the reader for understanding, the poem. The question is discussed whether it was ever published by Dante; and if so, whether there is any hope of discovering the MS., and what steps ought to be taken to establish the genuine text. The commentator then demonstrates the object of Dante in writing the poem, and strives to fix the attention of the Italians on the history of the middle ages, and on those parts of the poem and their particular meaning, which may be of service to the political interests of modern Italy. The announcement of his volume gave us pleasure as lovers of that country, because we indulged the hope (not unreasonable, from the well-known talents and learning of Signor Foscolo) that any commentary published in England, that is, without fear of the censor or the police, or of excommunication, would, at least as far as freedom of expression, be worthy of Dante; and have for its object to point out those passages and maxims which are most likely to be of use to Italy: to recall the doctrines of Alighieri to her attention, would furnish, as we thought, an admirable subject for a commentary on the *Divina Commedia*.

Foscolo, relying on what Dante himself says in the *Convito*, to show the difficulty of unravelling allegories, takes occasion to warn himself and others not to go deeply into that subject. Impartial and just towards preceding commentators, he frequently discovers and corrects their errors, but praises their industry and good intentions, when these errors were neither wilful, obstinate, nor factious.

With respect to the work of Ugo Foscolo, we are sorry not to be able to detail all its merits, nor to give all our reasons for praising it as it deserves. Its chief recommendation is that of being directed to the pursuit of truth, whatever that may be, instead of collecting proofs in support of the truth of an assumption, to which every thing is made subservient; so that where the author falls into error, and we

<sup>2</sup> Veder si può (l'allegoria) in quel canto del Profeta che dice: Nell' uscita del popolo d' Israele d' Egitto, la Giudea è fatta santa e libera. Che avvenga esser vero secondo la lettera, è manifesto; non meno esser vero quello che spiritualmente s' intende, cioè: che nell' uscita dell' anima del peccato, essa fu fatta santa e libera in sua potestade." Would any one have expected this?

do not mean to say that he may not have done so, it must be attributed to the difficulty of the subject, and not to the love of any particular system. The secondary, but very considerable, charm of Foscolo's work consists in his profound knowledge of the times of Dante, in the perspicacity and acumen of his observations, in the philosophical and elegant spirit of criticism with which he has examined the most difficult questions, which, however, shed much light on the whole of the *Commedia*; in a mode of reasoning at once convincing and severe, in a masculine and energetic style, which we should perhaps say was too obscure, were it not employed in a work destined as an introduction to the most masculine and energetic of poets. Foscolo's work places you in the midst of the personages and the age of Dante. He anatomizes the facts, and extracts from them the minutest circumstance which serves to illustrate and explain what previously appeared either of no importance, or undeserving of further elucidation. All the facts are presented together at once without confusion, and serve admirably to clear up each other, and to facilitate the understanding of the poem.

If the author sometimes descends to the office of commentator, he scatters so many flowers over his thorny path as to instruct his reader without fatiguing him. Perhaps the introduction of certain digressions and episodes which are extraneous to the argument under discussion, is injudicious: if they serve to amuse the attention by their variety, they exact too great an effort of the mind on resuming the argument, in order not to lose the train of previous reasoning: and the argument of itself requires the closest attention, both as to matter and the exactness of method with which it is treated. We must, however, except from our disapprobation the few lines destined to do honour to the memory of our countryman Payne Knight, for the sake of the elegance of style, sincerity of affection, and delicacy of sentiment, for which they are remarkable.

We have observed a few trifling mistakes, which we notice only to show that we have perused the book with attention. It is surely not correct to say [sect. 10] that the most ancient known copy of Dante is that which is attributed to *Filippo Villani*, and to the year 1343, when the *Landi MS.* of Piacenza bears date 1336, which we have reason to think correct. There is another *MS.* too, among the *Triulzi MSS.* with the date 1337. We do not think there is any hope of having a specimen of the hand-writing of Dante taken from the existing document in the possession of the house of Papafava, quoted in the 83d section, because the signature of Dante cannot be affixed to it, inasmuch as neither the witnesses nor the principals to a contract put their signatures in those days to notarial acts in Italy, a custom only introduced since the beginning of this century; nor is the want of the name of the mother of that Aleghiera mentioned in the document cited in sect. 171 of any consequence, the name of the mother not being put to any document except the marriage settlement.

It is seldom possible to do justice to good books by extracts: still less could we make extracts from the work of Foscolo, all the parts

of which are so closely connected. He, however, who would see an instance of great erudition and criticism united, has only to read the ninetieth and following sections of this work, relating to Dante's wife, hitherto so ill-treated by biographers and commentators. His superiority in sensibility over all writers who have written on Dante, may be seen in the 114th and succeeding sections, where the episode of Francesca d' Arimino is introduced. After this, we trust that our readers will join with us in the conclusion, that this work, worthy of its author and its subject, gives us reasonable grounds for hoping that at length we shall have, from Foscolo's hands, an edition which, both as to the text and the notes, will do honour to the father of Italian literature: and we think they will also agree that, to understand and enjoy the *Divina Commedia*, and to read it with advantage, it will be highly useful (not to say necessary) to prepare, by making themselves perfect masters of this *Essay* on the text of Dante.

But that which renders the work of Foscolo superior to all others, and entitles him to the gratitude of Italy, is his constant study to place the poem of Dante before the Italians under those points of view in which they ought to look at it, in order to reap some more solid advantage from it than the mere study of verses and phrases. Besides this, the malignant and interested accusations of those whose delight it is, to keep the world in darkness, and who on that account hate the name of Dante, are unveiled without mercy, combated without respect, and destroyed beyond the power of reply. This is what was principally wanting in the commentaries on Dante from the first to the last of them; what was most necessary to be done, what Foscolo has begun, and what we hope (and in this every lover of Italy should join us) that he will complete. Nothing will contribute more both to prove these truths and to exhibit the great soul of Dante, and the infinite obligations which Italy, and indeed the world, are under to him, than the knowledge of the wretched condition of the religion, science, and governments of Italy in his time. This interesting subject Foscolo proposes to elucidate in three opposite dissertations, which are to follow in the succeeding volumes, and which will not fail to possess an interest with every person who is not absolutely indifferent to that revival of letters and civilization in Europe which commenced with Dante. Of course it may be taken for granted, that this work of Foscolo's, and his whole edition of Dante, will be rigorously prohibited by the Italian governments and by the court of Rome. As to the latter, it has long been a received maxim, *Prohibitus est Roma, ergo legatur*; as to the former, the prohibition will be delusive: a few copies will suffice to do much good, were no other to result than the exciting the Italians to the *political study* of Dante.

At some future time we propose to ourselves to analyze the commentary on Dante which M. Rossetti has lately published, but which we could hardly dispose of on the present occasion. Its strange fancies are singularly contrasted with that intelligent and informed criticism with which Foscolo has adorned his researches.

From the *Quarterly Review*.

1. *Missionary Registers*. 1825, 1-26.
2. *Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta*. By Henry Kaye Bonney, D.D., Archdeacon of Bedford.
3. *A Farewell Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of Hodnet, in the County of Salop, April 20, 1823*. By the Rev. Reg. Heber, Second Edition.
4. *The Omnipresence of God: a Sermon preached August 5, 1825, on the Consecration of the Church of Sevral, near Benares*. By Reginald Lord Bishop of Calcutta. Calcutta, 1826.

"If God has no need of human *learning*," retorted South on the Puritans of his day, "still less has he need of human *ignorance*;" and too truly has this been seen in much of the history of the attempts to Christianize the East. A sanguine spirit has gone forth thither, expecting ends without means—hailing the most equivocal symptoms as infallible signs of conversion—prompting replies to the listless heathen, and then recording those parrot-words as spontaneous tokens of grace. To every sentence which one of the missionaries addressed to a man before him, covered with cow-dung, he received as an answer, "Nisam!" (most certain!) pronounced with great gravity, and accompanied by a sober nod of the head. "I was much cheered," says the worthy teacher, "by his approving so cordially the doctrines of salvation;"—and if here the questions had ended, this man would have had as good a right to be enrolled amongst the lists of converted heathens as many more; but, unluckily, it was further asked, "How old are you?" "How long have you been Sunyasee?"—to which he replied, with the same emphasis as before, "Nisam! Nisam!" The missionary should ever be on his guard against exciting the suspicions of the people of England that his work is hollow and unsound,—he should be slow to claim conquests which cool-headed men at home may think his desultory mode of warfare not likely to achieve. The people of England are not ignorant of the boasts of the Roman Catholic teachers in the same field; as many as they could baptize (and in some countries they are said to have made short work of it, by swinging a besom) were registered as converts, and reported as living proofs of their amazing success. And we all know what has been the consequence. Of late years, however, and especially amongst the Protestant missions of our own church, far greater caution has been observed; and now (except, perhaps, in a few instances where the native catechists recommend to the missionaries candidates for baptism, for whose competency they are themselves the vouchers) a degree of hesitation is felt about admitting to this rite, that some may think, and perhaps justly think, more than even prudence demands. That error, however, if error it be, is on the right side.

Already, by all who do not wish to be blind, some symptoms of progress may be traced. Till within these few years the reluctance of

the Brahmins to communicate the contents of their sacred book was insuperable; now, every European, who has the curiosity, is permitted to look into those mysteries, and acquaint himself with what a Hindoo professes, which will often furnish not the worst arguments against what he practises. Martyn durst not introduce into his schools his version of the parables, and acquiesce, of necessity, in the use of a Hindoo poem on an avatar of Vishnu, which had no other merit than that of being unintelligible to the children: but at this day the gospels are freely read, as far as the teachers think fit to impart them; boys of all ranks, from the Brahmin to the Soodra, are assembled together, under the same roof; and places are won and lost in the classes without any reference to caste or colour. When one of the church missionaries was first appointed to the school at Burdwan, not a boy would consent to abide on the same premises with him; by degrees they were induced to become more familiar—at length to attend worship—and at last (except during the holidays) to remain with him altogether. At Badagamme, in Ceylon, we are told that the children of different castes may be seen seated on mats, eating and drinking together, with the utmost apparent good will:—a novel spectacle, even in that island of promise. It is not more than five or six years ago since the project for educating females in India was reckoned hopeless; now, upwards of thirty girls' schools are in activity at Calcutta alone. At Mirzapore, where a chapel has been established for Bengalee preaching, the congregation changes several times perhaps during a sermon, as the curiosity or patience of the hearers becomes exhausted; nor is it symptom of small importance that, whilst few old people are observed there, the young are always to be found in considerable numbers. We are told by Colonel Phipps, (who resided several months near Jugernaut, and was present at the great annual festival,) that the practice which but recently prevailed of enticing pilgrims to cast themselves under the wheels of the car has now ceased; that the disgusting images with which it was decorated have been removed, and that the outer walls of the temple are purged of the like emblems of impurity. "Where there is shame," (says Johnson,) "there may in time be virtue." Again, while Martyn found himself every where regarded with a degree of suspicion and reserve, that almost shook his better purpose, the late Bishop Heber, we understand, discovered his office to be magnified far beyond his hopes or expectations; received a cordial welcome from those who, some few years earlier, would barely have endured his presence; and was solicited to despatch ordained ministers to several stations that had been hitherto neglected, with an earnestness which could not be mistaken. We could adduce many other facts, relating indeed to individuals, but still above all suspicion, to prove that the mind of the natives is becoming more busy about religious truth—but we abstain, from dislike to a species of argument which is justly listened to with extreme caution, and because we would not, in any degree, contribute to the growth of a spirit which, proclaiming "A. to

be all that could be wished,"—"B. a pleasing lad, affectionate and serious,"—"C. (who, however, afterwards, poor fellow, trained off) very attentive, and of a dwarfish stature,"—announces, on the other hand, with detestable presumption, that G. had been suddenly removed by cholera morbus, just when, in spite of all advice and admonition, he was determined to help a party of Roman Catholics to act a play!

Caste is undoubtedly the great obstacle to the conversion of the East, but it is not an insurmountable obstacle. It existed, with many other Indian peculiarities of the present day, before the age of Arian; yet Christianity made its way on the coast of Malabar in spite of it. Certain it is, also, that many natives in our own times have actually courted baptism, and thereby broken caste, even where the caste was honourable; and that more have been prevented from taking the same step, by the importunate entreaties of parents and friends, seconded, in some cases, by the disinterested recommendations of the missionaries themselves. It is not, indeed, by any measure which "cometh of observation" that a death-blow can be dealt to this deep-rooted institution;—but time and Christianity will do the work in peace. Thus it is that slavery, in almost all Christian countries, has disappeared, no man knowing when or how—not by the triumphant issue of a servile war, not by any sudden measures of legislative emancipation, but through the operation of the eternal laws of social progress fixed by Providence, and especially, as we cannot but believe, by the slow yet sure operation of that very principle which is now beginning to work in India. Thus it is that witchcraft, which so few generations back held firm possession of the faith of our forefathers, and against which even the lofty mind of a Sir Matthew Hale was not proof, has been quietly laid asleep. What prejudice of caste could be stronger than the principle of *religious intolerance* in our own country three centuries ago, when even Cranmer could sully his fair fame by one miserable, though, no doubt, most conscientious compliance with it; and what is, perhaps, more remarkable, when, in a subsequent age, and after the tempest of the Reformation had well nigh subsided, even the amiable Bishop Jewell could breathe the temper which spake in James and John at the Samaritan village, in one solitary sentence of his immortal *Apology*? But years rolled on, and the better spirit was silently prevailing. Through Hooker, who now appeared, its advance may be traced; though his writings (which, however, are of a defensive rather than an aggressive character) occasionally dealt out blows against the captious adversaries of the church which he revered, with an asperity savouring more of the times than the man, yet never would they deliver over an heretical offender to the secular arm; and, in the next century, toleration was openly and professedly abetted in a work, which, as it was the first, so it remains the ablest, vindication of the cause—"The Liberty of Prophecying."—With these and many more such instances before us, we cannot but look forward to the time when Brahmin and Soodra

shall have the relation to each other of gentleman and peasant, and no other—and this the more confidently, because there is good reason to believe that caste is as much a civil as a religious institution,—as much founded upon convenience as upon conscience.

Such a consummation the establishment of a national church among our own countrymen scattered over India was eminently calculated to advance; and in selecting the founder of that church, (a matter of no small importance to its future fortunes,) a most sound judgment was exercised. The hints for his conduct in India, which Dr. Middleton committed to writing whilst on ship-board, and which are given in Archdeacon Bonney's Life of him, are worthy of all praise; and to that spirit of piety which influenced him, both in the acceptance and discharge of his high functions, were added, talents for business, and a practical wisdom, which enabled him to struggle with difficulties that would have overwhelmed a mind of a different construction, and to devise measures and regulations of ecclesiastical polity for the infant church, under which, by God's blessing, it will for ever prosper. Still his firmness (and few men had more) was not unfrequently put to the proof. The appointment of a bishop at all was considered by many a dangerous experiment; and perhaps a jealousy of investing him with too ample powers was the natural consequence. It must, for example, have been vain to expect that a knowledge of Christianity should be diffused on any great scale, without the liberal help of native preachers, over such a country as India—more especially when the civil government cannot, for obvious reasons, give more than their best wishes to the work. The history of our own Reformation (were not the reason of the thing enough), might have established this truth; and whilst Wales, and the Norman Isles, where the new doctrines were taught by ministers of their own, became speedy and sincere converts to those doctrines, Ireland, which was visited by English instructors only, —men whose speech was strange and offensive to the great majority of the inhabitants,—never was made fully acquainted with the reformed faith; and so, that critical day being suffered to pass unimproved, has entailed upon the sister-kingdoms, in our own times, a melancholy division of heart. The privilege, nevertheless, of ordaining native Christians was withheld from Dr. Middleton; and though he subsequently sued for it under restrictions, it was still denied to him. On trial, however, it was found that a bishop had not been nearly so mischievous as had been apprehended. No rebellion had followed his appointment; the rupees had continued to drop as fast as before into the Company's treasury: and accordingly, one of the first acts of Dr. Middleton's successor was to ordain a native Christian. Nor was this the only thorn in the side of our first Indian bishop. It may be gathered from his two latter charges, how much he suffered from the divisions which he saw amongst the people, and that the want of unity in church doctrine and discipline afforded him a subject of severe mortification—of mortification proportioned to the strength of his reasonable convic-

tion that every departure from the tenets of the Church of England was a departure from sound faith and primitive practice. Baptists, Independents, Wesleyan Methodists and Presbyterians were all struggling for precedence: and the poor heathen lookers-on might well be perplexed with unnecessary difficulties when they perceived that the Christian doctors themselves agreed in nothing but in mutual accusations of error. Having borne up, however, against these difficulties as few men could have done; and having wielded the powers of a bishop for nearly nine years, with a wisdom that has procured for him the admiration of all lovers of our church, this excellent man was gathered to his fathers; and was succeeded by one, of whom, if we should now speak somewhat more at large, our excuse must be found in the extraordinary degree of public sympathy with which his recent and untimely death has been regarded, both in England and India.

Reginald Heber was the son of the Rev. Reginald Heber, of Marton, in Yorkshire, and of Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Allanson, of the same county. His father lived just long enough to witness his youthful honours; his mother still survives to lament his early death. He was born April 21st, 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire, a living at that time held by Mr. Heber, as was shortly afterwards that of Hodnet, in Salop, which, together with the estate, had come into possession of his family by a marriage with an heiress of the ancient and honoured name of Vernon. In his childhood, Reginald Heber was remarkable for the eagerness with which he read the Bible, and the accuracy with which he remembered it; a taste and talent which subsequent acquirements and maturer years only served to strengthen, so that a great portion of his reading was intended, or at least was employed, to illustrate the Scriptures; and perhaps few men of his day had attained so masterly a knowledge of the historical parts of the Bible as well as the doctrinal, or could have thrown happier light upon its oriental customs, its difficult geography, or the civil, political, and moral condition of the people to whom it was addressed. We believe it was once his intention to have published notes upon Calmet, a task for which he would have brought all the resources which any single individual could be expected to furnish. Such a work, had it pleased God to restore him to his native land, would have been an agreeable and most useful employment for his declining years; and many materials for it, in addition to those he already possessed, he would have undoubtedly accumulated during his active researches in the East. To verbal criticism he had not (like his episcopal predecessor) devoted so much attention; nor perhaps did the character of his mind qualify him for making, in that branch of learning, the same progress as in its more popular departments. The patient investigation of a peculiar construction, or the emendation of a corrupted text, (necessary as such labours are,) are not those in which the faculties of a poet (and such were certainly his) commonly delight; and of the few poets who have attempted minute criticism most have

failed, and none have been eminently successful.

He received his early education at the grammar school of White-church, whence he was afterwards sent to Dr. Bristowe, a gentleman who took pupils near London. His subsequent career at Oxford, where he was entered of Brazen-nose College, in 1800, proved how well his youthful studies had been directed, and how diligently pursued. The University prizes for Latin verse, for the English poem, and for the English prose-essay, were successively awarded him: and "Palestine" received the higher and rarer compliment of public and universal praise. Such a poem, composed at such an age, has indeed some, but not many, parallels in our language. Its copious diction,—its perfect numbers,—its images, so well chosen, diversified so happily, and treated with so much discretion and good taste,—the transitions from one period to another of the history of the Holy Land, so dexterously contrived,—and, above all, the ample knowledge of Scripture, and of writings illustrative of Scripture, displayed in it—all these things might have seemed to bespeak the work of a man who "had been long choosing and begun late," rather than of a stripling of nineteen. Some few of our University English prize-poems have had an ephemeral reputation beyond the precincts of Cambridge and Oxford; but "Palestine" is almost the only one—(we can recollect, at most, but two others of whom any such language could be fairly used)—that has maintained its honours unimpaired, and entitled itself, after the lapse of years, to be considered the property of the nation. It might have been expected that such a poem would but have been the first of many—that so cordial a welcome would have stamped its author the follower of the muses for life; but having given to the world a small and well-known miscellaneous volume in 1812, (the whole of which did not then appear for the first time,) he withdrew almost entirely from a pursuit to which he was by temper strongly inclined, and devoted himself to the unobtrusive duties of the clerical office.\* From

\* Still, out of the fulness of his heart, or at the call of his friends, he would at intervals give proof that his hand had not forgot its cunning, however it might have hung up the harp; and a specimen will not displease our readers:—

"FAREWELL.

"When eyes are beaming  
What never tongue might tell,  
When tears are streaming

From their crystal cell;  
When hands are linked that dread to part,  
And heart is met by throbbing heart,  
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart  
Of them that bid farewell!

"When hope is chidden  
That faint of bliss would tell,  
And love forbidden  
In the breast to dwell;  
When fettered by a viewless chain,  
We turn and gaze, and turn again,  
Oh! death were mercy to the pain  
Of them that bid farewell!"—MS.

the original pieces of that volume, it would be easy to select thoughts of animation and of tenderness; but unless perhaps "The Passage of the Red Sea" (which is a noble copy of verses) should be excepted, nothing that, as a whole, comes up to the standard of Palestine. In the translations of Pindar which it contains, it may be doubted whether the deep-mouthed Theban is not made to speak too much after the manner of the great minstrel of Scotland; still they are executed with genuine spirit and elegance, and the rambling movements of an author, who, in his anxiety to escape from an Hiero or an Agesias, is very apt to run riot and lose his way, are connected with no common success. Previous, however, to the production of this volume, and whilst he was yet fellow of All Souls, a society to which (it should have been said) he had been elected from Brazen-nose, Reginald Heber travelled through those parts of Europe which were then open to an Englishman: and some of his observations upon Russia and the Crimea, which Dr. Clarke was permitted to extract from his MS. journal, and publish as notes to his own work, have ever been reckoned the *bijoux* of the volume, and, indeed, convey more information in a few words than perhaps would have been communicated by any traveller, except Burckhardt—whose close and pithy sentences not unfrequently resemble these able memoranda.

Having now been put in possession of the valuable living of Hodnet, which had been reserved for him, he married Amelia, daughter of Dr. Shipley, late dean of St. Asaph, and, happy in the prospect of those domestic endearments which no man was more qualified to enjoy, settled himself in his rectory. In no scene of his life, perhaps, did his character appear in greater beauty than whilst he was living here, "seeing God's blessings spring out of his mother earth, and eating his own bread in peace and privacy." His talents might have made him proud, but he was humble-minded as a child—eager to call forth the intellectual stores of others, rather than to display his own—arguing without dogmatism, and convincing without triumph—equally willing to reason with the wise, or take a share in the innocent gaieties of a winter's fire-side; for it was no part of his creed that all innocent mirth ought to be banished from the parlours of a good man's dwelling; or that he is called upon to abstract himself from the refinements and civilities of life, as if sitting to Teniers for a picture of the Temptations of St. Anthony. The attentions he received might have made him selfish, but his own inclinations were ever the last he consulted; indeed, of all the features in his character this was, perhaps, the most prominent—that in him, *self* did not seem to be denied, to be mortified, but to be forgotten. His love of letters might have made him an inactive parish-priest, but he was daily amongst his parishioners, advising them in difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling, often to the hazard of his own life,\* by their sick beds; exhorting, encouraging, reproofing as he saw

\* Mr. Heber was, on one occasion, brought to the brink of the grave by a typhus fever caught in this way.

need; where there was strife, the peacemaker; where there was want, the cheerful giver. Yet in all this there was no parade, no effort, apparently not the smallest consciousness that his conduct differed from that of other men—his duty seemed to be his delight, his piety an instinct. Many a good deed done by him in secret only came to light when he had been removed far away, and but for that removal would have been for ever hid—many an instance of benevolent interference where it was least suspected, and of delicate attention towards those whose humble rank in life is too often thought to exempt their superiors from all need of mingling courtesy with kindness. That he was sometimes deceived in his favourable estimate of mankind, it would be vain to deny; such a guileless, confiding, unsuspecting singleness of heart as his, cannot always be proof against cunning. But if he had not this worldly knowledge, he wanted it perhaps in common with most men of genius and virtue; the "wisdom of the serpent" was almost the only wisdom in which he did not abound.

The *Bampton Lectures*, which he published in 1816, established his reputation in the theological world; for, though many dissented from his views on some speculative points, every competent judge was compelled to do justice to the depth of learning, the variety of research, and the richness of illustration which those compositions displayed.

At home, in his own parish, his sermons were very original—sometimes expanding into general views of the scheme and doctrines of revelation, collected from an intimate acquaintance, not with commentators, but with the details of holy writ itself, frequently drawing ingenious lessons for Christian conduct, from the subordinate parts of a parable, a miracle, or a history, which a less imaginative mind would have overlooked—often enlivened by moral stories, with which his multifarious reading supplied him; and occasionally by facts which had come, perhaps, under his own observation, and which he thought calculated to give spirit or perspicuity to the truths he was imparting: a practice which, when judiciously restrained, is well adapted to secure the rustic hearer from the fate of Eutychus, without giving offence even to nicer brethren: of which the powerful effect is discoverable (though the figures may be grosser than the times would now admit) in the sermons of Latimer and the Reformers; subsequently, in those of Taylor and South; and still more recently, in the popular harangues of Whitfield and Wesley; and a practice, we will add, which derives countenance and authority from the use of parables in the preaching of our Lord. Of Heber's *language* in the pulpit we shall presently give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves. Polished it was, for such it was in his ordinary conversation, yet seldom above the reach of a country congregation, and sometimes (when there was a duty to be driven home) plain-spoken to a degree for which few modern men would have had courage. Frequently it exhibited metaphors bold, and even startling; and ever possessed a singular charm, in the happy adoption of expressions from the pure and un-

defiled English of our Bible, with which his mind was thoroughly imbued.

In the midst of these exercises of his calling, public and private, he found time to compose many hymns; which, had he completed the series, as (with the assistance of friends) he hoped to have done, would have been in relation to the Gospels for the several Sundays throughout the year—compositions, which those who have seen them will desire that every one should have the opportunity of seeing; and which those will readily believe to be full of beauties, both poetical and spiritual, who are acquainted with the few hymns which he has actually published.

In 1822, Reginald Heber undertook a more serious task, which was to finish a life of Jeremy Taylor, and a critical examination of his writings, for a new edition of the works of that great and good man. Since the publication of his Bampton Lectures, this was the first theological essay of any length in which

he had openly engaged. If it be compared (as far as the subject will admit of comparison) with the "Sermons on the Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter," it will be found that it is the work of maturer knowledge, and a more chastised taste; the style retaining the vigour, perhaps somewhat of the floridness, of former years, but without being complicated, ambitious, or constrained; the matter exhibiting much thought, as well as ample reading, and setting forth, without reserve, the author's own views of most of the controverted points of church doctrine and discipline, which his subject naturally led him to pass in review. But the work derives a further interest from the evident sympathy with which his biographer (perhaps unconsciously) contemplates the life and writings of that heavenly-minded man:—Much, indeed, they had in common—a poetical temperament, a hatred of intolerance, great simplicity, an abomination of every sordid and narrow-minded feeling, an earnest desire to make religion practical instead of speculative, and faith, vivid in proportion to the vigour of high imagination.

About the time when this Life appeared, Mr. Heber was elected preacher at Lincoln's-inn—a very flattering distinction, whether the character of the electors be considered, or the merits of his predecessor, or those of the distinguished person before whom he was preferred; valuable, moreover, as placing somewhat more "in oculis civium" a man intended by nature for a less obscure station than that which he had for years been filling,—though assuredly that was one which he, had it been so ordained, would have continued to fill to his dying day, without any querulous suspicion that he had fallen on evil times when merit is overlooked, and talent suffered to spend itself on an unworthy field.

Thus usefully and happily was he engaged;—in town, occupying an honourable and important situation, and with easy access to men of letters, of whom the capital must ever be the resort;—in the country, inhabiting a parsonage, built by himself in a situation which he had selected, in the neighbourhood of most of his kindred, amidst friends who loved and revered him, and in a parish where none would have desired a greater satisfaction than to have done him a service,—when he was summoned from scenes where, to use a beautiful expression of W. Burton's, "he had hung a thought upon every thorn," to take upon himself the government of the church in India. What his strug<sup>g</sup>les at that moment were, those who were near him at the time know well. How could such a man contemplate such a charge, without some self-distrust? How could he give up his country without a pang? How could he look forward to an Indian climate with out apprehension—not, indeed, for himself, (if or of himself he was ever prodigal,) but for his wife and child? Still a splendid opportunity of usefulness was offered him; and accustomed as he was, in a degree quite characteristic, to recognise the superintending hand of Providence in all the lesser events of life, it was not to be expected that in one of the nature and magnitude of this, he would see it no longer. After much deliberation, he

\* The following is for St. Stephen's Day:

"The Son of God is gone to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar!  
Who follows in his train?  
Who best can drink his cup of wo,  
Triumphant over pain?  
Who holdest bears his cross below?  
He follows in his train!  
"The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave,  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on him to save;  
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong.  
Who follows in his train?

"A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came,  
Twelve valiant saints, the truth they knew,  
And braved the cross and flame;  
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
The lion's gory mane,  
They bow'd their necks the death to feel.  
Who follows in their train?

"A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.  
They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain—  
Oh, God! to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train!"—MS.

There is much of that simplicity which should ever distinguish devotional poetry, in some hymns adapted to popular Welsh airs.—We shall transcribe the shortest of them.—

"A VESPER-HYMN.

"God that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light—  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night—  
May thine angel-guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This live-long night!"—MS.

refused the appointment, not however without some misgiving of heart: he shortly after withdrew his refusal, and was then satisfied that he had acted right. Secular minds may look, and have looked, for the secular motives which might have actuated him; but, in truth,—

He heard a voice they could not hear,

Which said, no longer stay;

He saw a hand they could not see,

Which beckoned him away.

“I can say with confidence,” writes he about this time, “that I have acted for the best; and even now that the die is cast, I feel no regret for the resolution I have taken, nor any distrust of the mercies and goodness of Providence, who may protect both me and mine, and, if He sees best for us, bring us back again, and preserve our excellent friends to welcome us. For England, and the scenes of my earliest and dearest recollections, I know no better farewell than that of Philoctetes:—

Χαιρ', ο πέθον αμφίλοχο,  
καὶ εὐπλοία πεμψόν αμεττάν,  
'ειδ' ἐ μηγάλη μοιρά κομισθή,  
γνωμή τε Θίλων, καὶ πανδέμακτος  
Δίκαιον, ὃς τεττ' επεκρίνεται.”

Yet a far better farewell than this was his own; for having returned to Hodnet for a few weeks to settle his affairs before his final departure, on Sunday, 20th April, 1823, he preached his last sermon there, the effect of which those who read it may partly conjecture—those who heard it (we are told) will never forget. It was printed at the earnest request of the congregation, and as the copies were few, and the circulation local, it may not probably have fallen into the hands of many of our readers: we take advantage, therefore, of a second edition which has just been published, to introduce a passage or two from it to their notice. Having spoken in general of the vanity of fixing the affections on a world where every thing is fleeting, to the neglect of that Being “who alone is for ever the same, he proceeds—

“My ministerial labours among you must have an end; I must give over into other hands, the task of watching over your spiritual welfare; and many, very many, of those with whom I have grown up from childhood, in whose society I have passed my happiest days, and to whom it has been, during more than fifteen years, my duty and my delight (with such ability as God has given me) to preach the gospel of Christ, must, in all probability, see my face in the flesh no more. Under such circumstances, and connected with many who now hear me by the dearest ties of blood, of friendship, and of gratitude, some mixture of regret is excusable, some degree of sorrow is holy. I cannot, without some anxiety for the future, forsake, for an untried and arduous field of duty, the quiet scenes where, during so much of my past life, I have enjoyed a more than usual share of earthly comfort and prosperity: I cannot bid adieu to those, with whose idea almost every recollection of past happiness is connected, without many earnest wishes for their welfare, and (I will confess it)

without some severe self-reproach that, whilst it was in my power, I have done so much less than I ought to have done, to render that welfare eternal. There are, indeed, those here who know, and there is *One*, above all, who knows better than any of you, how earnestly I have desired the peace and the holiness of his church; how truly I have loved the people of this place; and how warmly I have hoped to be the means, in His hand, of bringing many among you to glory. But I am at this moment but too painfully sensible that in many things, yea, in all, my performance has fallen short of my principles; that neither privately nor publicly have I taught you with so much diligence as now seems necessary in my eyes: nor has my example set forth the doctrines in which I have, however imperfectly, instructed you; yet, if my zeal has failed in steadiness, it never has been wanting in sincerity. I have expressed no conviction which I have not deeply felt; have preached no doctrine which I have not steadfastly believed: however inconsistent my life, its leading object has been your welfare—and I have hoped, and sorrowed, and studied, and prayed for your instruction, and that you might be saved. For my labours, such as they were, I have been indeed most richly rewarded, in the uniform affection and respect which I have received from my parishioners, in their regular and increasing attendance in this holy place, and at the table of the Lord, in the welcome which I have never failed to meet in the houses both of rich and poor; in the regret (beyond my deserts, and beyond my fullest expectations) with which my announced departure has been received by you; in your expressed and repeated wishes for my welfare and my return; in the munificent token of your regard, with which I have been this morning honoured; in your numerous attendance on the present occasion, and in those marks of emotion which I witness around me, and in which I am myself well nigh constrained to join. For all these, accept such thanks as I can pay—accept my best wishes—accept my affectionate regrets—accept the continuance of the prayers which I have hitherto offered up for you daily, and in which, whatever and wherever my sphere of duty may hereafter be, my congregation of Hodnet shall (believe it!) never be forgotten.”

He then exhorts them, by various considerations, to mutual charity and good will; and continues in words which (long as our extract has already been) we know not how to with hold—

“Would to God, indeed, I could hope to leave you all as truly at peace with each other, as I trust and believe there is peace between me and you! Yet if there be any here whom I have at any time offended, let me entreat his forgiveness, and express the hope that he has already forgiven me. If any who thinks he has done me wrong, (I know of none,) let him be assured that the fault, if it were one, is not only forgiven but forgotten; and let me earnestly entreat you all, as it may be the last request which I shall ever make, the last advice

\* A piece of plate had been given to Mr. Heber by his parishioners.

which I shall ever offer to you—little children, love one another and forgive one another even as God, for Christ's sake, hath loved and forgiven you."

Having thus taken leave of a parish, where he still signified a hope that he might lay his bones, he hastened again to town to receive imposition of hands, and then depart—

" My consecration (he writes to a friend in the country) is fixed for next Sunday; and as the time draws near, I feel its awfulness very strongly—far more, I think, than the parting which is to follow a fortnight after. I could wish (he adds) to have the prayers of my old congregation, but know not well how to express the wish in conformity with custom, or without seeming to court notoriety."

A special general meeting of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, was now called, and a valedictory address to him pronounced, in the name of that venerable body, by the Bishop of Bristol; an address only yielding in beauty (if it does yield) to the reply which it produced—the one dignified, impressive, affectionate—the other glowing with all the natural eloquence of excited feelings.

On Monday, 16th June, 1823, Dr. Heber embarked with his family a little below Gravesend, and, accompanied to the ship by many sorrowing friends, bade adieu to England for ever. Well it is, that every great event in life, which does violence to the feelings, usually brings with it immediate demands upon our exertions, whereby the attention is diverted, and the grief subdued. On shipboard he found abundant occupation in prosecuting the study of Hindostane and Persian, which, independently of their prospective usefulness, he, as many others had done before him, found to be possessed of high interest and curiosity—"as establishing beyond all doubt the original connexion of the languages of India, Persia, and Northern Europe, and the complete diversity of these from the Hebrews and other Semitic languages. Those (he observes) who fancy the Persians and Indians to have been derived from Elam, the son of Shem, or from any body but Japheth, the first-born of Noah, and father of Gomer, Meshach, and Tubal, have, I am persuaded, paid no attention to the languages either of Persia, Russia, or Scandinavia. I have long had this suspicion, and am not sorry to find it confirmed by even the grammar of my new studies. If, in a year or two, (he exultingly adds,) I do not know them both (Hindostane and Persian) at least as well as I do French and German, the fault, I trust, will be in my capacity, not in my diligence."

In the October following, he landed in India with a field before him that might challenge the labours of an apostle, and we will venture to say, with as much of the spirit of an apostle in him as has rested on any man in these latter days. It was now his anxious wish to compose, as far as in him lay, those unhappy religious dissensions of which we have already spoken; and without making any concession unbecoming a loyal and true lover of his own church, to set forth the necessity of humility and charity, Christian graces to which schism is so commonly fatal—and without which even the purest speculative opinions can, after all, be

worth nothing. For such a task as this, none who knew Dr. Heber at all, could deny that he was singularly well fitted. In a personal regard for himself, he was sure to bow the hearts of the people as the heart of one man. Is it not according to our experience to believe, that the affections might have influenced the conclusions of the understanding, and that by his means many angry disputants might have been brought to think alike, and to think as our church directs them? With a further view to more general conformity, he, after a while, suggested to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, the propriety of sending out (if possible) missionaries *episcopally* ordained, in order so far to obviate an unfavourable impression produced on the natives, who were at a loss what character to assign to ministers of the gospel, whom those who supported and dispersed them, were unwilling to admit to their own churches. Nor did he think such a measure unlikely to promote the influence of the Church of England (already very considerable) with the different stocks of oriental Christians—Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians—who hold, like her, episcopacy to be of apostolic institution. In accordance with these sentiments, Dr. Heber thought fit to re-ordain several protestant ministers who made an application to that effect, and though he did not urge the universal adoption of such a plan, yet he did not conceal his opinion that it was much to be desired. To the native schools he gave his utmost protection and support; interested in their behalf those whose patronage was most valuable; and took effectual steps for rendering the bounty of his countrymen at home tributary to the same good end. He preached very often: it never had been his practice to spare himself when in England, and in the east he felt further calls in the more pressing wants of the people, and the extreme paucity of the clergy.

Short as his time in India was, his visitations had embraced almost the whole of his vast diocese. To the northern portion of it, which Bishop Middleton (who found ample occupation at Calcutta and in southern India) had never been able to reach, he first turned his steps: and having journeyed as far as Meerut, "leaving behind him," says Mr. Fisher, the chaplain of the station, "an impression which I think will not soon or easily pass away," he bent his course southwards, and traversed the country to Bombay.

" Of the way of performing these long journeys in India, I was myself (says the Bishop, in one of the private letters now before us) very imperfectly informed before I came here; and, even then, it was long before I could believe how vast and cumbersome an apparatus of attendance and supplies of every kind was necessary, to travel in any degree of comfort or security. On the river, indeed, so long as that lasted, our progress is easy and pleasant, (bating a little heat and a few storms,) carried on by a strong south-eastern breeze, in a very roomy and comfortable boat, against the stream of a majestic body of water, with a breadth, during the rainy season, so high up as Patna, or from six to nine miles, and even above Patna, as far as Cawnpore, in no place narrower

than the Mersey opposite Liverpool. But it is after leaving the Ganges for the land journey, that, if not the tug, yet no small part of the *apparatus, prouentus, et commutatus* of war, commences. It has been my wish, on many accounts, to travel without unnecessary display. My tents, equipments, and number of servants, are all on the smallest scale which comfort or propriety would admit of. They all fall short of what are usually taken by the collectors of districts; and in comparison of what the commander-in-chief had with him the year before last, I have found people disposed to cry out against them as quite insufficient. Nor have I asked for a single soldier or trooper beyond what the commanding officers of districts have themselves offered as necessary and suitable. Yet, for myself and Dr. Smith, the united numbers amount to three elephants, above twenty camels, five horses, besides ponies for our principal servants, twenty-six servants, twenty-six bearers of burdens, fifteen claspées to pitch and remove tents, elephant and camel drivers, I believe, thirteen; and since we have left the Company's territories, and entered Rajapootanā, guard of eighteen irregular horse, and forty-five sipayees on foot, including native officers. Nor is this all; for there is a number of petty tradesmen and other poor people, whose road is the same as ours, and who have asked permission to encamp near us, and travel under our protection; so that yesterday, when I found it expedient, on account of the scarcity which prevails in these provinces, to order an allowance of flour, by way of Sunday dinner, to every person in camp, the number of heads was returned one hundred and sixty-five. With all these formidable numbers, you must not, however, suppose that any exorbitant luxury reigns in my tent; our fare is, in fact, as homely as any two farmers in England sit down to; and if it be sometimes *exuberant*, the fault must be laid on a country where we must take a whole sheep or kid, if we would have animal food at all, and where neither sheep nor kid will, when killed, remain eatable more than a day or two. The truth is, that where people carry every thing with them, tent, bed, furniture, wine, beer, and crockery, for six months together, no small quantity of beasts of burden may well be supposed necessary; and in countries such as those which I have now been traversing, where every man is armed; where every third or fourth man, a few years since, was a thief by profession; and where, in spite of English influence and supremacy, the forests, mountains, and multitude of petty sovereignities, afford all possible scope for the practical application of Wordsworth's 'good old rule,'—you may believe me, that it is neither pomp nor cowardice which has thus fenced your friend in with spears, shields and bayonets."\*

In the course of this arduous pilgrimage from Calcutta to Bombay, he found occasions for preaching upwards of fifty times; and the sermon delivered on one of those occasions, at the consecration of a church near Benares, was printed at the request of the Europeans

who heard it; and, though bearing marks of having been written in haste, fully justifies their discernment in having made that request. The following passage has much of the peculiar manner of the author of *Palestine*:

" If the Israelites were endowed, beyond the nations of mankind, with wise and righteous laws, with a fertile and almost impregnable territory, with a race of valiant and victorious kings, and a God who (while they kept his ways) was a wall of fire against their enemies round about them; if the kings of the wilderness did them homage, and the lion-banner of David and Solomon was reflected at once from the Mediterranean and the Euphrates—it was, that the way of the Lord might be made known by their means upon earth, and that the saving health of the Messiah might become conspicuous to all nations.

" My brethren, it has pleased the Almighty, that the nation to which we ourselves belong, is a great, a valiant, and an understanding nation; it has pleased him to give us an empire, in which the sun never sets—a commerce by which the remotest nations of the earth are become our allies, our tributaries. I had almost said our neighbours; and by means (when regarded as human means, and distinct from his mysterious providence) so inadequate, as to excite our alarm as well as wonder, the sovereignty over these wide and populous heathen lands. But is it for our sakes that he has given us these good gifts, and wrought these great marvels in our favour? Are we not rather set up on high in the earth, that we may show forth the light by which we are guided, and be the honoured instruments of diffusing those blessings which we ourselves enjoy, through every land where our will is law, through every tribe where our wisdom is held in reverence, and in every distant isle which our winged vessels visit? If we value, then, (as who does not value?) our renown among mankind; if we exult (as who can help exulting?) in the privileges which the providence of God has conferred on the British nation; if we are thankful (and God forbid we should be otherwise) for the means of usefulness in our power, and if we love (as who does not love?) our native land, its greatness and prosperity,—let us see that we, each of us in our station, are promoting to the best of our power, by example, by exertion, by liberality, by the practice of Christian justice and every virtue, the extension of God's truth among men, and the honour of that holy name whereby we are called. There have been realms before as famous as our own, and (in relation to the then extent and riches of the civilized world) as powerful and as wealthy, of which the traveller sees nothing now but ruins in the midst of a wilderness, or where the mariner only finds a rock for fishers to spread their nets. Nineveh once reigned over the East; but where is Nineveh now? Tyre had once the commerce of the world; but what is become of Tyre? But if the repentance of Nineveh had been persevered in, her towers would have stood to this day. Had the daughter of Tyre brought her gifts to the Temple of God, she would have continued a Queen for ever."

This visitation gave the Bishop an opportu-

\* Letter dated Barrechar, (Guzerat,) March 14, 1825.

nity of ascertaining the state and wants of the Christian congregations in the northern districts of his diocese, where, in four principal places, Benares, Chunar, Merut, and Agra, he had the satisfaction of finding service performed, in Hindostane, according to the Liturgy of the English Church; it also brought him acquainted with a race of men of a character far more manly than the Bengalee, dwelling, under native chiefs, among the mountains near Rajemahel, in the province of Bahar—not divided into castes, indifferent to the idolatries of the plains, and on every account offering, as the Bishop thought, a very promising field for Christian teachers. He accordingly (by way of beginning) fixed a missionary at Boglipore, a place affording local advantages for the establishment of schools, for learning the language, and becoming acquainted with the heads of these clans, who appear to be a primitive race, protected by their fastnesses from much contact or intercourse with the invaders that, from time to time, have made India their own. The Bishop entertained a very sanguine hope that a conversion of no ordinary extent would be thus effected, and regarded the beginning thus made as doubly important, on account of the connexions which, in all probability, exist between these tribes and the Goonds and other nations of central India, whom they are said strongly to resemble in habits and character.

In a letter to one of his friends, written at the close of this extensive journey, the Bishop distinctly expresses his satisfaction that he had never, in the whole course of it, turned either to the right hand or to the left for the sake of gratifying curiosity—that he had travelled in his episcopal capacity, and allowed no other objects to interfere with those which were pressed on him by the character of his functions. But no accomplished Englishman, far less a deeply read and deeply thinking scholar like Heber, could traverse these regions without having his attention called to many objects, which may not, at first sight, appear to have been, in his case, professional. The whole state and condition, however, of the Indian population, it was, in fact, most strictly and sacredly his duty to study; and how successfully he carried his talents to this object we have in our power to show, by some passages from his MS. correspondence. The letter, from which we are about to quote, was written in March, 1825,\* and addressed to one of his oldest and most intimate friends,—a gentleman, not of his own profession, but engaged in the business of the world, and the duties of a high public station.—We offer no apology for citing largely from such a letter, written upon such a subject, and are sure our readers will require none. It is not often that the English public are permitted to listen to such a witness as Bishop Heber, upon the concerns of their Indian fellow-subjects. Poet as he was by nature, it is nevertheless true, that a highly philosophical cast of mind is apparent in all his writings upon political subjects. He was equally enabled to work out the most serious specula-

tions of what may be termed Political Science, and at the same time to combine and compare those varieties of detailed facts, on which Political Science, if sound, will be found to depend.

“ Though the greater part of the Company’s provinces (except Kumaon) are by no means abundant in objects of natural beauty or curiosity, the prospect offering little else than an uniform plain of slovenly cultivation, yet, in the character and manners of the people, there is much which may be studied with interest and amusement; and in the yet remaining specimen of oriental luxury and pomp at Lucknow; in the decayed, but most striking and romantic, magnificence of Delhi; and in the Taj-Mahal of Agra, (doubtless one of the most beautiful buildings in the world,) there is almost enough, even of themselves, to make it worth a man’s while to cross the Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

“ Since then, I have been in countries of a wilder character, comparatively seldom trodden by Europeans, exempt during the greater part of their history from the Mussulman yoke, and retaining accordingly a great deal of the simplicity of early Hindoo manners, without much of that solemn and pompous uniformity which the conquests of the House of Timur seem to have impressed on all classes of their subjects. Yet here there is much which is interesting and curious. The people, who are admirably described (though I think in too favourable colours) by Malcolm, in his Central India, are certainly a lively, animated, and warlike race of men; though, chiefly from their wretched government, and partly from their still more wretched religion, there is hardly any vice, either of slaves or robbers, to which they do not seem addicted. Yet such a state of society is at least curious, and resembles more the picture of Abyssinia as given by Bruce, than that of any other country which I have seen or read of; while here too there are many wild and woody scenes, which, though they want the glorious glaciers and peaks of the Himalaya, do not fall short in natural beauty of some of the loveliest glens which we went through ten years ago in North Wales; and some very remarkable ruins, which, though greatly inferior as works of art to the Mussulman remains in Hindooostan Proper, are yet more curious than them, as being more different from any thing which an European is accustomed to see or read of.

“ One fact, indeed, during this journey has been impressed on my mind very forcibly—that the character and situation of the natives of these great countries are exceedingly little known, and in many instances grossly misrepresented, not only by the English public in general, but by a great proportion of those also who, though they have been in India, have taken their views of its population, manners, and productions, from Calcutta, or at most from Bengal. I had always heard, and fully believed till I came to India, that it was a grievous crime, in the opinion of the Brahmins, to eat the flesh or shed the blood of any living creature whatever. I have now myself seen Brahmins of the highest caste cut off the heads of goats as a sacrifice to Doorga; and I know,

\* This is the same letter from which we have already taken the description of Indian travelling.

from the testimony of Brahmins, as well as from other sources, that not only hecatombs of animals are often offered in this manner as a most meritorious act, (a Rajah, about twenty-five years back, offered sixty thousand in one fortnight,) but that any person, Brahmins not excepted, eats readily of the flesh of whatever has been offered up to one of their divinities; while among almost all the other castes, mutton, pork, fish, venison,—any thing but beef and fowls,—are consumed as readily as in Europe. Again, I had heard all my life of the gentle and timid Hindoos, patient under injuries, servile to their superiors, &c. Now, this is doubtless, to a certain extent, true of the Bengalese, (who, by the way, are never reckoned among the nations of Hindooostan by those who speak the language of that country,) and there are a great many people in Calcutta who maintain, that all the natives of India are alike. But even in Bengal, gentle as the exterior manners of the people are, there are large districts close to Calcutta, where the work of carding, burning, ravishing, murder, and robbery, goes on as systematically, and in nearly the same manner, as in the worst part of Ireland; and on entering Hindooostan, properly so called, which, in the estimate of the natives, reaches from the Rajamahal hills to Agra, and from the mountains of Kumaon to Bundelcund, I was struck and surprised to find a people equal in stature and strength to the average of European nations, despising rice and rice-eaters, feeding on wheat and barley-bread, exhibiting in their appearance, conversation, and habits of life, a grave, a proud, and decidedly a martial character, accustomed universally to the use of arms and athletic exercises from their cradles, and preferring, very greatly, military service to any other means of livelihood. This part of their character, but in a ruder and wilder form, and debased by much alloy of treachery and violence, is conspicuous in the smaller and less good-looking inhabitants of Rajapootam and Malwah; while the mountains and woods, wherever they occur, show specimens of a race entirely different from all these, and in a state of society scarcely elevated above the savages of New Holland, or New Zealand; and the inhabitants, I am assured, of the Deccan, and of the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay, are as different from those which I have seen, and from each other, as the French and Portuguese from the Greeks, Germans, or Poles. So idle is it to ascribe uniformity of character to the inhabitants of a country so extensive, and subdivided by so many almost impassable tracts of mountain and jungle, and so little do the majority of those whom I have seen deserve the gentle and imbecile character often assigned to them. . . . .

"I met, not long since, with a speech by a leading member of the Scotch General Assembly, declaring his "conviction that the truths of Christianity could not be received by men in so rude a state as the East Indians, and that it was necessary to give them first a relish for the habits and comforts of civilized life before they could embrace the truths of the gospel." The same slang (for it is nothing more) I have seen repeated in divers pamphlets, and even

heard it in conversations in Calcutta. Yet, though it is certainly true that the lower classes of Indians are miserably poor, and that there are many extensive districts where, both among low and high, the laws are very little obeyed, and there is a great deal of robbery, oppression, and even ferocity, I know no part of the population, except the mountain tribes already mentioned, who can with any propriety of language be called uncivilized. Of the unpropitious circumstances which I have mentioned, the former arises from a population continually pressing on the utmost limits of subsistence, and which is thus kept up, not by any dislike or indifference to a better diet, or more ample clothing, or more numerous ornaments, than now usually fall to the peasant's share, (for, on the contrary, if he has the means, he is fonder of external show and a respectable appearance, than those of his rank in many nations of Europe,) but by the foolish superstition, which Christianity only is likely to remove, which makes a parent regard it as unpropitious to allow his son to remain unmarried, and which couples together children of twelve or fourteen years of age. The second has its origin in the long-continued misfortunes and intestine wars of India, which are as yet too recent (even where their causes have ceased to exist) for the agitation which they occasioned to have entirely sunk into a calm. But to say that the Hindoos or Mussulmans are deficient in any essential feature of a civilized people, is an assertion which I can scarcely suppose to be made by any who have lived with them. Their manners are at least as pleasing and courteous as those in the corresponding stations of life among ourselves; their houses are larger, and, according to their wants and climate, to the full as convenient as ours; their architecture is at least as elegant; and though the worthy Scotch divine may, doubtless, wish their labourers to be clad in hoddin grey, and their gentry and merchants to wear powder and mottled stockings, like worthy Mr. —— and the other elders of his kirk-session, I really do not think that they would gain either in cleanliness, elegance, or comfort, by exchanging a white cotton robe for the completest suit of dittoes.

"Nor is it true, that, in the mechanic arts, they are inferior to the general run of European nations. Where they fall short of us, (which is chiefly in agricultural implements and the mechanics of common life,) they are not, so far as I have understood of Italy and the South of France, surpassed in any great degree by the people of those countries. Their goldsmiths and weavers produce as beautiful fabrics as our own, and it is so far from true, that they are obstinately wedded to their old patterns, that they show an anxiety to imitate our models, and do imitate them very successfully. The ships built by native artists at Bombay are notoriously as good as any which sail from London or Liverpool. The carriages and gigs which they supply at Calcutta are as handsome, though not so durable, as those of Long Acre. In the little town of Monghyr, three hundred miles from Calcutta, I had pistols, double-barrelled guns, and different pieces of cabinet work brought down to my boat for

sale, which in outward form, (for I know no further,) nobody but perhaps Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ could detect to be of Hindoo origin; and at Delhi, in the shop of a wealthy native jeweller, I found brooches, ear-rings, snuff-boxes, &c. of the latest models, (so far as I am a judge,) and ornamented with French devices and mottoes.

"The fact is, that there is a degree of intercourse maintained between this country and Europe, and a degree of information existing among the people as to what passes there, which, considering how few of them speak or read English, implies other channels of communication besides those which we supply, and respecting which I have been able as yet to obtain very little information.

"Among the presents sent last year to the supreme government by the little state of Ladeh, in Chinese Tartary, some large sheets of gilt leather, stamped with the Russian eagle, were the most conspicuous. A traveller, who calls himself a Transylvanian, but who is shrewdly suspected of being a Russian spy, was, when I was in Kumaoon, arrested by the commandant of one of our fortresses among the Himalaya mountains; and, after all our pains to exclude foreigners from the service of the native princes, two Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour were found, about twelve months ago, and are still employed in, casting cannon, and drilling soldiers for the Seik Raja, Ranjeet Singh. This, you will say, is no more than we should be prepared to expect; but you, probably, would not suppose, (what I believe is little, if at all, known in Russia itself,) that there is an ancient and still frequented place of Hindoo pilgrimage not many miles from Moscow;—or that the secretary of the Calcutta Bible Society received, ten months ago, an application (by whom translated I do not know, but in very tolerable English) from some priests on the shore of the Caspian Sea, requesting a grant of Armenian Bibles. After this, you will be the less surprised to learn that the leading events of the late wars in Europe (particularly Buonaparte's victories) were often known, or at least rumoured, among the native merchants of Calcutta, before government received any accounts from England; or that the suicide of an English minister (with the mistake, indeed, of its being Lord Liverpool instead of the Marquis of Londonderry) had become a topic of conversation in the "Burra Bazar," (the native exchange,) for a fortnight before the arrival of any intelligence by the usual channels.

"With subjects thus inquisitive, and with such opportunities of information, it is apparent how little sense there is in the doctrine that we must keep the natives of Hindooستان in ignorance if we would continue to govern them. The fact is, that they know enough already to do us a great deal of mischief, if they should find it their interest to make the trial. They are in a fair way, by degrees, to acquire

still more knowledge for themselves; and the question is, whether it is not the part of wisdom, as well as duty, to superintend and promote their education while it is yet in our power, and supply them with such knowledge as will be at once most harmless to ourselves and most useful to them.

"In this work the most important part is to give them a better religion. Knowing how strongly I feel on this subject, you will not be surprised at my placing it foremost. But even if Christianity were out of the question, and if, when I had wheeled away the rubbish of the old pagodas, I had nothing better than simple deism to erect in their stead, I should still feel some of the anxiety which now urges me. It is necessary to *see* idolatry, to be fully sensible of its mischievous effects on the human mind. But of all idolatries which I have ever read or heard of, the religion of the Hindoos, in which I have taken some pains to inform myself, really appears to me the worst, both in the degrading notions which it gives of the Deity; in the endless round of its burdensome ceremonies, which occupy the time and distract the thoughts, without either instructing or interesting its votaries; in the filthy acts of uncleanness and cruelty not only permitted but enjoined, and inseparably interwoven with those ceremonies; in the system of castes, a system which tends, more than any thing else, the Devil has yet invented, to destroy the feelings of general benevolence, and to make nine-tenths of mankind the hopeless slaves of the remainder; and in the total absence of any popular system of morals, or any single lesson, which the people at large ever hear, to live virtuously and do good to each other. I do not say, indeed, that there are not some scattered lessons of this kind to be found in their ancient books; but those books are neither accessible to the people at large, nor are these last permitted to read them; and, in general, all the sins which a Sudra is taught to fear, are, killing a cow, offending a Brahmin, or neglecting one of the many frivolous rites by which their deities are supposed to be conciliated. Accordingly, though the general sobriety of the Hindoos (a virtue which they possess in common with most inhabitants of warm climates) affords a very great facility to the maintenance of public order and decorum, I really never have met with a race of men whose standard of morality is so low, who feel so little apparent shame in being detected in a falsehood, or so little interest in the sufferings of a neighbour not being of their own caste or family; whose ordinary and familiar conversation is so licentious; or, in the wilder and more lawless districts, who shed blood with so little repugnance. The good qualities which there are among them (and, thank God! there is a great deal of good among them still) are, in no instance that I am aware of, connected with, or arising out of, their religion, since it is in no instance to good deeds or virtuous habits of life that the future rewards in which they believe are promised. Their bravery, their fidelity to their employers, their temperance, and (wherever these are found) their humanity and gentleness of disposition, appear to arise exclusively from a natural happy temperament;

\* This is probably rather loosely said; that is, if, as we suspect, Bishop Heber alludes to the same place of which we have a description in Dr. Henderson's "Russian Travels." (See the article on that book, Quarterly Review, p. 363.)

from an honourable pride in their own renown, and the renown of their ancestors; and from the goodness of God, who seems unwilling that his image should be entirely defaced even in the midst of the grossest error. The Mussulmans have a far better creed; and though they seldom either like the English or are liked by them, I am inclined to think are, on the whole, a better people. Yet, even with them, the forms of their worship have a natural tendency to make men hypocrites, and the overweening contempt with which they are inspired for all the world beside, the degradation of their women by the system of polygamy, and the detestable crimes, which, owing to this degradation, are almost universal, are such as, even if I had no ulterior hope, would make me anxious to attract them to a better or more harmless system. In this work, thank God, in those parts of India which I have visited, a beginning has been made, and a degree of success obtained, at least commensurate to the few years during which our missionaries have laboured; and it is still going on, *in the best and safest way, as the work of private persons alone, and although not forbidden, in no degree encouraged, by government.*

"In the mean time, and as an useful auxiliary to the missionaries, the establishment of elementary schools for the lower classes and for females is going on to a very great extent, and might be carried to any conceivable extent to which our pecuniary means would carry us. Nor is there any measure from which I anticipate more speedy benefit than the elevation of the rising generation of females to their natural rank in society, and giving them (which is all that, in any of our schools, we as yet venture to give) the lessons of general morality extracted from the Gospel, without any direct religious instruction. These schools, such of them at least as I have any concern with, are carried on without any help from government. Government has, however, been very liberal in its grants both to a Society for National Education, and in the institution and support of two colleges of Hindoo students of riper age, the one at Benares, the other at Calcutta. But I do not think any of these institutions, in the way after which they are at present conducted, likely to do much good. In the elementary schools supported by the former, through a very causeless and ridiculous fear of giving offence to the natives, they have forbidden the use of the Scriptures, or any extracts from them, though the moral lessons of the gospel are read by all Hindoos who can get hold of them, without scruple and with much attention; and though their exclusion is tantamount to excluding all moral instruction from their schools, the Hindoo sacred writings having nothing of the kind, and, if they had, being shut up from the majority of the people by the double fence of a dead language and an actual prohibition to read them, as too holy for common eyes or ears. The defects of the latter will appear when I have told you that the actual state of Hindoo and Mussulman literature, *mutatis mutandis* very nearly resembles what the literature of Europe was before the time of Galileo, Copernicus, and Bacon. The Mussulmans take their logic from Aristotle, fil-

tered through many successive translations and commentaries, and their metaphysical system is professedly derived from Plato ("Filatoun.") The Hindoos have systems not very dissimilar from these, though, I am told, of greater length and more intricacy; but the studies in which they spend most time are the acquisition of the Sanscrit, and the endless refinements of its Grammar, Prosody and Poetry. Both have the same Natural Philosophy, which is also that of Aristotle in Zoology and Botany, and Ptolemy in Astronomy, for which the Hindoos have forsaken their most ancient notions of the seven seas, the six earths, and the flat base of Padalon, supported on the back of a tortoise. By the science which they now possess, they are, some of them, able to foretell an eclipse, or compose an almanac; and many of them derive some little pecuniary advantage from pretensions to judicial astrology. In Medicine and Chemistry, they are just sufficiently advanced to talk of substances being moist, dry, hot, &c. in the third or fourth degree; to dissuade from letting blood or physicking on a Tuesday, or under a particular aspect of the heavens; and to be eager in their pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Immortality.

"The task of enlightening the studious youth of such a nation would seem to be a tolerably straightforward one. But though, for the college in Calcutta, (not Bishop's College remember, but the Vidhalya, or Hindoo College), an expensive set of instruments has been sent out, and it seems intended that the natural sciences should be studied there, the Managers of the present institution take care that their boys should have as little time as possible for such pursuits, by requiring from them all without exception a laborious study of Sanscrit, and all the useless and worse than useless literature of their ancestors. A good deal of this has been charged (and in some little degree charged with justice) against the exclusive attention paid to Greek and Logic till lately in Oxford. But in Oxford we have never been guilty (since a better system was known in the world at large) of teaching the *Physics* of Aristotle, however we may have paid an excessive attention to his *Metaphysics* and *Dialectics*.—In Benares, however, I found, in the institution supported by Government, a professor lecturing on astronomy after the system of Ptolemy and Almanazar, while one of the most forward boys was at the pains of casting my horoscope; and the majority of the school were toiling at Shanscreet grammar. And yet, the day before, in the same holy city, I had visited another college, founded lately by a wealthy Hindoo banker, and intrusted by him to the management of the Church Missionary Society, in which, besides a grammatical knowledge of the Hindooostanee language, as well as Persian and Arabic, the senior boys could pass a good examination in English grammar, in Hume's History of England, Joyce's Scientific Dialogues, the use of the globes, and the principal facts and moral precepts of the Gospel, most of them writing beautifully in the Persian, and very tolerably in the English, character, and excelling most boys I have met with in the accuracy and readiness of their arithme-

tic. The English officer who is now in charge of the Benares Vidhalya is a clever and candid young man, and under him I look forward to much improvement. . . . Ram-Mohun-Roy, a learned native, who has sometimes been called, though I fear without reason, a Christian, remonstrated against this system last year, in a paper which he sent to me to put into Lord Amherst's hands, and which, for its good English, good sense, and forcible argument, is a real curiosity, as coming from an Asiatic."

In another part of the same letter, the Bishop treats incidentally of a topic, with their inattention to which both Professor Von Schlegel and his brother have bitterly reproached the English—the architectural antiquities of Hindostan.

"I had myself (says he) heard much of these before I set out, and had met with many persons, both in Europe and at Calcutta (where nothing of the kind exists) who spoke of the present natives of India as a degenerate race, whose inability to rear such splendid piles, was a proof that these last belong to a remote antiquity. I have seen however enough to convince me both that the Indian masons and architects of the present day only want patrons sufficiently wealthy or sufficiently zealous to do all which their fathers have done, and that there are very few structures here, which can, on any satisfactory grounds, be referred to a date so early as the greater part of our own cathedrals. Often, in Upper Hindostan, and still more frequently in Rajapootam and Malwah, I have met with new and unfinished shrines, cisterns, and ghâts, as beautifully carved and as well proportioned as the best of those of an earlier day. And though there are many buildings and ruins which exhibit a most venerable appearance, there are many causes in this country which give this appearance prematurely. In the first instance we ourselves have a complex impression made on us by the sight of edifices so distant from our own country, and so unlike whatever we have seen there. We multiply, as it were, the geographical and moral distance into the chronological, and can hardly persuade ourselves that we are contemporaries with an object so far removed in every other respect. Besides this, however, the firmest masonry in these climates is sorely tried by the alternate influence of a pulverizing sun, and a continued three months' rain. The wild fig-tree (*pupul* or *ficus religiosa*), which no Hindoo can root out, or even lop, without a deadly sin, soon sows its seeds and fixes its roots in the joints of the arching, and being of rapid growth, at the same time, and in a very few years, increases its picturesque and antique appearance, and secures its eventual destruction; lastly, no man in this country repairs or completes what his father has begun, preferring to begin something else by which his own name may be remembered. Accordingly, at Dacca are many fine ruins, which at first impressed me with a great idea of their age. Yet Dacca is a modern city, founded or at least raised from insignificance, under Shah Géhangise, in A.D. 1608; and the tradition of the place is, that these fine buildings were erected by European architects in the service of the then governor. At Be-

nares, the principal temple has an appearance so venerable, that one might suppose it to have stood unaltered ever since the Treta Yug, and that Mena and Capila had performed austerities within its precincts. Yet it is historically certain that all the Hindoo temples of consequence in Benares were pulled down by Au-rungzebe, the contemporary of Charles the Second, and that the present structure must have been raised since that time. The observatories of Benares, Delhi, and Jagepoor, I heard spoken of in the carelessness of conversation, not only as extremely curious in themselves (which they certainly are), but as monuments of the *ancient* science of the Hindoos. All three, however, are known to be the work of the Rajah Jye Singh, who died in 1742!

"A remote antiquity is, with better reason, claimed for some idols of black stone, and elegant columns of the same material, which have been collected in different parts of the districts of Rotas, Purnem, &c. These belong to the religion of a sect (the Boohists) of which no remains are now found in those provinces. But I have myself seen images exactly similar in the newly erected temples of the Jains, a sect of Boohists, still wealthy and numerous in Guzerat, Rajapootam, and Malwah: and in a country where there is literally no history, it is impossible to say how long since, or how lately, they may have lost their ground in the more eastern parts of Gundwana.

"In the wilds which I have lately been traversing, at Chittore Ghur more particularly, there are some very beautiful buildings, of which the date was obviously assigned at random, and which might be five hundred or one thousand, or a hundred and fifty years old, for all their present guardians know about the matter. But it must be always borne in mind that one thousand years are just as easily said as ten, and that in the mouth of a Cicerone they are sometimes thought to sound rather better.

"The oldest things which I have seen, of which the date could be at all ascertained are some detached blocks of marble, with inscriptions, but of no appalling remoteness; and two remarkable pillars of black mixed metal, in a Patan forest near Delhi, and at Cuttab-Misar in the same neighbourhood: both covered with inscriptions, which nobody can now read, but both mentioned in Mussulman history as in their present situation at the time when "the Believers" conquered Delhi, about A.D. 1000. But what is this to the date of the Parthenon? Or how little can these trifling relics bear a comparison with the works of Greece and Egypt?

"Ellora and Elephanta I have not yet seen. I can believe all which is said of their size and magnificence; but they are without date or inscription: they are, I understand, not mentioned, even incidentally, in any Sanscrit MS. Their images, &c. are the same with those now worshipped in every part of India, and there have been many Rajahs and wealthy individuals in every age of Indian history who have possessed the means of carving a huge stone-quarry into a cathedral. To our cathedrals, after all, they are, I understand, very inferior in size. All which

can be known is, that Elephanta must probably have been begun (whether it was ever finished seems very doubtful) before the arrival of the Portuguese at Bombay; and that Ellora may reasonably be concluded to have been erected in a time of peace under a Hindoo prince, and therefore either before the first Afghan conquest, or subsequently, during the recovered independence of that part of Candeish and the Deccan. This is no great matter certainly, and it *may* be older; but all I say is, that we have no reason to conclude it is so, and the impression on my mind decidedly accords with Mill—that the Hindoos, after all, though they have doubtless existed from very great antiquity as an industrious and civilized people, had made no great progress in the arts and took all their notions of magnificence from the models furnished by their Mahometan conquerors."

He closes this letter with some remarks on the Burmese war.—We must repeat the date—  
March 14, 1825:—

"We are now engaged, as you are aware, in a very expensive and tedious war, in countries whither the Mahometans were never able to penetrate. This tediousness, together with the partial reverses which the armies have sustained, have given rise to all manner of evil reports among the people of Hindoostan, and to a great deal of grumbling and discontent among the English. After all, I cannot myself perceive that there is any body to blame. Every body cried out for war in the first instance as necessary to the honour of the government, and murmured greatly against Lord Amherst for not being more ready than he was to commence it. Of the country which we were to invade, no intelligence could be obtained, and, in fact, our armies have had little to contend with except a most impracticable and unknown country. It is unfortunate, however, that, after a year and a half of war, we should, except in point of dear-bought experience, be no further advanced than at the beginning; and there are very serious grounds for apprehending that if any great calamity occurred in the East, a storm would follow on our North-western and Western frontier, which, with our present means, it would be by no means easy to allay. Something, however, has been gained: if we can do little harm to the Birmans, it is evident, from their conduct in the field, that, beyond their own jungles, they can do still less harm to us. And the inhabitants of Calcutta, who, about this time last year, were asking leave to send their property into the citadel, and packing off their wives and children across the river, will hardly again look forward to seeing their war-boats on the salt-water lake, or the golden umbrellas of their chiefs erected on the top of St. John's cathedral. I was then thought little better than a madman for venturing to Dacca. Now the members of government are called all manner of names because their troops have found unexpected difficulty in marching to Ummearpoora."

His sojourn at Bombay was rendered somewhat remarkable by the arrival, nearly at the same time, of a bishop from Antioch, to superintend that part of the Syrian church which

refuses allegiance to the Pope. After a suspension, for some years, of all intercourse with the country from which its faith originally sprung, and which in later times, by a fresh supply of ministers, had enabled it to throw off, in a great measure, the usurpations of the church of Rome enforced by the Portuguese, it was now destined to rejoice once more in a nursing-father from Syria. The favourable disposition of this branch of the Syro-Malabaric church towards our own had long been known. It is a curious fact, however, and one that may be new to our readers, that Principal Mill, in 1822, found their college and parochial schools at Cottayam, under the direction of three clergymen of the Church of England, who, without compromising their own views, gave no offence to the Metropolitan, who consulted and employed them; using for themselves and their own families the English Liturgy at one of his chapels; and condemning by their silence those portions of the Syrian ritual which, as Protestants, they could not approve, and which they trusted the gradual influence of the knowledge they were helping to disseminate would at length, and by regular authority, undermine. Nor was this friendly feeling less conspicuous in the readiness with which Mar Athanasius (the Syrian prelate) attended the service at Bombay according to the English forms, and received the communion at the hands of Bishop Heber. Neither was it likely to be diminished by a small viaticum for the prosecution of his journey to Malabar, and a donation to the poor students in theology at Cottayam, which the Bishop was enabled to bestow from the bounty of the Christian Knowledge Society,—an application of their funds which, if disapproved—(he writes with his usual modesty and disinterestedness)—"I will most cheerfully replace."

We think it right to quote a passage from another letter, addressed, while at Bombay, to the same correspondent to whom the Bishop wrote from *Burrear*:

"The attention of all India is fixed on the siege of Bhurtpore, in Rajapootana, on the event of which, far more than on any thing which may happen in the Birman empire, the renown of the British arms, and the permanency of the British empire in Asia must depend. The Jats are the finest people in bodily advantages and apparent martial spirit whom I have seen in India, and their country one of the most fertile and best cultivated. Having once beaten off Lord Lake from their city, they have ever since not only regarded themselves as invincible, but have been so esteemed by the greater part of the Mahrattas, Rajapoots, &c. who have always held up their example as the rallying point and main encouragement to resistance, insomuch that, even when I was passing through Malwah, "galante shows," like those carried about by the Savoyards, were exhibited at the fairs and in the towns of that wild district, which displayed, among other patriotic and popular scenes, the red-coats driven back in dismay from the ramparts, and the victorious Jats pursuing them sabre in hand. Their fortress, too, has really all the advantages which can arise from an excellent situation, an unpoising profile, a deep

and wide ditch, a good show of cannon, and a very numerous and hardy garrison; while the means which Sir D. Ochterlony has been able to collect against it, though really far more considerable than could, under all circumstances, have been expected, are described in a letter from General Reynell as *very barely* adequate to all which they have to do,—and the present intensely hot season is a circumstance greatly unfavourable. Still I do not find that any of my military acquaintance respond. On the contrary, they all appear to rejoice at the opportunity offered for effacing the former very injurious impression which had been made by Lord Lake's failure, though they admit that, should our army fail again, few events would go so near to fulfil the shouts of the mob a few months back in the streets of Delhi:—"Company ka raj ho guin!" "The rule of the Company is at an end." Meantime, heartily as I desire the success of our arms, and the more so because the cause, I believe, is really a just one; I am very sorry for the Jâts themselves, with whose rough independent manner I was much pleased; and who showed me all possible civilities and hospitality in passing through their country. . . . But this is one among many proofs which have fallen under my notice, how impossible it is to govern these remote provinces from Calcutta, and how desirable it is to establish a separate presidency for Northern and Central India, either at Agra, Meerut, or perhaps Sangor."—*Letter dated Bombay, May 10, 1825.*

Ceylon, which Heber next visited, might seem to be a Paradise on earth. Gentle undulations of what in England might be called well-dressed lawn (we speak of the S. W. quarter)—rivers rapid, deep, clear—cocoa-palms peeping forth from vast tracts of jungle, and marking to an experienced eye the site of some sequestered village—mountain-sierras of no inconsiderable height, and of shapes the most fantastic—plants of all hues, the choicest ornaments of an English hot-house—precious stones of every variety, unless, perhaps, the emerald—such are some of the riches of Ceylon. But the picture has its deep shadows.—Along the borders of those romantic streams there lurks an air, that no man can breathe long, and live;—a fact the more remarkable, as the tanks or standing pools of the same country are said to exhale an atmosphere of health, and to one of these Kandy has been supposed to owe its comparative salubrity.—Snakes and other reptiles are so abundant, so active, and so deadly, that but few birds are seen, and, for the songsters of an English grove, the traveller must be content to receive in exchange "apes that mow and chatter at him," as if the island were Prospero's. Female infanticide is reported to prevail in some districts to a considerable extent; and we can easily believe this of a country in which several brothers of the same family are accustomed to share the same wife; and, to crown all, at night the blaze of the sacrifice, the dance, and the drum, proclaim that those who worship at all, worship the devil. Yet, with all this, the island holds out a prospect of better things.—The noble experiment of Sir Alexander Johnstone, as to the introduction of a species of

jury trial, appears to have been crowned with most encouraging success. The prejudices of caste is far less powerful than on the continent; and the Dutch had long ago established in it a system of parochial schools and parochial preaching, which, though for some time fallen into decay, the Bishop hoped, with the concurrence of government, which he solicited, to restore to more than former usefulness, and connect with the national church. Meanwhile, as a secondary measure, he moved the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to establish one or more central schools in the island, for the board and education of a certain number of native Christian youths, who might thus be qualified to act as school-masters; and, in case of promising talents, become recruits for the college at Calcutta, thence to return in due time, and shed blessings on their native island. Before quitting Ceylon, the Bishop paid a visit to Kandy—a spot where the honour of England suffered a stain, and which our troops must have taken possession of once more, with feelings not unlike those of the army of Germanicus, when they reached the secluded scene where the legions of Varus had left their bones to whiten. Little, indeed, could it have been thought, twelve years before, that a capital which was then the den of the most blood-thirsty and treacherous savage that ever disgraced a throne, and in whom, if his subjects must needs have a devil to adore, they might have found him to their hands, was destined so soon to be the peaceful abode of a Christian minister, and the resting-place of a most Christian Bishop.

After an absence of about fifteen months, in October, 1825, he again arrived at Calcutta, where he remained long enough to make his reports to England—to preside at meetings where his presence was required—to hold an ordination, and, what was of no small importance, to promote the building of a church in the native town at Calcutta, where service might be performed by the missionaries on the spot, or in the neighbourhood, in the Bengalee and Hindostanee languages, according to the Liturgy of the Church of England. Such a measure had been adopted elsewhere with the happiest effects, amongst the Hindoos, a people remarkably alive to what is graceful and decorous in external worship; and here, it was hoped, might prevent the few right ideas, which the youths had gathered at the schools, or in the perusal of Christian books, from being entirely effaced by the idolatrous practices they were daily condemned to witness.

This done, the Bishop hastened to Madras, a presidency which he had reserved for a separate visitation, and wherein it was ordained that he should end his course. On Good Friday, he preached at Combaconum, on the crucifixion; and on Easter Sunday, at Tanjore, on the resurrection. The day following he held a confirmation at the same place; and in the evening delivered an address to the assembled missionaries, as he stood near the grave of Schwartz, a name which he had ever venerated. He arrived at Trichinopoly on the first of April, 1826, and the same evening wrote a letter, of which the following is a part:—

"I have been passing the last four days in

the society of a Hindoo prince, the Rajah of Tanjore, who quotes Fourcroy, Lavoisier, Linnaeus, and Buffon, as fluently as Lady Morgan—has formed a more accurate judgment of the poetical merits of Shakspeare than that so felicitously expressed by Lord Byron—and has actually emitted English poetry very superior indeed to Rousseau's Epitaph on Shenstone—at the same time that he is much respected by the English officers in his neighbourhood as a real good judge of a horse, and a cool, bold, and deadly shot at a tiger. The truth is, that he is an extraordinary man, who, having in early youth received such an education as old Schwartz, the celebrated Missionary, could give him, has ever since continued, in the midst of many disadvantages, to preserve his taste for, and extend his knowledge of, European literature, while he has never neglected the active exercises and frank soldierly bearing which become the descendant of the old Mahratta conquerors, and by which only, in the present state of things, he has it in his power to gratify the prejudices of his people, and prolong his popularity among them. Had he lived in the days of Hyder, he would have been a formidable ally or enemy, for he is, by the testimony of all in his neighbourhood, bold, popular, and insinuating. At present, with less power than an English nobleman, he holds his head high, and appears contented; and the print of Buonaparte which hangs in his library is so neutralized by that of Lord Hastings in full costume, that it can do no harm to any body.

To finish the portrait of Maha Rajah Sarboju, I should tell you that he is a strong-built and very handsome middle-aged man, with eyes and nose like a fine hawk, and very bushy gray mustachios—generally very splendidly dressed, but with no effeminacy of ornament, and looking and talking more like a favourable specimen of a French general officer than any other object of comparison which occurs to me. His son, Rajah Sewaju (so named after their great ancestor) is a pale, sickly lad of seventeen, who also speaks English, but imperfectly, and on whose account his father lamented, with much apparent concern, the impossibility which he had found of obtaining any tolerable instruction in Tanjore. I was moved at this, and offered to take him with me in my present tour, and afterwards to Calcutta, where he might have apartments in my house, and be introduced into good English society; at the same time, that I would superintend his studies, and procure for him the best masters which India affords. The father and son, in different ways, the one catching at the idea with great eagerness, the other as if he were afraid to say all he wished, seemed both very well pleased with the proposal.—Both, however, on consulting together, expressed a doubt of the mother's concurrence; and, accordingly, next day, I had a very civil message, through the Resident, that the Ranee had already lost two sons; that this survivor was a sickly boy; that she was sure he would not come back alive, and it would kill her to part with him; but that all the family joined in gratitude, &c. &c.

"So poor Sewaju must chew betel, and sit in the Zenanah, and pursue the other amuse-

ments of the common race of Hindoo Princes, until he is gathered to those heroic forms, who, girded with long swords, with hawks on their wrists, and garments like those of the king of spades (whose portrait-painter, as I guess, has been retained for this family), adorn the principal room in the palace. Sarboju (the father) has not trusted his own immortality to records like these; he has put up a colossal marble statue of himself by Flaxman, in one of his halls of audience, and his figure is introduced on the monument (also by Flaxman) which he has raised in the mission church to the memory of his tutor, Schwartz, as grasping the hand of the dying saint, and receiving his blessing.

"Of Schwartz and his fifty years' labour among the heathen, the extraordinary influence and popularity which he acquired, both with Mussulmans, Hindoos, and contending European governments, I need give you no account, except that my idea of him has been raised since I came into the south of India. I used to suspect that, with many admirable qualities, there was too great a mixture of intrigue in his character, that he was too much of a political prophet, and that the veneration which the heathen paid, and still pay him, (and which, indeed, almost regards him as a superior being, putting crowns and burning lights before his statue,) was purchased by some unwarrantable compromise with their prejudices. I find I was quite mistaken. He was really one of the most active and fearless (as he was one of the most successful) missionaries who have appeared since the Apostles. To say that he was disinterested in regard to money is nothing; he was perfectly careless of power, and renown never seemed to affect him even so far as to induce an outward show of humility. His temper was perfectly simple, open, and cheerful; and in his political negotiations (employments which he never sought, but which fell in his way) he never pretended to impartiality, but acted as the avowed, though certainly the successful and judicious agent of the orphan prince intrusted to his care, and from attempting whose conversion to Christianity he seems to have abstained, from a feeling of honour. His other converts were between six and seven thousand, besides those which his predecessors and companions in the cause had brought over. The number is gradually increasing, and there are now in the south of India about two hundred Protestant congregations, the numbers of which have been sometimes vaguely stated at forty thousand. I doubt whether they reach fifteen thousand; but even this, all things considered, is a great number. The Roman Catholics are considerably more numerous, but belong to a lower caste of Indians, (for even these Christians retain many prejudices of caste,) and in point of knowledge and morality, are said to be extremely inferior.

"The Brahmins, being limited to voluntary votaries, have now often very hard work to speed the ponderous wheels of Suon and Bali through the deep lanes of this fertile country. This is, however, still the most favoured land of Brahminism, and the temples are larger and more beautiful than any which I have seen in

Northern India. They are also decidedly older; but as to their very remote age, I am still incredulous."

The date of this letter gives it a melancholy interest. It was probably the last that this admirable man wrote. Next day being Sunday, he again preached and confirmed, a rite which he administered once more on Monday morning in the Fort Church. He returned home to breakfast; but before sitting down, took a cold bath, as he had done the two preceding days. His attendant, thinking that he staid more than the usual time, entered the apartment, and found the body at the bottom of the water, with the face downwards. The usual restoratives of bleeding, friction, and inflating the lungs, were instantly tried, but life was gone, and, on opening the head, it was discovered that a vessel had burst on the brain, in consequence, as the medical men agreed, of the sudden plunge into the water whilst he was warm and exhausted. His remains were deposited, with every mark of respect and unfeigned sorrow, on the north side of the altar of St. John's church at Trichinopoly.

The disastrous intelligence of his decease was communicated with every caution to his unfortunate widow (who had been left at Calcutta with her two children) by her relation, Lord Combermere. She is left to mourn an irreparable loss, but not without that resignation and acquiescence in the will of Providence, which the precepts and example of her husband were so calculated to inspire and confirm in her mind.

True it is that an apparent accident was the immediate cause of the abrupt termination of the Bishop's life, but it may well be thought that his constitution was becoming more frail and susceptible of injury through his unremitting exertions—exertions which he was led to make by habits formed in a more temperate climate—by a fear which beset him of sinking into that supineness which a residence in India is so apt to engender—and by a spirit thoroughly interested in the pursuit of the great object before him. So long as this immense portion of the globe, extending from St. Helena to New Holland, is consigned to the ecclesiastical superintendence of one man, and that one man is not deterred from doing his best by the impossibility of doing much, it is to be feared there must be a certain waste of valuable life; for what European, arriving in India at the age which a bishop has usually reached before he obtains his appointment, is likely to preserve his health long, in the midst of the disquietudes attending a new establishment—remote from the mother country—incomplete in its subordinate parts—in its fruits perpetually disappointing the hopes and efforts of the labourer—whilst to all this must be added, the extreme difficulty (to say the least of it) of timing all the journeys right, where so many, and of such length, must be made, and of always selecting for them those seasons of the year, and those hours of the day, which are least deadly."

\* We are happy to learn, as this is going through the press, that India is about to be divided into several separate dioceses.

Thus did this faithful servant of God, in the 43d year of his age, and the third of his episcopacy, labouring to the last in the cause that was nearest his heart, and, like Fletcher of Maudely, almost expiring in the very act of duty. The world may honour his memory as it will, though such as were best acquainted with him can scarcely hope that it should do him justice; for he had attached himself to no party, either in church or state, and therefore had secured no party-advocates; and of forms, by which mankind at large (for the want of less fallacious means of estimating character) are almost compelled to abide, he was not, perhaps, a very diligent observer: but in India a strong sense of his worth has manifested itself, as it were, by acclamation. At Madras, a meeting was held, a few days after his death, in the Government Gardens, the excellent Sir Thomas Munro in the chair, where to say that lamentation was made over him would be a weak word—there was a burst of affectionate feeling, which proves, were proof wanting, how grievous a loss the cause of Christianity has sustained in the removal of an advocate whose heart and head were equally fitted to recommend it. A subscription was forthwith commenced on a scale of Indian munificence, for a monument, to be erected to him in St. George's church; and this was taken up with the warmest zeal every where, and among all ranks and conditions of men throughout the presidency.\* At Bombay it was determined to found a scholarship for that presidency, at the college at Calcutta, to be called Bishop Heber's Scholarship—a testimony of respect the most appropriate that could have been devised; and examples so generous have not been lost upon the capital of Bengal.

It is very pleasing to hear all this. Still, none could know him truly as he was, without visiting (as we have done) the parish where he had chiefly resided from his childhood upwards—where he had been seen as the son, the husband, the father, the brother, the master, above all, as the shepherd of the flock. There, we are told, the tidings of his death were received by all as if each had lost a personal friend: and though a considerable interval had elapsed since he bade them farewell, their sorrow was as fresh as if he had just breathed his last under that roof which, in doubt, in difficulty, and in distress, had so frequently been their refuge. These are arguments of his worth the most genuine that can be offered, and which it would now be injurious to suppress; others may speak of the richness of his conversation, the playfulness of his fancy, the delicacy of his taste, of the almost unequalled vigour and retentiveness of his memory, which, had it not been overshadowed by higher intellectual qualities, would alone have constituted him an extraordinary man—of that memory which always supplied him with the apposite quotation, the suitable illustration, the decisive authority—but it has been the main object of these pages (however imperfectly attained) to discover something of "the hidden

\* The *native* subscriptions in the lists are numerous, beyond what we could have believed.

man of the heart," and to hold out to those who cannot hope to rival the high endowments of Bishop Heber, or to follow him in the public and splendid parts of his career, the imitation of those virtues which the under-current, as well as the palpable course, of his life presented—of his charity, his humility, his abandonment of every selfish feeling, his piety, at once enthusiastic and practical, exhibited in the unobtrusive and heart-felt purity of his own life, and in the tempered fervour and happy fruits of his labours as a minister of the gospel.

*From the Literary Gazette.*

THE SISTERS.

They grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition :  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;  
So with two seeming bodies but one heart.

Shakespeare.

I saw them when their bud of life  
Was slowly opening into flower,  
Before a cloud of care or strife  
Had burst above their natal bower,—  
Ere this world's blight had marred a grace  
That mantled o'er each sparkling face.

What were they then? Two twinkling stars—  
The youngest of an April sky—  
Far, far from earth and earth-born jars,  
Together shining peacefully,—  
Now borrowing, now dispensing light,  
Radiant as hope, and calm as bright!

What were they then? Two limpid streams  
Through Life's green vale in beauty gliding,  
Mingling like half-forgotten dreams;—  
Now 'neath the gloom of willows hiding,  
Now dancing o'er the turf away,  
In playful waves and glittering spray.

I see them as I saw them then,  
With careless brows and laughing eyes;  
They flash upon my soul again  
With all their infant witcheries,—  
Two gladsome spirits, sent on earth  
As envoys from the muse of mirth!

Such Fancy's dreams—but never more  
May Fancy with such dreams be fed;  
Those buds have withered to their core,  
Before their leaves had time to spread,—  
Those stars are fallen from on high—  
Those twin bright streams for ever dry!

Whilst Spring was gladdening all the skies,  
Mid blooming flowers and sunny weather,  
Death came to them, in gentlest guise,  
And smote them, in his love, together:  
In concert thus they lived and died,  
And still lie slumbering side by side.

March 27, 1827.

ALERIC A. WATTS.

*From the Edinburgh Review.*

MACHIAVELLI.\*

Those who have attended to the practice of our literary tribunal, are well aware that, by

\* *Œuvres complètes de Machiavel, traduites par J. V. Périer. Paris, 1825.*

means of certain legal fictions similar to those of Westminster Hall, we are frequently enabled to take cognizance of cases lying beyond the sphere of our original jurisdiction. We need hardly say, therefore, that, in the present instance, M. Périer is merely a Richard Roe—that his name is used for the sole purpose of bringing Machiavelli into court—and that he will not be mentioned in any subsequent stage of the proceedings.

We doubt whether any name in literary history so generally odious as that of the man whose character and writings we now propose to consider. The terms in which he is commonly described, would seem to import that he was the Tempter, the Evil Principle, the discoverer of ambition and revenge, the original inventor of perjury; that, before the publication of his fatal *Prince*, there had never been a hypocrite, a tyrant, or a traitor, a simulated virtue or a convenient crime. One writer gravely assures us, that Maurice of Saxony learned all his fraudulent policy from that execrable volume. Another remarks, that, since it was translated into Turkish, the Sultans have been more addicted than formerly to the custom of strangling their brothers. Our own foolish Lord Lyttelton charges the poor Florentine with the manifold treasons of the House of Guise, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Several authors have hinted that the Gunpowder Plot is to be primarily attributed to his doctrines, and seem to think that his effigy ought to be substituted for that of Guy Faux, in those processions by which the ingenuous youth of England annually commemorate the preservation of the Three Estates. The Church of Rome has pronounced his works accursed things. Nor have our own countrymen been backward in testifying their opinion of his merits. Out of his surname they have coined an epithet for a knave—and out of his Christian name a synonyme for the Devil.\*

It is indeed scarcely possible for any person, not well acquainted with the history and literature of Italy, to read, without horror and amazement, the celebrated treatise which has brought so much obloquy on the name of Machiavelli. Such a display of wickedness, naked, yet not ashamed, such cool, judicious, scientific atrocity, seem rather to belong to a fiend than to the most depraved of men. Principles which the most hardened ruffian would scarcely hint to his most trusted accomplice, or avow, without the disguise of some palliating sophism, even to his own mind, are professed without the slightest circumlocution, and assumed as the fundamental axioms of all political science.

It is not strange that ordinary readers should regard the author of such a book as the most depraved and shameless of human beings. Wise men, however, have always been inclined to look with great suspicion on the angels and demons of the multitude: and in the present

\* Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,

Tho' he gave his name to our old Nick.

*Hudibras, Part III. Canto I.*

But, we believe, there is a schism on this subject among the Antiquarians.

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instance, several circumstances have led even superficial observers to question the justice of the vulgar decision. It is notorious that Machiavelli was, through life, a zealous republican. In the same year in which he composed his manual of King-craft, he suffered imprisonment and torture in the cause of public liberty. It seems inconceivable that the martyr of freedom should have designedly acted as the apostle of tyranny. Several eminent writers have, therefore, endeavoured to detect, in this unfortunate performance, some concealed meaning, more consistent with the character and conduct of the author than that which appears at the first glance.

One hypothesis is, that Machiavelli intended to practise on the young Lorenzo de Medici, a fraud similar to that which Sunderland is said to have employed against our James the Second,—that he urged his pupil to violent and perfidious measures, as the surest means of accelerating the moment of deliverance and revenge. Another supposition, which Lord Bacon seems to countenance, is, that the treatise was merely a piece of grave irony, intended to warn nations against the arts of ambitious men. It would be easy to show that neither of these solutions is consistent with many passages in the *Prince* itself. But the most decisive refutation is that which is furnished by the other works of Machiavelli. In all the writings which he gave to the public, and in all those which the research of editors has, in the course of three centuries, discovered—in his Comedies, designed for the entertainment of the multitude—in his *Comments on Livy*, intended for the perusal of the most enthusiastic patriots of Florence—in his History, inscribed to one of the most amiable and estimable of the Popes—in his Public Despatches—in his Private Memoranda, the same obliquity of moral principle for which the *Prince* is so severely censured is more or less discernible. We doubt whether it would be possible to find, in all the many volumes of his compositions, a single expression indicating that disimulation and treachery had ever struck him as discreditable.

After this, it may seem ridiculous to say, that we are acquainted with few writings which exhibit so much elevation of sentiment, so pure and warm zeal for the public good, or so just a view of the duties and rights of citizens, as those of Machiavelli. Yet so it is. And even from the *Prince* itself, we could select many passages in support of this remark. To a reader of our age and country, this inconsistency is, at first, perfectly bewildering. The whole man seems to be an enigma—a grotesque assemblage of incongruous qualities—selfishness and generosity, cruelty and benevolence, craft and simplicity, abject villainy and romantic heroism. One sentence is such as a veteran diplomatist would scarcely write in cipher for the direction of his most confidential spy; the next seems to be extracted from a theme composed by an ardent schoolboy on the death of Leonidas. An act of dexterous perfidy, and an act of patriotic self-devotion, call forth the same kind and the same degree of respectful admiration. The moral sensibility of the writer seems at once to be morbidly

obtuse and morbidly acute. Two characters altogether dissimilar are united in him. They are the warp and the woof of his mind; and their combination, like that of the variegated threads in shot silk, gives to the whole texture a glancing and ever-changing appearance. The explanation might have been easy, if he had been a very weak or a very affected man. But he was evidently neither the one nor the other. His works prove, beyond all contradiction, that his understanding was strong, his taste pure, and his sense of the ridiculous exquisitely keen.

This is strange—and yet the strangest is behind. There is no reason whatever to think, that those amongst whom he lived saw any thing shocking or incongruous in his writings. Abundant proofs remain of the high estimation in which both his works and his person were held by the most respectable among his contemporaries. Clement the Seventh patronized the publication of those very books which the Council of Trent, in the following generation, pronounced unfit for the perusal of Christians. Some members of the democratical party censured the Secretary for dedicating the *Prince* to a patron who bore the unpopular name of Medici. But to those immoral doctrines which have since called forth such severe reprehensions, no exception appears to have been taken. The cry against them was first raised beyond the Alps—and seems to have been heard with amazement in Italy. The earliest assailant, as far as we are aware, was a countryman of our own, Cardinal Pole. The author of the *Anti-Machiavelli* was a French Protestant.

It is, therefore, in the state of moral feeling among the Italians of those times, that we must seek for the real explanation of what seems most mysterious in the life and writings of this remarkable man. As this is a subject which suggests many interesting considerations, both political and metaphysical, we shall make no apology for discussing it at some length.

During the gloomy and disastrous centuries which followed the downfall of the Roman Empire, Italy had preserved, in a far greater degree than any other part of Western Europe, the traces of ancient civilization. The night which descended upon her was the night of an Arctic summer:—the dawn began to reappear before the last reflection of the preceding sunset had faded from the horizon. It was in the time of the French Merovingians, and of the Saxon Heptarchy, that ignorance and ferocity seemed to have done their worst. Yet even then the Neapolitan provinces, recognising the authority of the Eastern Empire, preserved something of Eastern knowledge and refinement. Rome, protected by the sacred character of its Pontiffs, enjoyed at least comparative security and repose. Even in those regions where the sanguinary Lombards had fixed their monarchy, there was incomparably more of wealth, of information, of physical comfort, and of social order, than could be found in Gaul, Britain, or Germany.

That which most distinguished Italy from the neighbouring countries, was the importance which the population of the towns, from

a very early period, began to acquire. Some cities founded in wild and remote situations, by fugitives who had escaped from the rage of the barbarians, preserved their freedom by their obscurity, till they became able to preserve it by their power. Others seemed to have retained, under all the changing dynasties of invaders, under Odoacer and Theodoric, Narses and Alboin, the municipal institutions which had been conferred on them by the liberal policy of the Great Republic. In provinces which the central government was too feeble either to protect or to oppress, these institutions first acquired stability and vigour. The citizens, defended by their walls, and governed by their own magistrates and their own by-laws, enjoyed a considerable share of republican independence. Thus a strong democratic spirit was called into action. The Carlovingian sovereigns were too imbecile to subdue it. The generous policy of Otho encouraged it. It might perhaps have been suppressed by a close coalition between the Church and the Empire. It was fostered and invigorated by their disputes. In the twelfth century it attained its full vigour, and, after a long and doubtful conflict, triumphed over the abilities and courage of the Swabian Princes.

The assistance of the Ecclesiastical Power had greatly contributed to the success of the Guelphs. That success would, however, have been a doubtful good, if its only effect had been to substitute a moral for a political servitude, to exalt the Popes at the expense of the Caesars. Happily the public mind of Italy had long contained the seeds of free opinions, which were now rapidly developed by the genial influence of free institutions. The people of that country had observed the whole machinery of the church, its saints and its miracles, its lofty pretensions and its splendid ceremonial, its worthless blessings and its harmless curses, too long and too closely to be duped. They stood behind the scenes on which others were gazing with childish awe and interest. They witnessed the arrangement of the pulleys, and the manufacture of the thunders. They saw the natural faces, and heard the natural voices of the actors. Distant nations looked on the Pope as the vice-regent of the Almighty, the Oracle of the All-wise, the umpire from whose decisions, in the disputes either of theologians or of kings, no Christian ought to appeal. The Italians were acquainted with all the follies of his youth, and with all the dishonest arts by which he had attained power. They knew how often he had employed the keys of the church to release himself from the most sacred engagements, and its wealth to pamper his mistresses and nephews. The doctrines and rites of the established religion they treated with decent reverence. But though they still called themselves Catholics, they had ceased to be Papists. Those spiritual arms which carried terror into the palaces and camps of the proudest sovereigns, excited only their contempt. When Alexander commanded our Henry the Second to submit to the lash before the tomb of a rebellious subject, he was himself an exile. The Romans, apprehending that he entertained designs against their liberties, had driven him from their city; and

though he solemnly promised to confine himself for the future to his spiritual functions, they still refused to readmit him.

In every other part of Europe, a large and powerful privileged class trampled on the people, and defied the government. But, in the most flourishing parts of Italy, the feudal nobles were reduced to comparative insignificance. In some districts they took shelter under the protection of the powerful commonwealths which they were unable to oppose, and gradually sunk into the mass of burghers. In others they possessed great influence; but it was an influence widely different from that which was exercised by the chieftains of the Transalpine kingdoms. They were not petty princes, but eminent citizens. Instead of strengthening their fastnesses among the mountains, they embellished their palaces in the market-place. The state of society in the Neapolitan dominions, and in some parts of the Ecclesiastical State, more nearly resembled that which existed in the great monarchies of Europe. But the governments of Lombardy and Tuscany, through all their revolutions, preserved a different character. A people, when assembled in a town, is far more formidable to its rulers than when dispersed over a wide extent of country. The most arbitrary of the Caesars found it necessary to feed and divert the inhabitants of their unwieldy capital at the expense of the provinces. The citizens of Madrid have more than once besieged their sovereign in his own palace, and extorted from him the most humiliating concessions. The Sultans have often been compelled to propitiate the furious rabble of Constantinople with the head of an unpopular Vizier. From the same cause there was a certain tinge of democracy in the monarchies and aristocracies of Northern Italy.

Thus liberty, partially indeed and transiently, revisited Italy; and with liberty came commerce and empire, science and taste, all the comforts and all the ornaments of life. The Crusades, from which the inhabitants of other countries gained nothing but reliques and wounds, brought the rising commonwealths of the Adriatic and Tyrrhene seas a large increase of wealth, dominion and knowledge. Their moral and their geographical position enabled them to profit alike by the barbarism of the West, and by the civilization of the East. Their ships covered every sea. Their factories rose on every shore. Their money-changers set their tables in every city. Manufactures flourished. Banks were established. The operations of the commercial machine were facilitated by many useful and beautiful inventions. We doubt whether any country of Europe, our own perhaps excepted, have at the present time reached so high a point of wealth and civilization as some parts of Italy had attained four hundred years ago. Historians rarely descend to those details from which alone the real state of a community can be collected. Hence posterity is too often deceived by the vague hyperboles of poets and rhetoricians, who mistake the splendour of a court for the happiness of a people. Fortunately, John Villani has given us an ample and precise account of the state of Florence in the earlier part of the fourteenth century. The

revenue of the Republic amounted to three hundred thousand florins, a sum which, allowing for the depreciation of the precious metals, was at least equivalent to six hundred thousand pounds sterling; a larger sum than England and Ireland, two centuries ago, yielded annually to Elizabeth—a larger sum than, according to any computation which we have seen, the Grand Duke of Tuscany now derives from a territory of much greater extent. The manufacture of wool alone employed two hundred factories and thirty thousand workmen. The cloth annually produced sold, at an average, for twelve hundred thousand florins; a sum fairly equal, in exchangeable value, to two millions and a half of our money. Four hundred thousand florins were annually coined. Eighty banks conducted the commercial operations, not of Florence only, but of all Europe. The transactions of these establishments were sometimes of a magnitude which may surprise even the contemporaries of the Barings and the Rothschilds. Two houses advanced to Edward the Third of England upwards of three hundred thousand marks, at a time when the mark contained more silver than fifty shillings of the present day, and when the value of silver was more than quadruple of what it now is. The city and its environs contained a hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants. In the various schools about ten thousand children were taught to read; twelve hundred studied arithmetic; six hundred received a learned education. The progress of elegant literature and of the fine arts was proportioned to that of the public prosperity. Under the despotic successors of Augustus, all the fields of the intellect had been turned into arid wastes, still marked out by formal boundaries, still retaining the traces of old cultivation, but yielding neither flowers nor fruit. The deluge of barbarism came. It swept away all the landmarks. It obliterated all the signs of former tillage. But it fertilized while it devastated. When it receded, the wilderness was as the garden of God, rejoicing on every side, laughing, clapping its hands, pouring forth, in spontaneous abundance, every thing brilliant, or fragrant, or nourishing. A new language, characterized by simple sweetness and simple energy, had attained its perfection. No tongue ever furnished more gorgeous and vivid tints to poetry; nor was it long before a poet appeared, who knew how to employ them. Early in the fourteenth century came forth the *Divine Comedy*, beyond comparison the greatest work of imagination which had appeared since the poems of Homer. The following generation produced indeed no second Dante: but it was eminently distinguished by general intellectual activity. The study of the Latin writers had never been wholly neglected in Italy. But Petrarch introduced a more profound, liberal, and elegant scholarship; and communicated to his countrymen that enthusiasm for the literature, the history, and the antiquities of Rome, which divided his own heart with a frigid mistress and a more frigid Muse. Boccaccio turned their attention to the more sublime and graceful models of Greece.

From this time, the admiration of learning

and genius became almost an idolatry among the people of Italy. Kings and Republics, Cardinals and Doges, vied with each other in honouring and flattering Petrarch. Embassies from rival states solicited the honour of his instructions. His coronation agitated the court of Naples and the people of Rome as much as the most important political transaction could have done. To collect books and antiques, to found professorships, to patronize men of learning, became almost universal fashions among the great. The spirit of literary research allied itself to that of commercial enterprise. Every place to which the merchant princes of Florence extended their gigantic traffic, from the bazaars of the Tigris to the monasteries of the Clyde, was ransacked for medals and manuscripts. Architecture, painting and sculpture, were munificently encouraged. Indeed it would be difficult to name an Italian of eminence, during the period of which we speak, who, whatever may have been his general character, did not at least affect a love of letters and of the arts.

Knowledge and public prosperity continued to advance together. Both attained their meridian in the age of Lorenzo the Magnificent. We cannot refrain from quoting the splendid passage, in which the Tuscan Thucydides describes the state of Italy at that period:—"Ridotta tutta in somma pace e tranquillità, coltivata non meno ne' luoghi più montuosi e più sterili che nelle pianure e regioni più fertili, nè sottoposta ad altro imperio che de' suoi medesimi, non solo era abbondantissima d'abitatori e di ricchezze; ma illustrata sommamente dalla magnificenza di molti principi, dallo splendore di molte nobilissime e bellissime città, dalla sedia e maestà della religione, fioriva d'uomini prestantissimi nell'amministrazione delle cose pubbliche, e d'ingegni molto nobili in tutte le scienze, ed in qualunque arte preclaræ ed industriosæ." When we peruse this just and splendid description, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that we are reading of times in which the annals of England and France present us only with a frightful spectacle of poverty, barbarity, and ignorance. From the oppressions of illiterate masters, and the sufferings of a brutalized peasantry, it is delightful to turn to the opulent and enlightened states of Italy—to the vast and magnificent cities, the ports, the arsenals, the villas, the museums, the libraries, the marts filled with every article of comfort or luxury, the manufactories swarming with artisans, the Apennines covered with rich cultivation up to their very summits, the Po wafting the harvests of Lombardy to the granaries of Venice, and carrying back the silks of Bengal and the furs of Siberia to the palaces of Milan. With peculiar pleasure every cultivated mind must repose on the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence—on the halls which rung with the mirth of Pulci—the cell where twinkled the midnight lamp of Politian—the statues on which the young eye of Michael Angelo glared with the frenzy of a kindred inspiration—the gardens in which Lorenzo meditated some sparkling song for the May-day dance of the Etrurian virgins. Alas, for

the beautiful city! Alas, for the wit and the learning, the genius and the love!

"Le donne, e cavalier, gli affanni, gli agi,  
Che né vogliav' amore e cortesia,  
La dove i cuor' son fatti si malvagi."<sup>\*</sup>

A time was at hand, when all the seven vials of the *Apocalypse* were to be poured forth and shaken out over those pleasant countries—a time of slaughter, famine, beggary, infamy, slavery, despair!

In the Italian States, as in many natural bodies, untimely decrepitude was the penalty of precocious maturity. Their early greatness, and their early decline, are principally to be attributed to the same cause—the preponderance which the towns acquired in the political system.

In a community of hunters or of shepherds, every man easily and necessarily becomes a soldier. His ordinary avocations are perfectly compatible with all the duties of military service. However remote may be the expedition on which he is bound, he finds it easy to transport with him the stock from which he derives his subsistence. The whole people is an army; the whole year a march. Such was the state of society which facilitated the gigantic conquests of Attila and Timour.

But a people which subsists by the cultivation of the earth is in a very different situation. The husbandman is bound to the soil on which he labours. A long campaign would be ruinous to him. Still his pursuits are such as give to his frame both the active and the passive strength necessary to a soldier. Nor do they, at least in the infancy of agricultural science, demand his uninterrupted attention. At particular times of the year he is almost wholly unemployed, and can, without injury to himself, afford the time necessary for a short expedition. Thus the legions of Rome were supplied during its earlier wars. The season during which the farms did not require the presence of the cultivators sufficed for a short inroad and a battle. These operations, too frequently interrupted to produce decisive results, yet served to keep up among the people a degree of discipline and courage which rendered them, not only secure, but formidable. The archers and billmen of the middle ages, who, with provisions for forty days at their backs, left the fields for the camp, were troops of the same description.

But, when commerce and manufactures begin to flourish, a great change takes place. The sedentary habits of the desk and the loom render the exertions and hardships of war insupportable. The occupations of traders and artisans require their constant presence and attention. In such a community there is little superfluous time; but there is generally much superfluous money. Some members of the society are, therefore, hired to relieve the rest from a task inconsistent with their habits and engagements.

The history of Greece is, in this, as in many other respects, the best commentary on the history of Italy. Five hundred years before the Christian era, the citizens of the republics

round the *Egean Sea* formed perhaps the finest militia that ever existed. As wealth and refinement advanced, the system underwent a gradual alteration. The Ionian States were the first in which commerce and the arts were cultivated—and the first in which the ancient discipline decayed. Within eighty years after the battle of Platæa, mercenary troops were every where plying for battles and sieges. In the time of Demosthenes, it was scarcely possible to persuade or compel the Athenians to enlist for foreign service. The laws of Lycurgus prohibited trade and manufactures. The Spartans, therefore, continued to form a national force long after their neighbours had begun to hire soldiers. But their military spirit declined with their singular institutions. In the second century, Greece contained only one nation of warriors, the savage highlanders of *Ætolia*, who were at least ten generations behind their countrymen in civilization and intelligence.

All the causes which produced these effects among the Greeks, acted still more strongly on the modern Italians. Instead of a power like Sparta, in its nature warlike, they had amongst them an ecclesiastical state, in its nature pacific. Where there are numerous slaves, every freeman is induced by the strongest motives to familiarize himself with the use of arms. The commonwealths of Italy did not, like those of Greece, swarm with thousands of these household enemies. Lastly, the mode in which military operations were conducted during the prosperous times of Italy, was peculiarly unfavourable to the formation of an efficient militia. Men covered with iron from head to foot, armed with ponderous lances, and mounted on horses of the largest breed, were considered as composing the strength of an army. The infantry was regarded as comparatively worthless, and was neglected till it became really so. These tactics maintained their ground for centuries in most parts of Europe. That foot soldiers could withstand the charge of heavy cavalry was thought utterly impossible, till, towards the close of the fifteenth century, the rude mountaineers of Switzerland dissolved the spell, and astounded the most experienced generals, by receiving the dreaded shock on an impenetrable forest of pikes.

The use of the Grecian spear, the Roman sword, or the modern bayonet, might be acquired with comparative ease. But nothing short of the daily exercise of years could train the man at arms to support his ponderous pannier, and manage his unwieldy weapon. Throughout Europe this most important branch of war became a separate profession. Beyond the Alps, indeed, though a profession, it was not generally a trade. It was the duty and the amusement of a large class of country gentlemen. It was the service by which they held their lands, and the diversion by which, in the absence of mental resources, they beguiled their leisure. But in the Northern States of Italy, as we have already remarked, the growing power of the cities, where it had not exterminated, this order of men had completely changed their habits. Here, therefore, the practice of employing mercenaries became

\* *Dante Purgatorio*, xiv.

universal, at a time when it was almost unknown in other countries.

When war becomes the trade of a separate class, the least dangerous course left to a government is to form that class into a standing army. It is scarcely possible, that men can pass their lives in the service of a single state, without feeling some interest in its greatness. Its victories are their victories. Its defeats are their defeats. The contract loses something of its mercantile character. The services of the soldier are considered as the effects of patriotic zeal, his pay as the tribute of national gratitude. To betray the power which employs him, to be even remiss in its service, are in his eyes the most atrocious and degrading of crimes.

When the princes and commonwealths of Italy began to use hired troops, their wisest course would have been to form separate military establishments. Unhappily this was not done. The mercenary warriors of the Peninsula, instead of being attached to the service of different powers, were regarded as the common property of all. The connexion between the state and its defenders was reduced to the most simple and naked traffic. The adventurer brought his horse, his weapons, his strength, and his experience, into the market. Whether the King of Naples or the Duke of Milan, the Pope or the Signory of Florence, struck the bargain, was to him a matter of perfect indifference. He was for the highest wages and the longest term. When the campaign for which he had contracted was finished, there was neither law nor punctilio to prevent him from instantly turning his arms against his late masters. The soldier was altogether disjoined from the citizen and from the subject.

The natural consequences followed. Left to the conduct of men who neither loved those whom they defended nor hated those whom they opposed—who were often bound by stronger ties to the army against which they fought than the state which they served—who lost by the termination of the conflict, and gained by its prolongation, war completely changed its character. Every man came into the field of battle impressed with the knowledge that, in a few days, he might be taking the pay of the power against which he was then employed, and fighting by the side of his enemies against his associates. The strongest interest and the strongest feelings concurred to mitigate the hostility of those who had lately been brethren in arms, and who might soon be brethren in arms once more. Their common profession was a bond of union not to be forgotten even when they were engaged in the service of contending parties. Hence it was that operations, languid and indecisive beyond any recorded in history, marches and counter-marches, pillaging expeditions and blockades, bloodless capitulations and equally bloodless combats, make up the military history of Italy during the course of nearly two centuries. Mighty armies fight from sunrise to sunset. A great victory is won. Thousands of prisoners are taken; and hardly a life is lost! A pitched battle seems to have been really less dangerous than an ordinary civil tumult.

Courage was now no longer necessary even

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to the military character. Men grew old in camps, and acquired the highest renown by their warlike achievements, without being once required to face serious danger. The political consequences are too well known. The richest and most enlightened part of the world was left, undefended, to the assaults of every barbarous invader—to the brutality of Switzerland, the insolence of France, and the fierce rapacity of Arragon. The moral effects which followed from this state of things, were still more remarkable.

Among the rude nations which lay beyond the Alps, valour was absolutely indispensable. Without it, none could be eminent; few could be secure. Cowardice was, therefore, naturally considered as the foulest reproach. Among the polished Italians, enriched by commerce, governed by law, and passionately attached to literature, every thing was done by superiority of intelligence. Their very wars, more peaceful than the peace of their neighbours, required rather civil than military qualifications. Hence, while courage was the point of honour in other countries, ingenuity became the point of honour in Italy.

From these principles were deduced, by processes strictly analogous, two opposite systems of fashionable morality. Through the greater part of Europe, the vices which peculiarly belong to timid dispositions, and which are the natural defence of weakness, fraud and hypocrisy, have always been most disreputable. On the other hand, the excesses of haughty and daring spirits have been treated with indulgence, and even with respect. The Italians regarded with corresponding lenity those crimes which require self-command, address, quick observation, fertile invention, and profound knowledge of human nature.

Such a prince as our Henry the Fifth would have been the idol of the North. The follies of his youth, the selfish and desolating ambition of his manhood, the Lollards roasted at slow fires, the prisoners massacred on the field of battle, the expiring lease of priesthood renewed for another century, the dreadful legacy of a causeless and hopeless war, bequeathed to a people who had no interest in its event, every thing is forgotten, but the victory of Agincourt! Francis Sforza, on the other hand, was the model of the Italian hero. He made his employers and his rivals alike his tools. He first overpowered his open enemies by the help of faithless allies; he then armed himself against his allies with the spoils taken from his enemies. By his incomparable dexterity, he raised himself from the precarious and dependent situation of a military adventurer to the first throne of Italy. To such a man much was forgiven—hollow friendship, ungenerous enmity, violated faith. Such are the opposite errors which men commit, when their morality is not a science, but a taste; when they abandon eternal principles for accidental associations.

We have illustrated our meaning by an instance taken from history. We will select another from fiction. Othello murders his wife; he gives orders for the murder of his lieutenant; he ends by murdering himself. Yet he never loses the esteem and affection of a

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Northern reader—his intrepid and ardent spirit redeeming every thing. The unsuspecting confidence with which he listens to his adviser, the agony with which he shrinks from the thought of shame, the tempest of passion with which he commits his crimes, and the haughty fearlessness with which he avows them, give an extraordinary interest to his character. Iago, on the contrary, is the object of universal loathing. Many are inclined to suspect that Shakspere has been seduced into an exaggeration unusual with him, and has drawn a monster who has no archetype in human nature. Now we suspect, that an Italian audience, in the fifteenth century, would have felt very differently. Othello would have inspired nothing but detestation and contempt. The folly with which he trusts to the friendly professions of a man whose promotion he had obstructed—the credulity with which he takes unsupported assertions, and trivial circumstances, for unanswerable proofs,—the violence with which he silences the expulSION till the expulSION can only aggravate his misery, would have excited the abhorrence and disgust of the spectators. The conduct of Iago they would assuredly have condemned; but they would have condemned it as we condemn that of his victim. Something of interest and respect would have mingled with their disapprobation. The readiness of his wit, the clearness of his judgment, the skill with which he penetrates the dispositions of others and conceals his own, would have insured to him a certain portion of their esteem.

So wide was the difference between the Italians and their neighbours. A similar difference existed between the Greeks of the second century before Christ, and their masters the Romans. The conquerors, brave and resolute, faithful to their engagements, and strongly influenced by religious feelings, were, at the same time, ignorant, arbitrary, and cruel.—With the vanquished people were deposited all the art, the science, and the literature of the Western world. In poetry, in philosophy, in painting, in architecture, in sculpture, they had no rivals. Their manners were polished, their perceptions acute, their invention ready; they were tolerant, affable, humane. But of courage and sincerity they were almost utterly destitute. The rude warriors who had subdued them, consoled themselves for their intellectual inferiority, by remarking that knowledge and taste seemed only to make men atheists, cowards, and slaves. The distinction long continued to be strongly marked, and furnished an admirable subject for the fierce sarcasms of Juvenal.

The citizen of an Italian commonwealth was the Greek of the time of Juvenal, and the Greek of the time of Pericles, joined in one. Like the former, he was timid and pliable, artful and unscrupulous. But, like the latter, he had a country. Its independence and prosperity were dear to him. If his character were degraded by some mean crimes, it was, on the other hand, ennobled by public spirit and by an honourable ambition.

A vice sanctioned by the general opinion is merely a vice. The evil terminates in itself. A vice condemned by the general opinion pro-

duces a pernicious effect on the whole character. The former is a local malady, the latter a constitutional taint. When the reputation of the offender is lost, he too often dings the remains of his virtue after it in despair. The Highland gentleman who, a century ago, lived by taking black mail from his neighbours, committed the same crime for which Wild was accompanied to Tyburn by the huzzas of two hundred thousand people. But there can be no doubt that he was a much less depraved man than Wild. The deed for which Mrs. Brownrigg was hanged sinks into nothing, when compared with the conduct of the Roman who treated the public to a hundred pair of gladiators. Yet we should probably wrong such a Roman if we supposed that his disposition was so cruel as that of Mrs. Brownrigg.—In our own country, a woman forfeits her place in society, by what, in a man, is too commonly considered as an honourable distinction, and, at worst, as a venial error. The consequence is notorious. The moral principle of a woman is frequently more impaired by a single lapse from virtue, than that of a man by twenty years of intrigue. Classical antiquity would furnish us with instances stronger, if possible, than those to which we have referred.

We must apply this principle to the case before us. Habits of dissimulation and falsehood, no doubt, mark a man of our age and country as utterly worthless and abandoned. But it by no means follows that a similar judgment would be just in the case of an Italian of the middle ages. On the contrary, we frequently find those faults which we are accustomed to consider as certain indications of a mind altogether depraved, in company with great and good qualities, with generosity, with benevolence, with disinterestedness. From such a state of society, Palamedes, in the admirable dialogue of Hume, might have drawn illustrations of his theory as striking as any of those with which Fourier furnished him. These are not, we well know, the lessons which historians are generally most careful to teach, or readers most willing to learn. But they are not therefore useless. How Philip disposed his troops at Cheronea, where Hannibal crossed the Alps, whether Mary blew up Darnley, or Siquier shot Charles the Twelfth, and ten thousand other questions of the same description, are in themselves unimportant. The inquiry may amuse us, but the decision leaves us no wiser. He alone reads history aright, who, observing how powerfully circumstances influence the feelings and opinions of men, how often vices pass into virtues, and paradoxes into axioms, learns to distinguish what is accidental and transitory in human nature, from what is essential and immutable.

In this respect no history suggests more important reflections than that of the Tuscan and Lombard commonwealths. The character of the Italian statesman seems, at first sight, a collection of contradictions, a phantom as monstrous as the portress of hell in Milton, half divinity, half snake, majestic and beautiful above, grovelling and poisonous below. We see a man, whose thoughts and words have no connexion with each other; who never hesitates at an oath when he wishes to seduce,

who never wants a pretext when he is inclined to betray. His cruelties spring, not from the heat of blood, or the insanity of uncontrolled power, but from deep and cool meditation. His passions, like well trained troops, are impetuous by rule, and in their most headstrong fury never forget the discipline to which they have been accustomed. His whole soul is occupied with vast and complicated schemes of ambition. Yet his aspect and language exhibit nothing but philosophic moderation. Hatred and revenge eat into his heart:—Yet every look is a cordial smile, every gesture a familiar caress. He never excites the suspicion of his adversaries by petty provocations. His purpose is disclosed only when it is accomplished. His face is unruffled, his speech is courteous, till vigilance is laid asleep, till a vital point is exposed, till a sure aim is taken; and then he strikes—for the first and last time. Military courage, the boast of the sottish German, the frivolous and prating Frenchman, the romantic and arrogant Spaniard, he neither possesses nor values. He shuns danger—not because he is insensible to shame, but because, in the society in which he lives, timidity has ceased to be shameful. To do an injury openly is, in his estimation, as wicked as to do it secretly—and far less profitable. With him the most honourable means are—the surest, the speediest, and the darkest. He cannot comprehend how a man should scruple to deceive him whom he does not scruple to destroy. He would think it madness to declare open hostilities against a rival whom he might stab in a friendly embrace, or poison in a consecrated wafer.

Yet this man, black with the vices which we consider as most loathsome—traitor, hypocrite, coward, assassin—was by no means destitute even of those virtues which we generally consider as indicating superior elevation of character. In civil courage, in perseverance, in presence of mind, those barbarous warriors, who were foremost in the battle or the breach, were far his inferiors. Even the dangers which he avoided, with a caution almost pusillanimous, never confused his perceptions, never paralysed his inventive faculties, never wrung out one secret from his ready tongue and his inscrutable brow. Though a dangerous enemy, and a still more dangerous accomplice, he was a just and benevolent ruler. With so much unfairness in his policy, there was an extraordinary degree of fairness in his intellect. Indifferent to truth in the transactions of life, he was honestly devoted to the pursuit of truth in the researches of speculation. Wanton cruelty was not in his nature. On the contrary, where no political object was at stake, his disposition was soft and humane. The susceptibility of his nerves, and the activity of his imagination, inclined him to sympathize with the feelings of others, and to delight in the charities and courtesies of social life. Perpetually descending to actions which might seem to mark a mind diseased through all its faculties, he had nevertheless an exquisite sensibility, both for the natural and the moral sublime, for every graceful and every lofty conception. Habits of petty intrigue and dissimulation might have rendered him incapable of great general views; but that the ex-

panding effect of his philosophical studies counteracted the narrowing tendency. He had the keenest enjoyment of wit, eloquence, and poetry. The fine arts profited alike by the severity of his judgment, and the liberality of his patronage. The portraits of some of the remarkable Italians of those times, are perfectly in harmony with this description. Ample and majestic foreheads; brows strong and dark, but not frowning; eyes of which the calm full gaze, while it expresses nothing, seems to discern every thing; cheeks pale with thought and sedentary habits; lips formed with feminine delicacy, but compressed with more than masculine decision—mark out men at once enterprising and apprehensive; men equally skilled in detecting the purposes of others, and in concealing their own; men who must have been formidable enemies and unsafe allies; but men, at the same time, whose tempers were mild and equable, and who possessed an amplitude and subtlety of mind which would have rendered them eminent either in active or in contemplative life, and fitted them either to govern or to instruct mankind.

Every age and every nation has certain characteristic vices, which prevail almost universally, which scarcely any person scruples to avow, and which even rigid moralists but faintly censure. Succeeding generations change the fashion of their morals, with their hats and their coaches; take some other kind of wickedness under their patronage, and wonder at the depravity of their ancestors. Nor is this all.—Posterity, that high court of appeal, which is never tired of eulogizing its own justice and discernment, acts, on such occasions, like a Roman dictator after a general mutiny: Finding the delinquents too numerous to be all punished, it selects some of them at hazard, to bear the whole penalty of an offence in which they are not more deeply implicated than those who escape. Whether decimation be a convenient mode of military execution, we know not; but we solemnly protest against the introduction of such a principle into the philosophy of history.

In the present instance, the lot has fallen on Machiavelli; a man whose public conduct was upright and honourable, whose views of morality, where they differed from those of the persons around him, seemed to have differed for the better, and whose only fault was, that, having adopted some of the maxims then generally received, he arranged them more luminously, and expressed them more forcibly, than any other writer.

Having now, we hope, in some degree cleared the personal character of Machiavelli, we come to the consideration of his works. As a poet, he is not entitled to a very high place. The Decennali are merely abstracts of the history of his own times in rhyme. The style and versification are sedulously modelled on those of Dante. But the manner of Dante, like that of every other great original poet, was suited only to his own genius, and to his own subject. The distorted and rugged diction which gives to his unearthly imagery a yet more unearthly character, and seems to proceed from a man labouring to express that which is inexpressible, is at once mean and ex-

travagant, when misemployed by an imitator. The moral poems are in every point superior. That on Fortune, in particular, and that on opportunity, exhibit both justness of thought and fertility of fancy. The *Golden Ass* has nothing but the name, in common with the Romance of Apuleius—a book which, in spite of its irregular plan and its detestable style, is among the most fascinating in the Latin language, and in which the merits of Le Sage and Radcliffe, Bunyan and Crabbill, are singularly united. The Poem of Machiavelli, which is evidently unfinished, is carefully copied from the earlier Cantos of the Inferno. The writer loses himself in a wood. He is terrified by monsters, and relieved by a beautiful damsel. His protectress conducts him to a large menagerie of emblematical beasts, whose peculiarities are described at length. The manner as well as the plan of the Divine Comedy is carefully imitated. Whole lines are transferred from it. But they no longer produce their wonted effect. Virgil advises the husbandman who removes a plant from one spot to another to mark its bearings on the cork, and to place it in the same position with regard to the different points of the heaven in which it formerly stood. A similar care is necessary in poetical transplantation. Where it is neglected, we perpetually see the flowers of language, which have bloomed on one soil, wither on another. Yet the *Golden Ass* is not altogether destitute of merit. There is considerable ingenuity in the allegory, and some vivid colouring in the descriptions.

The Comedies deserve more attention. The *Mandragola*, in particular, is superior to the best of Goldoni, and inferior only to the best of Molière. It is the work of a man who, if he had devoted himself to the drama, would probably have attained the highest eminence, and produced permanent and salutary effect on the national taste. This we infer, not so much from the degree, as from the kind of its excellence. There are compositions which indicate still greater talent, and which are perused with still greater delight, from which we should have drawn very different conclusions. Books quite worthless are quite harmless. The sure sign of the general decline of an art is the frequent occurrence, not of deformity, but of misplaced beauty. In general, tragedy is corrupted by eloquence, and comedy by wit.

The real object of the drama is the exhibition of the human character. This, we conceive, is no arbitrary canon, originating in local and temporary associations, like those which regulate the number of acts in a play, or of syllables in a line. It is the very essence of a species of a composition, in which every idea is coloured by passing through the medium of an imagined mind. To this fundamental law every other regulation is subordinate. The situations which most signally develop character form the best plot. The mother tongue of the passions is the best style.

This principle, rightly understood, does not debar the poet from any grace of composition. There is no style in which some man may not, under some circumstances, express himself. There is therefore no style which the drama rejects, none which it does not occasionally

require. It is in the discernment of place, of time, and of person, that the inferior artists fail. The brilliant rhodomontade of Mercutio, the elaborate declamation of Antony, are, where Shakspeare has placed them, natural and pleasing. But Dryden would have made Mercutio challenge Tybalt, in hyperboles as fanciful as those in which he describes the chariot of Mab. Corneille would have represented Antony as scolding and coaxing Cleopatra with all the measured rhetoric of a funeral oration.

No writers have injured the Comedy of England so deeply as Congreve and Sheridan. Both were men of splendid wit and polished taste. Unhappily they made all their characters in their own likeness. Their works bear the same relation to the legitimate drama which a transparency bears to a painting: no delicate touches:—no hues imperceptibly fading into each other:—the whole is lighted up with an universal glare. Outlines and tints are forgotten in the common blaze which illuminates all. The flowers and fruits of the intellect abound; but it is the abundance of a jungle, not of a garden—unwholesome, bewildering, unprofitable from its very plenty, rank from its very fragrance. Every fop, every boor, every valet, is a man of wit. The very butts and dupes, Tattle, Urkwould, Puff, Acres, outshine the whole *Hôtel de Rambouillet*. To prove the whole system of this school absurd, it is only necessary to apply the test which dissolved the enchanted Florimel—to place the true by the false Thalia, to contrast the most celebrated characters which have been drawn by the writers of whom we speak, with the Bastard in *King John* or the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. It was not surely from want of wit that Shakspeare adopted so different a manner. Benedick and Beatrice throw Mirabel and Millamant into the shade. All the good sayings of the facetious hours of Absolute and Surface might have been clipped from the single character of Falstaff without being missed. It would have been easy for that fertile mind to have given Bardolph and Shallow as much wit as Prince Hal, and to have made Dogberry and Verges retort on each other in sparkling epigrams. But he knew, to use his own admirable language, that such indiscriminate prodigality was "from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to Nature."

This digression will enable our readers to understand what we mean when we say that, in the *Mandragola*, Machiavelli has proved that he completely understood the nature of the dramatic art, and possessed talents which would have enabled him to excel in it. By the correct and vigorous delineation of human nature, it produces interest without a pleasing or skilful plot, and laughter without the least ambition of wit. The lover, not a very delicate or generous lover, and his adviser the parasite, are drawn with spirit. The hypocritical confessor is an admirable portrait. He is, if we mistake not, the original of Father Dominic, the best comic character of Dryden. But old Nicias is the glory of the piece. We cannot call to mind any thing that resembles

him. The follies which Molière ridicules are those of affectation, not those of fatuity. Coxcomb and pedants, not simpletons, are his game. Shakspeare has indeed a vast assortment of fools; but the precise species of which we speak, is not, if we remember right, to be found there. Shallow is a fool. But his animal spirits supply, to a certain degree, the place of cleverness. His talk is to that of Sir John what soda-water is to Champagne. It has the effervescence, though not the body or the flavour. Slender and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek are fools, troubled with an uneasy consciousness of their folly, which, in the latter, produces a most edifying meekness and docility, and in the former, awkwardness, obstinacy and confusion. Cloten is an arrogant fool, Osric, a foolish fool, Ajax a savage fool; but Nicias is, as Thersites says of Patroclus, a fool positive. His mind is occupied by no strong feeling; it takes every character, and retains none; its aspect is diversified, not by passions, but by faint and transitory semblances of passion, a mock joy, a mock fear, a mock love, a mock pride, which chase each other like shadows over its surface, and vanish as soon as they appear. He is just idiot enough to be an object, not of pity or horror, but of ridicule. He bears some resemblance to poor Calandrino, whose mishaps, as recounted by Boccaccio, have made all Europe merry for more than four centuries. He perhaps resembles still more closely Simon de Villa, to whom Bruno and Buffalmacco promised the love of the Countess Civillari.<sup>1</sup> Nicias is, like Simon, of a learned profession; and the dignity with which he wears the doctoral fur, renders his absurdities infinitely more grotesque. The old Tuscan is the very language for such a being. Its peculiar simplicity gives even to the most forcible reasoning and the most brilliant wit an infantine air, generally delightful, but to a foreign reader sometimes a little ludicrous. Heroes and statesmen seem to lisp when they use it. It becomes Nicias incomparably, and renders all his silliness infinitely more silly.

We may add, that the verses with which the Mandragola is interspersed, appear to us to be the most spirited and correct of all that Machiavelli has written in metre. He seems to have entertained the same opinion; for he has introduced some of them in other places. The contemporaries of the author were not blind to the merits of this striking piece. It was acted at Florence with the greatest success. Leo the Tenth was among its admirers, and by his order it was represented at Rome.<sup>2</sup>

The Clizia is an imitation of the Casina of Plautus, which is itself an imitation of the lost *Argonautica* of Diphilus. Plautus was, unquestionably, one of the best Latin writers. His works are copies; but they have in an extra-

ordinary degree the air of originals. We infinitely prefer the slovenly exuberance of his fancy, and the clumsy vigour of his diction, to the artfully disguised poverty and elegant languor of Terence. But the Casina is by no means one of his best plays; nor is it one which offers great facilities to an imitator. The story is as alien from modern habits of life, as the manner in which it is developed from the modern fashion of composition. The lover remains in the country, and the heroine is locked up in her chamber during the whole action, leaving their fate to be decided by a foolish father, a cunning mother, and two knavish servants. Machiavelli has executed his task with judgment and taste. He has accommodated the plot to a different state of society, and has very dexterously connected it with the history of his own times. The relation of the trick put on the doating old lover is exquisitely humorous. It is far superior to the corresponding passage in the Latin comedy, and scarcely yields to the account which Falstaff gives of his ducking.

Two other comedies without titles, the one in prose, the other in verse, appear among the works of Machiavelli. The former is very short, lively enough, but of no great value. The latter we can scarcely believe to be genuine. Neither its merits nor its defects remind us of the reputed author. It was first printed in 1796, from a manuscript discovered in the celebrated library of the Strozzi. Its genuineness, if we have been rightly informed, is established solely by the comparison of hands. Our suspicions are strengthened by the circumstance, that the same manuscript contained a description of the plague of 1527, which has also, in consequence, been added to the works of Machiavelli. Of this last composition, the strongest external evidence would scarcely induce us to believe him guilty. Nothing was ever written more detestable, in matter and manner. The narrations, the reflections, the jokes, the lamentations, are all the very worst of their respective kinds, at once trite and affected,—threadbare tinsel from the Rag-fairs, and Monmouth-streets of literature. A foolish schoolboy might perhaps write it, and, after he had written it, think it much finer than the incomparable introduction of the Decameron. But that a shrewd statesman, whose earliest works are characterized by manliness of thought and language, should, at nearly sixty years of age, descend to such puerility, is utterly inconceivable.

The little Novel of Belphegor is pleasantly conceived, and pleasantly told. But the extravagance of the satire in some measure injures its effect. Machiavelli was unhappily married; and his wish to avenge his own cause and that of his brethren in misfortune, carried him beyond even the license of fiction. Jonson seems to have combined some hints taken from this tale, with others from Boccaccio, in the plot of *The Devil is an Ass*—a play which, though not the most highly finished of his compositions, is perhaps that which exhibits the strongest proofs of genius.

The political correspondence of Machiavelli, first published in 1767, is unquestionably genuine, and highly valuable. The unhappy cir-

<sup>1</sup> Decameron, Giorn. viii. Nov. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Nothing can be more evident than that Paulus Jovius designates the Mandragola under the name of the Nicias. We should not have noticed what is so perfectly obvious, were it not that this natural and palpable misnomer has led the sagacious and industrious Bayle into a gross error.

cumstances in which his country was placed during the greater part of his public life, gave extraordinary encouragement to diplomatic talents. From the moment that Charles the Eighth descended from the Alps, the whole character of Italian politics was changed. The governments of the Peninsula ceased to form an independent system. Drawn from their old orbit by the attraction of the larger bodies which now approached them, they became mere satellites of France and Spain. All their disputes, internal and external, were decided by foreign influence. The contests of opposite factions were carried on, not as formerly in the Senate House, or in the market-place, but in the anti-chambers of Louis and Ferdinand. Under these circumstances, the prosperity of the Italian States depended far more on the ability of their foreign agents, than on the conduct of those who were intrusted with the domestic administration. The ambassador had to discharge functions far more delicate than transmitting orders of knighthood, introducing tourists, or presenting his brethren with the homage of his high consideration. He was an advocate to whose management the dearest interests of his clients were intrusted, a spy clothed with an inviolable character. Instead of consulting the dignity of those whom he represented by a reserved manner and an ambiguous style, he was to plunge into all the intrigues of the court at which he resided, to discover and flatter every weakness of the prince who governed his employers, of the favourite who governed the prince, and of the lacquey who governed the favourite. He was to compliment the mistress and bribe the confessor, to panegyrize or supplicate, to laugh or weep, to accommodate himself to every caprice, to lull every suspicion, to treasure every hint, to be every thing, to observe every thing, to endure every thing. High as the art of political intrigue had been carried in Italy, these were times which required it all.

On these arduous errands a Machiavelli was frequently employed. He was sent to treat with the King of the Romans and with the Duke of Valentinois. He was twice ambassador at the Court of Rome, and thrice at that of France. In these missions, and in several others of inferior importance, he acquitted himself with great dexterity. His despatches form one of the most amusing and instructive collections extant. We meet with none of the mysterious jargon so common in modern state papers, the flash language of political robbers and sharpers. The narratives are clear and agreeably written; the remarks on men and things clever and judicious. The conversations are reported in a spirited and characteristic manner. We find ourselves introduced into the presence of the men who, during twenty eventful years, swayed the destinies of Europe. Their wit and their folly, their fretfulness and their merriment are exposed to us. We are admitted to overhear their chat, and to watch their familiar gestures. It is interesting and curious to recognise, in circumstances which elude the notice of historians, the feeble violence and shallow cunning of Louis the Twelfth; the bustling insignificance of Maximilian, cursed with an impotent prurient for

renown, rash yet timid, obstinate yet fickle, always in a hurry, yet always too late;—the fierce and haughty energy which gave dignity to the eccentricities of Julius;—the soft and graceful manners which masked the insatiable ambition and the implacable hatred of Borgia.

We have mentioned Borgia. It is impossible not to pause for a moment on the name of a man in whom the political morality of Italy was so strongly personified, partially blended with the sterner lineaments of the Spanish character. On two important occasions Machiavelli was admitted to his society; once, at the moment when his splendid villainy achieved its most signal triumph, when he caught in one snare and crushed at one blow all his most formidable rivals; and again when, exhausted by disease and overwhelmed by misfortunes which no human prudence could have averted, he was the prisoner of the deadliest enemy of his house. These interviews between the greatest speculative and the greatest practical statesman of the age, are fully described in the correspondence, and form perhaps the most interesting part of it. From some passages in the *Prince*, and perhaps also from some indistinct traditions, several writers have supposed a connexion between those remarkable men much closer than ever existed. The Envoy has even been accused of prompting the crimes of the artful and merciless tyrant. But from the official documents it is clear that their intercourse, though ostensibly amicable, was in reality hostile. It cannot be doubted, however, that the imagination of Machiavelli was strongly impressed and his speculations on government coloured, by the observations which he made on the singular character, and equally singular fortunes, of a man who, under such disadvantages, had achieved such exploits; who, when sensuality, varied through innumerable forms, could no longer stimulate his sated mind, found a more powerful and durable excitement in the intense thirst of empire and revenge;—who emerged from the sloth and luxury of the Roman purple, the first prince and general of the age;—who, trained in an unwarlike profession, formed a gallant army out of the dregs of an unwarlike people;—who, after acquiring sovereignty by destroying his enemies, acquired popularity by destroying his tools; who had begun to employ for the most salutary ends the power which he had attained by the most atrocious means; who tolerated within the sphere of his iron despotism no plunderer or oppressor but himself;—and who fell at last amidst the mingled curses and regrets of a people of whom his genius had been the wonder, and might have been the salvation. Some of those crimes of Borgia which to us appear the most odious, would not, from causes which we have already considered, have struck an Italian of the fifteenth century with equal horror. Patriotic feeling also might induce Machiavelli to look with some indulgence and regret on the memory of the only leader who could have defended the independence of Italy against the confederate spoilers of Cambrai.

On this subject Machiavelli felt most strongly. Indeed the expulsion of the foreign tyrants, and the restoration of that golden age

which had preceded the irruption of Charles the Eighth, were projects which, at that time, fascinated all the master-spirits of Italy. The magnificent vision delighted the great but ill regulated mind of Julius. It divided with manuscripts and sauces, painters and falcons, the attention of the frivolous Leo. It prompted the generous treason of Morone. It imparted a transient energy to the feeble mind and body of the last Sforza. It excited for one moment an honest ambition in the false heart of Pescara. Ferocity and insolence were not among the vices of the national character. To the discriminating cruelties of politicians, committed for great ends on select victims, the moral code of the Italians was too indulgent. But though they might have recourse to barbarity as an expedient, they did not require it as a stimulant. They turned with loathing from the atrocity of the strangers who seemed to love blood for its own sake; who, not content with subjugating, were impatient to destroy; who found a fiendish pleasure in razing magnificent cities, cutting the throats of enemies who cried for quarter, or suffocating an unarmed people by thousands in the caverns to which they had fled for safety. Such were the scenes which daily excited the terror and disgust of a people, amongst whom, till lately, the worst that a soldier had to fear in a pitched battle was the loss of his horse, and the expense of his ransom. The swinish intemperance of Switzerland, the wolfish avarice of Spain, the gross licentiousness of the French, indulged in violation of hospitality, of decency, of love itself, the wanton inhumanity which was common to all the invaders, had rendered them objects of deadly hatred to the inhabitants of the Peninsula.\* The wealth which had been accumulated during centuries of prosperity and repose, was rapidly melting away. The intellectual superiority of the oppressed people only rendered them more keenly sensible of their political degradation. Literature and taste, indeed, still disguised with a flush of hectic loveliness and brilliancy the ravages of an incurable decay. The iron had not yet entered into the soul. The time was not yet come when eloquence was to be gagged, and reason to be hoodwinked—when the harp of the poet was to be hung on the willows of Arno, and the right hand of the painter to forget its cunning. Yet a discerning eye might even then have seen that genius and learning would not long survive the state of things from which they had sprung—that the great men whose talents gave lustre to that melancholy period, had been formed under the influence of happier days, and would leave no successors behind them. The times which shine with the greatest splendour in literary history are not always those to which the human mind is most indebted. Of this we may be convinced, by comparing the generation which follows them with that which preceded them. The first fruits which are reaped under a bad system, often

spring from seed sown under a good one. Thus it was, in some measure, with the Augustan age. Thus it was with the age of Raphael and Ariosto, of Aldus and Vida.

Machiavelli deeply regretted the misfortunes of his country, and clearly discerned the cause and the remedy. It was the military system of the Italian people which had extinguished their valour and discipline, and rendered their wealth an easy prey to every foreign plunderer. The Secretary projected a scheme, alike honourable to his heart and to his intellect, for abolishing the use of mercenary troops, and organizing a national militia.

The exertions which he made to effect this great object ought alone to rescue his name from obloquy. Though his situation and his habits were pacific, he studied with intense assiduity the theory of war. He made himself master of all its details. The Florentine government entered into his views. A council of war was appointed. Levies were decreed. The indefatigable minister flew from place to place in order to superintend the execution of his design. The times were, in some respects, favourable to the experiment. The system of military tactics had undergone a great revolution. The cavalry was no longer considered as forming the strength of an army. The hours which a citizen could spare from his ordinary employments, though by no means sufficient to familiarize him with the exercise of a man-at-arms, might render him an useful foot-soldier. The dread of a foreign yoke, of plunder, massacre, and conflagration, might have conquered that repugnance to military pursuits, which both the industry and the idleness of great towns commonly generate. For a time the scheme promised well. The new troops acquitted themselves respectably in the field. Machiavelli looked with parental rapture on the success of his plan; and began to hope that the arms of Italy might once more be formidable to the barbarians of the Tagus and the Rhine. But the tide of misfortune came on before the barriers which should have withstood it were prepared. For a time, indeed, Florence might be considered as peculiarly fortunate. Famine and sword and pestilence had devastated the fertile plains and stately cities of the Po. All the curses denounced of old against Tyre seemed to have fallen on Venice. Her merchants, already stood afar off, lamenting for their great city. The time seemed near when the sea-weed should overgrow her silent Rialto, and the fisherman wash his nets in her deserted arsenal. Naples had been four times conquered and reconquered by tyrants equally indifferent to its welfare, and equally greedy for its spoils. Florence, as yet, had only to endure degradation and extortion, to submit to the mandates of foreign powers, to buy over and over again, at an enormous price, what was already justly her own—to return thanks for being wronged, and to ask pardon for being in the right. She was at length deprived of the blessings even of this infamous and servile repose. Her military and political institutions were swept away together. The Medici returned in the train of foreign invaders, from their long exile. The policy of Machiavelli was abandoned; and his public ser-

\* The opening stanzas of the Fourteenth Canto of the *Orlando Furioso*, give a frightful picture of the state of Italy in those times. Yet, strange to say, Ariosto is speaking of the conduct of those who called themselves Allies.

vices were requited with poverty, imprisonment, and torture.

The fallen statesman still clung to his project with unabated ardour. With the view of vindicating it from some popular objections, and of refuting some prevailing errors on the subject of military science, he wrote his seven books on the Art of War. This excellent work is in the form of a dialogue. The opinions of the writer are put into the mouth of Fabrizio Colonna, a powerful nobleman of the Ecclesiastical State, and an officer of distinguished merit in the service of the King of Spain. He visits Florence on his way from Lombardy to his own domains. He is invited to meet some friends at the house of Cosimo Rucellai, an amiable and accomplished young man, whose early death Machiavelli feelingly deplores. After partaking of an elegant entertainment, they retire from the heat into the most shady recesses of the garden. Fabrizio is struck by the sight of some uncommon plants. His host informs him that, though rare in modern days, they are frequently mentioned by the classical authors, and that his grandfather, like many other Italians, amused himself with practising the ancient methods of gardening. Fabrizio expresses his regret that those who, in later times, affected the manners of the old Romans, should select for imitation their most trifling pursuits. This leads to a conversation on the decline of military discipline, and on the best means of restoring it. The institution of the Florentine militia is ably defended; and several improvements are suggested in the details.

The Swiss and the Spaniards were, at that time, regarded as the best soldiers in Europe. The Swiss battalion consisted of pikemen, and bore a close resemblance to the Greek phalanx. The Spaniards, like the soldiers of Rome, were armed with the sword and the shield. The victories of Flamininus and Aemilius over the Macedonian kings seem to prove the superiority of the weapons used by the legions. The same experiment had been recently tried with the same result at the battle of Ravenna, one of those tremendous days into which human folly and wickedness compress the whole devastation of a famine or a plague. In that memorable conflict, the infantry of Arragon, the old companions of Gonsalvo, deserted by all their allies, hewed a passage through the thickest of the imperial pikes, and effected an unbroken retreat, in the face of the gendarmerie of De Foix, and the renowned artillery of Este. Fabrizio, or rather Machiavelli, proposes to combine the two systems, to arm the foremost lines with the pike, for the purpose of repulsing cavalry, and those in the rear with the sword, as being a weapon better adapted for every purpose. Throughout the work, the author expresses the highest admiration of the military science of the ancient Romans, and the greatest contempt for the maxims which had been in vogue amongst the Italian commanders of the preceding generation. He prefers infantry to cavalry, and fortified camps to fortified towns. He is inclined to substitute rapid movements, and decisive engagements for the languid and dilatory operations of his countrymen. He attaches very little importance to the invention of gunpowder. Indeed

he seems to think that it ought scarcely to produce any change in the mode of arming or of disposing troops. The general testimony of historians, it must be allowed, seems to prove, that the ill-constructed and ill-served artillery of those times, though useful in a siege, was of little value on the field of battle.

Of the tactics of Machiavelli we will not venture to give an opinion: but we are certain that his book is most able and interesting. As a commentary on the history of his times, it is invaluable. The ingenuity, the grace, and the perspicuity of the style, and the eloquence and animation of particular passages, must give pleasure even to readers who take no interest in the subject.

The *Prince* and the *Discourses on Livy* were written after the fall of the Republican Government. The former was dedicated to the young Lorenzo de Medici. This circumstance seems to have disgusted the contemporaries of the writer far more than the doctrines which have rendered the name of the work odious in later times. It was considered as an indication of political apostacy. The fact however seems to have been, that Machiavelli, despairing of the liberty of Florence, was inclined to support any government which might preserve her independence. The interval which separated a democracy and a despotism, Soderini and Lorenzo, seemed to vanish when compared with the difference between the former and the present state of Italy, between the security, the opulence, and the repose which it had enjoyed under its native rulers, and the misery in which it had been plunged since the fatal year in which the first foreign tyrant had descended from the Alps. The noble and pathetic exhortation with which the *Prince* concludes, shows how strongly the writer felt upon this subject.

The *Prince* traces the progress of an ambitious Man, the Discourses the progress of an ambitious People. The same principles on which, in the former work, the elevation of an individual is explained, are applied, in the latter, to the longer duration and more complex interests of a society. To a modern statesman the form of the Discourses may appear to be puerile. In truth Livy is not a historian on whom much reliance can be placed, even in cases where he must have possessed considerable means of information. And his first Decade, to which Machiavelli has confined himself, is scarcely entitled to more credit than our Chronicle of British Kings who reigned before the Roman invasion. But his commentator is indebted to him for little more than a few texts which he might as easily have extracted from the Vulgate or the Decameron. The whole train of thought is original.

On the peculiar immorality which has rendered the *Prince* unpopular, and which is almost equally discernible in the Discourses, we have already given our opinion at length. We have attempted to show that it belonged rather to the age than to the man; that it was a partial taint, and by no means implied general depravity. We cannot however deny that it is a great blemish, and that it considerably diminishes the pleasure which, in other respects, those works must afford to every intelligent mind.

It is, indeed, impossible to conceive a more healthful and vigorous constitution of the understanding than that which these works indicate. The qualities of the active and the contemplative statesman appear to have been blended, in the mind of the writer, into a rare and exquisite harmony. His skill in the details of business had not been acquired at the expense of his general powers. It had not rendered his mind less comprehensive; but it had served to correct his speculations, and to impart to them that vivid and practical character which so widely distinguishes them from the vague theories of most political philosophers.

Every man who has seen the world knows that nothing is so useless as a general maxim. If it be very moral and very true, it may serve for a copy to a charity-boy. If, like those of Rochefoucault, it be sparkling and whimsical, it may make an excellent motto for an essay. But few, indeed, of the many wise aphorisms which have been uttered, from the time of the Seven Sages of Greece to that of Poor Richard, have prevented a single foolish action. We give the highest and the most peculiar praise to the precepts of Machiavelli, when we say that they may frequently be of real use in regulating conduct—not so much because they are more just, or more profound, than those which might be culled from other authors, as because they can be more readily applied to the problems of real life.

There are errors in these works. But they are errors which a writer, situated like Machiavelli, could scarcely avoid. They arise, for the most part, from a single defect which appears to us to pervade his whole system. In his political scheme, the means had been more deeply considered than the ends. The great principle, that societies and laws exist only for the purpose of increasing the sum of private happiness, is not recognised with sufficient clearness. The good of the body, distinct from the good of the members, and sometimes hardly compatible with it, seems to be the object which he proposes to himself. Of all political fallacies, this has had the widest and the most mischievous operation. The state of society in the little commonwealths of Greece, the close connexion and mutual dependence of the citizens, and the severity of the laws of war, tended to encourage an opinion which, under such circumstances, could hardly be called erroneous. The interests of every individual were inseparably bound up with those of the state. An invasion destroyed his corn-fields and vineyards, drove him from his home, and compelled him to encounter all the hardships of a military life. A peace restored him to security and comfort. A victory doubled the number of his slaves. A defeat perhaps made him a slave himself. When Pericles, in the Peloponnesian war, told the Athenians that, if their country triumphed, their private losses would speedily be repaired; but that, if their arms failed of success, every individual amongst them would probably be ruined,\*—he spoke no more than the truth. He spoke to men whom the tribute of vanquished cities supplied with

food and clothing, with the luxury of the bath and the amusements of the theatre, on whom the greatness of their country conferred rank, and before whom the members of less prosperous communities trembled;—and to men who, in case of a change in the public fortunes, would, at least, be deprived of every comfort, and every distinction which they enjoyed. To be butchered on the smoking ruins of their city—to be dragged in chains to a slave-market—to see one child torn from them to dig in the quarries of Sicily, and another to guard the harams of Persepolis—those were the frequent and probable consequences of national calamities. Hence, among the Greeks, patriotism became a governing principle, or rather an ungovernable passion. Both their legislators and their philosophers took it for granted, that, in providing for the strength and greatness of the state, they sufficiently provided for the happiness of the people. The writers of the Roman empire lived under despots, into whose dominion a hundred nations were melted down, and whose gardens would have covered the little commonwealths of Phlius and Platea. Yet they continued to employ the same language, and to cant about the duty of sacrificing every thing to a country to which they owed nothing.

Causes similar to those which had influenced the disposition of the Greeks, operated powerfully on the less vigorous and daring character of the Italians. They, too, were members of small communities. Every man was deeply interested in the welfare of the society to which he belonged,—a partaker in its wealth and its poverty, in its glory and its shame. In the age of Machiavelli, this was peculiarly the case. Public events had produced an immense sum of money to private citizens. The Northern invaders had brought want to their boards, infamy to their beds, fire to their roofs, and the knife to their throats. It was natural that a man who lived in times like these, should overrate the importance of those measures by which a nation is rendered formidable to its neighbours, and undervalue those which make it prosperous within itself.

Nothing is more remarkable, in the political treatises of Machiavelli, than the fairness of mind which they indicate. It appears where the author is in the wrong, almost as strongly as where he is in the right. He never advances a false opinion because it is new or splendid, because he can clothe it in a happy phrase, or defend it by an ingenious sophism. His errors are at once explained, by a reference to the circumstances in which he was placed. They evidently were not sought out; they lay in his way, and could scarcely be avoided. Such mistakes must necessarily be committed by early speculators in every science.

In this respect, it is amusing to compare the *Prince* and the *Discourses* with the *Spirit of Laws*. Montesquieu enjoys, perhaps, a wider celebrity than any political writer of modern Europe. Something he doubtless owes to his merit, but much more to his fortune. He had the good luck of a valentine. He caught the eye of the French nation, at the moment when it was waking from the long sleep of political and religious bigotry; and, in consequence, he

\* Thucydides, ii. 62.

became a favourite. The English, at that time, considered a Frenchman who talked about constitutional checks and fundamental laws, as a prodigy not less astonishing than the learned pig or the musical infant. Specious but shallow, studious of effect, indifferent to truth, eager to build a system, but careless of collecting those materials out of which alone a sound and durable system can be built, he constructed theories as rapidly, and as slightly, as card-houses, —no sooner projected than completed—no sooner completed than blown away—no sooner blown away than forgotten. Machiavelli errs only because his experience, acquired in a very peculiar state of society, could not always enable him to calculate the effect of institutions differing from those of which he had observed the operation. Montesquieu errs, because he has a fine thing to say, and is resolved to say it. If the phenomena which lie before him will not suit his purpose, all history must be ransacked. If nothing established by authentic testimony can be raked or chipped to suit his Procrustean hypothesis, he puts up with some monstrous fable about Siam, or Bantam, or Japan, told by writers compared with whom Lucian and Gulliver were veracious—liars by a double right, as travellers and as Jesuits.

Propriety of thought, and propriety of diction, are commonly found together. Obscurity and affectation are the two greatest faults of style. Obscurity of expression generally springs from confusion of ideas; and the same wish to dazzle, at any cost, which produces affectation in the manner of a writer, is likely to produce sophistry in his reasonings. The judicious and candid mind of Machiavelli shows itself in his luminous, manly, and polished language. The style of Montesquieu, on the other hand, indicates in every page a lively and ingenious, but an unsound mind. Every trick of expression, from the mysterious conciseness of an oracle to the flippancy of a Parisian coxcomb, is employed to disguise the fallacy of some positions, and the triteness of others. Absurdities are brightened into epigrams;—truisms are darkened into enigmas.—It is with difficulty that the strongest eye can sustain the glare with which some parts are illuminated, or penetrate the shade in which others are concealed.

The political works of Machiavelli derive a peculiar interest from the mournful earnestness which he manifests whenever he touches on topics connected with the calamities of his native land. It is difficult to conceive any situation more painful than that of a great man, condemned to watch the lingering agony of an exhausted country, to tend it during the alternate fits of stupefaction and raving which precede its dissolution, to see the symptoms of vitality disappear one by one, till nothing is left but coldness, darkness, and corruption. To this joyless and thankless duty was Machiavelli called. In the energetic language of the prophet, he was “mad for the sight of his eyes which he saw”—disunion in the council, effeminity in the camp, liberty extinguished, commerce decaying, national honour sullied, an enlightened and flourishing people given over to the ferocity of ignorant savages. Though his opinions had not escaped the contagion of

that political immorality which was common among his countrymen, his natural disposition seems to have been rather stern and impetuous than pliant and artful. When the misery and degradation of Florence, and the foul outrage which he had himself sustained raised his mind, the smooth craft of his profession and his nation is exchanged for the honest bitterness of scorn and anger. He speaks like one sick of the calamitous times and abject people among whom his lot is cast. He pines for the strength and glory of ancient Rome, for the fasces of Brutus and the sword of Scipio, the gravity of the curule chair, and the bloody pomp of the triumphal sacrifice. He seems to be transported back to the days when eight hundred thousand Italian warriors sprung to arms at the rumour of a Gallic invasion. He breathes all the spirit of those intrepid and haughty patricians, who forgot the dearest ties of nature in the claims of public duty, who looked with disdain on the elephants and on the gold of Pyrrhus, and listened with unaltered composure to the tremendous tidings of Cannae. Like an ancient temple deformed by the barbarous architecture of a later age, his character acquires an interest from the very circumstances which debase it. The original proportions are rendered more striking by the contrast which they present to the mean and incongruous additions.

The influence of the sentiments which we have described, was not apparent in his writings alone. His enthusiasm, barred from the career which it would have selected for itself, seems to have found a vent in desperate levity. He enjoyed a vindictive pleasure in outraging the opinions of a society which he despised.—He became careless of those decencies which were expected from a man so highly distinguished in the literary and political world. The sarcastic bitterness of his conversation, disgusted those who were more inclined to accuse his licentiousness than their own degeneracy, and who were unable to conceive the strength of those emotions which are concealed by the jests of the wretched, and by the follies of the wise.

The historical works of Machiavelli still remain to be considered. The life of Castruccio Castracani will occupy us for a very short time, and would scarcely have demanded our notice, had it not attracted a much greater share of public attention than it deserves. Few books, indeed, could be more interesting than a careful and judicious account, from such a pen, of the illustrious Prince of Lucca, the most eminent of those Italian chiefs, who, like Pisistratus and Gelon, acquired a power felt rather than seen, and resting, not on law or on prescription, but on the public favour and on their great personal qualities. Such a work would exhibit to us the real nature of that species of sovereignty, so singular and so often misunderstood, which the Greeks denominated *tyranny*, and which, modified in some degree by the feudal system, reappeared in the commonwealths of Lombardy and Tuscany. But this little composition of Machiavelli is in no sense a history. It has no pretensions to fidelity. It is a trifle, and not a very successful

trifle. It is scarcely more authentic than the novel of Belphegor, and is very much duller.

The last great work of this illustrious man was the History of his native city. It was written by the command of the Pope, who, as chief of the house of Medici, was at that time sovereign of Florence. The characters of Cosmo, of Piero, and of Lorenzo, are, however, treated with a freedom and impartiality equally honourable to the writer and to the patron. The miseries and humiliations of dependence, the bread which is more bitter than every other food, the stairs which are more painful than every other ascent,\* had not broken the spirit of Machiavelli. The most corrupting post in a corrupting profession, had not depraved the generous heart of Clement.

The History does not appear to be the fruit of much industry or research. It is unquestionably inaccurate. But it is elegant, lively, and picturesque, beyond any other in the Italian language. The reader, we believe, carries away from it a more vivid and a more faithful impression of the national character and manners than from more correct accounts. The truth is, that the book belongs rather to ancient than to modern literature. It is in the style, not of Davila and Clarendon, but of Herodotus and Tacitus: and the classical histories may almost be called romances founded in fact. The relation is, no doubt, in all its principal points, strictly true. But the numerous little incidents which heighten the interest, the words, the gestures, the looks, are evidently furnished by the imagination of the author. The fashion of later times is different. A more exact narrative is given by the writer. It may be doubted whether more exact notions are conveyed to the reader. The best portraits are those in which there is a slight mixture of caricature; and we are not aware, that the best histories are not those in which a little of the exaggeration of fictitious narrative is judiciously employed. Something is lost in accuracy; but much is gained in effect. The fainter lines are neglected; but the great characteristic features are imprinted on the mind for ever.

The History terminates with the death of Lorenzo de Medici. Machiavelli had, it seems, intended to continue it to a later period. But his death prevented the execution of his design; and the melancholy task of recording the desolation and shame of Italy devolved on Guicciardini.

Machiavelli lived long enough to see the commencement of the last struggle for Florentine liberty. Soon after his death, monarchy was finally established,—not such monarchy as that of which Cosmo had laid the foundations deep in the constitution and feelings of his countrymen, and which Lorenzo had embellished with the trophies of every science and every art; but a loathsome tyranny, proud and mean, cruel and feeble, bigotted and lascivious. The character of Machiavelli was hateful to the new masters of Italy; and those parts of his theory which were in strict accordance with their own daily practice, afforded a pretext for blackening his memory. His works

were misrepresented by the learned, misconstrued by the ignorant, censured by the church, abused, with all the rancour of simulated virtue, by the minions of a base despotism, and the priests of a baser superstition. The name of the man whose genius had illuminated all the dark places of policy, and to whose patriotic wisdom an oppressed people had owed their last chance of emancipation and revenge, passed into a proverb of infamy. For more than two hundred years his bones lay undisturbed. At length, an English nobleman paid the last honours to the greatest statesman of Florence. In the Church of Santa Croce, a monument was erected to his memory, which is contemplated with reverence by all who can distinguish the virtues of a great mind through the corruptions of a degenerate age;—and which will be approached with still deeper homage when the object to which his public life was devoted shall be attained,—when the foreign yoke shall be broken, when a second Proccia shall avenge the wrongs of Naples, when a happier Rienzi shall restore the good estate of Rome, when the streets of Florence and Bologna shall again resound with their ancient war cry—*Popolo; popolo; muoviamo i tiranni!*

[The following article from the *Quarterly Review*, has attracted much attention in this country, not only from its general interest, but also on account of the remarks upon the American Mission to these islands. To these remarks we hear that our countryman, Mr. Stewart, will publish a reply.]

✓ *From the Quarterly Review.*

1. *Voyage of His Majesty's Ship Blonde to the Sandwich Islands, in the Years 1824—1825.* London. 1827.
2. *Narrative of a Tour through Hawaii, or Owhyhee; with Remarks on the History, Traditions, Manners, Customs, and Language of the Inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. By William Ellis, Missionary from the Society and Sandwich Islands.* London. 1826.

WE have not quite made up our minds to join with the editor of the "Voyage of His Majesty's Ship Blonde" in the expressions of regret that the Rev. Mr. Bloxam, the chaplain and journalist of that voyage, should have left England before it was determined to send an account of it to the press:—what has been lost in any additions or alterations he might have made on a revision of his manuscript, is, to us at least, more than compensated by our having, if we really have, the narrative in its original state, recording the transactions and impressions as they occurred and were felt at the time. It is, however, but a meagre narrative, being confined chiefly to the transactions that took place with the natives, in consequence of the Blonde having carried out the bodies of the late king and queen of the Sandwich Islands, and the surviving part of their suite. For the introduction, which is briefly and ably drawn up, we are indebted, as we understand, to Mrs. Maria

\* *Dante Paradiso, Canto xvii.*

Graham, a lady not unknown to literary fame, who undertook to edit the work, in the absence of the chaplain. That part of it which relates to the royal visitors from the Sandwich Islands, during their stay in London, is highly interesting; and knowing, as we do, the source from which Mrs. Graham derived her information, we are convinced the readers of her memoir may safely permit it to leave on their minds an impression highly favourable to the good sense, sound feeling, and humane disposition of those untutored, but very far from savage or barbarous islanders.

It is evident, indeed, from a perusal of the two works whose titles are placed at the head of this article, that a more cheerful, inoffensive, hospitable, and kindhearted people than the Sandwich islanders do not exist in any society whatever; and that there is not to be found, in a rude, uncivilized state, a people of more ingenuity, or more desirous of instruction and improvement, than these islanders are. A most unfavourable impression of their character was, indeed—and naturally enough—made by the murder of our celebrated navigator who first discovered their islands; but it was even then suspected, and it has subsequently been fully proved, that his death was the result of a misunderstanding; that there was not the slightest intention of injuring a hair of his head; that, on the contrary, the veneration bestowed on him, both before and after his death, fell little short of a desire to render divine honours to his person and his memory; and that, to this moment, they have never ceased to regret and deplore the unfortunate and melancholy occurrence.

As the chance of improvement in knowledge and prosperity, or the reverse, in despotic governments, depends mainly on the personal character of the sovereign, it was fortunate for the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, that a man possessed of so vigorous a mind as Tamehameha should have ruled over them so soon after the discovery, when English, Americans, and Russians began to visit the islands; and that his reign was of so long a duration. In the time of Cook and Vancouver, each of the seven islands had its king or chief, among whom a petty warfare was constantly kept up. Tamehameha reduced the whole under his sway, and thus put an end to these harassing and exterminating broils. From Vancouver he learnt to build ships of considerable burden; his subjects soon became good seamen, and engaged in commercial speculations to the coasts of America and Asia, and even as far as Canton; he granted lands to foreign residents, and even had the good sense to protect by *taboo*, or rendering sacred, for ten years, the cattle left by Vancouver; the consequence of which is, that numerous herds are now running wild, especially in the interior of Owhyhee, the largest of the seven islands, besides those which are domesticated. He encouraged the law of inheritance, by bestowing the lands on the wives and children of the deceased, whereas, by the old custom of the country, they always reverted to the king. He caused roads to be made, waste lands to be reclaimed, wells to be sunk, new vegetables to be introduced, and groves of fruit-trees to be planted; he built forts for the protection

of the towns, and procured artillery from the trading vessels, to be mounted upon them. From the time of Vancouver's visit, when he voluntarily made a cession of the islands to Great Britain, he always considered the English as his best friends and protectors. It is due to this uneducated man to say that perhaps no country in the world, during a reign of thirty years, ever witnessed so great a change in the condition of the people as did the Sandwich Islands under that of Tamehameha.

" His intelligent mind was aware of the incalculable superiority possessed by the Europeans and others, whose ships visited him, over his own poor islanders. The circumstances, that the English were the first to touch there; that their vessels were the largest and most powerful; that, besides the advantages sought for themselves in procuring provisions of all kinds, they had endeavoured to improve the islands by carrying thither new and profitable animals and vegetables; all led him to look on the British as not only the most powerful, but the most friendly, of the new nations they had learned to know; and he might reasonably hope that we should be as willing as able to protect them against the insults and injuries that some of the traders had offered them." —*Voyage*, p. 37.

It is supposed, indeed, that he did more than appeared externally during his life-time; and, in particular, that, from witnessing the superior intelligence of his European visitors, he had taken up, and to a certain extent acted upon, a deep prejudice against the crafty priesthood and clumsy religion which had so long imbued the minds of his people with all the folly and much of the cruelty of superstition. His desire for the introduction of some more rational faith manifested itself, as all believed at the time, in the conduct adopted almost immediately after his death, in May, 1819, by his son and successor, Iolani Riho Riho. After many conferences with the chiefs of the islands on the absurdities of their religion, especially the impotence of the wooden images which they were in the habit of adoring, and to whom they frequently offered human sacrifices, the new king (who had, on his accession, assumed his father's name of Tamehameha) announced his resolution, with the consent of his nobles, at once to desecrate the Morais or temples, and destroy the idols. The king's mother, indeed, showed some little reluctance; she asked what harm had their gods done? " Nay," said the chiefs, " what good have they done? Are not the offerings we are required to make burdensome, and the human sacrifices demanded by the priests cruel and useless? Do not the foreigners who visit our shores laugh at our supposing these ill-shaped logs of wood can protect us?" To which the queen replied, " Do as you will"—and on that same day the morais and the hevas were destroyed or desecrated, except some few places, where the bones of certain famous chiefs were deposited, and over which a few old priests were permitted to keep watch.

The next important step taken by Riho Riho, was the total abolition of that singular instrument of power and oppression, which then extended over the whole of the Polynesian islands—and appears to be exclusively confined

to them—the *Taboo*; an instrument, by virtue of which the king, the chiefs, and the priests could at any time possess themselves of the property of the people; while the females in particular, were made to feel all its humiliating and degrading force. From its birth, the child, if a female, was not allowed to be fed with a particle of food from the father's dish, or that had been cooked at the father's fire; if a boy, he partook of his father's food, and ate his meals with him, while the mother was not only obliged to eat in an outhouse, but was interdicted from tasting certain species of animal food and fruits. Of this essential part of their cruel system of idolatry, Mr. Ellis has given the best explanation we have yet met with. The word, in its literal sense, means *sacred*; in a religious sense, it implies a separation from ordinary purposes, and an exclusive appropriation to persons or things bearing a sacred character. Thus, those chiefs of the highest rank, who derive their genealogy from the gods, are *taboo*; the *morais*, or temples, are *taboo*; but females generally, not being invested with a sacred character, are not *taboo*; and hence the prohibition of females from eating any of the fruits or animals that enter into the offerings to the gods. It is probable that this degradation of females was brought, with many other customs and superstitions, by the original settlers from the east. Mr. Ellis tells us:—

"The tabu seasons were either common or strict. During a common tabu, the men were only required to abstain from their usual avocations, and attend at the *heiau* when the prayers were offered, every morning and evening. But during the season of strict tabu, every fire and light on the island or district must be extinguished; no canoe must be launched on the water, no person must bathe; and, except those whose attendance was required at the temple, no individual must be seen out of doors; no dog must bark, no pig must grunt, no cock must crow,—or the tabu would be broken, and fail to accomplish the object designed. On these occasions they tied up the mouths of the dogs and pigs, and put the fowls under a calabash, or fastened a piece of cloth over their eyes. All the common people prostrated themselves, with their faces touching the ground, before the sacred chiefs, when they walked out, particularly during tabu; and neither the king nor the priests were allowed to touch any thing; even their food was put into their mouths by another person."—*Ellis*, pp. 366, 367.

For every breach of a strict *taboo*, the delinquent was offered as a sacrifice to the offended deity, by being burnt or strangled, or despatched with a club or a stone, within the precincts of the temple. Well may Mr. Ellis say, that "an institution so universal in its influence, and so inflexible in its demands, contributed very materially to the bondage and oppression of the natives in general." To the honour of the young king, he determined to relieve the great body of the people from the miseries of this singular institution, and the females from a state of hopeless degradation. For this purpose, he instituted a great feast, at which the chiefs, the priests, and multitudes of the people were assembled.

"When the baked meats were brought into

the king's presence, he caused the choicest part of them, and especially of those kinds of food which it was unlawful for women to taste, to be carried into the eating-house of his wives, and accompanying them himself, he sat down and ate, and caused the women to eat, in the sight of the people, of all the things looked upon as prohibited. The priests and chiefs were instantly apprized of the fact, which to the multitude appeared prodigious, and calculated to awaken the vengeance of Heaven; but they, prepared beforehand, had already met together, and the chief priest *Heavaheva*, preventing the messenger with the report, explained to the people, that as the gods had not revenged the violation of the tabu it was a sign they had no power, and therefore ought to be destroyed; on which *Heavaheva* himself began by setting fire to the principal *morai*. On that day the idols were overthrown; and as soon as the event could be known in the other islands, the example was followed without hesitation."—*Voyage*, p. 47.

From this moment, two chiefs, possessed of great power and influence, *Karaikoku* (better known by his assumed name of *William Pitt*), and *Boki*, his brother, resolved to take the first opportunity of solemnly and openly professing Christianity; and, accordingly, when Captain Freycinet touched at the Sandwich Islands, in his voyage round the world, these two chiefs were baptized by the chaplain of his ship; "and thus (to use Mrs. Graham's words) Christianity was planted by the spontaneous will of the natives, before any mission even of persuasion had reached them." It was not till the following year, that the American Missionaries landed on the islands, where they were kindly received by the king, who assigned them lands and houses, and a piece of ground close to his own residence for a church. The voluntary destruction which had taken place of the monstrous and shapeless logs of wood which had been worshipped as deities, and the desecration of the temples, had fully prepared the minds of the chiefs for the reception of a new faith; but, it will readily be supposed, the mass of the people were unable at once to rid themselves of the many deep-rooted superstitions which had grown with their growth; above all others, it was hard to drive out the dreams connected with the active and terrific volcanoes of these islands, and the fire-gods supposed to dwell amidst those awful scenes. The goddess *Pele*, who presides over the internal fires, is supposed to have exacted from the first pair who landed on *Owhyhee*, such offerings as they had to present; and when she burst forth from her abode in streams of burning lava, she was propitiated by throwing hogs, and sometimes an infant into the liquid flame. This idolatrous worship is now no more; it was the last and most powerful that remained, and its abolition was at length effected, as Mr. Bloxam tells us, by "one of the greatest acts of moral courage which has, perhaps, ever been performed; the actor was a woman, and, as we are pleased to call her, a savage." But, in order to exhibit the full merit of this extraordinary woman, for such she must be considered, it will be right to extract from Mr. Ellis's narrative, a brief sketch of the principal island of

Owhyhee, which, by a silly affectation of *Italizing*, as they call it, the language and proper names (the letter *w* in Italian!), the American Missionaries are pleased to spell *Hawaii*.

Owhyhee, the largest of the seven islands, covering a space of about four thousand square miles, is one complete mass of lava in different stages of decomposition. "Perforated with innumerable apertures," says Mr. Ellis, "in the shape of craters, the island forms a hollow cone over one vast furnace, situated in the heart of a stupendous submarine mountain rising from the bottom of the sea." Two immense peaked mountains rise out of the north-east and south-west extremities of the central table-land, the former named Mouna Kea, or the White Mountain, supposed to be eighteen, —and the latter, Mouna Roa, fifteen—thousand feet high. The steep declivity of this table-land, which, at different distances from the coast, rises into a continued ridge, from three to six thousand feet in height—is indented with innumerable craters, whose floods of melted lava have from time to time encroached considerably on the sea. Some twenty-five years ago, an eruption from the summit of Mouna Huararai, a part of the ridge on the western side, estimated at eight thousand feet in height, poured forth a torrent of lava, which overwhelmed in its course several villages, destroyed numerous plantations and fish-ponds of the inhabitants, and filled up the deep bay of Kairaeua to the extent of twenty miles in length, forming an entirely new line of coast. A prodigious number of hogs were thrown alive into the burning stream to appease the anger of the gods, and stay its devastating course. Tamchameha himself, little as he was tainted with superstition in general, thought it expedient on this occasion to be present at the scene of desolation. Attended by a large retinue of chiefs and priests, he approached the streaming lava, cut a lock of his sacred hair, and threw it into the torrent; whereupon the gods were appeased, or at least the lava ceased to flow, which added in no small degree to the influence of the king over the minds of the people. No wonder, then, that the priests of the fire-gods made a severe struggle to maintain their ground: when the national idolatry was publicly abolished, in the year 1819, by Riho Riho, they openly denounced the most awful threatenings of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, in revenge, they said, for the insult offered to the national religion by the king and the chiefs. This adherence to Pele, the goddess of fire, and her numerous train of subordinate deities, male and female, was witnessed on several occasions, years afterwards, by the missionaries, in their peregrinations round the island: on the votaries of this particular superstition they were unable to make the least impression.

In one place, where a sermon had been preached on the greatness of Jehovah, an old woman, who had listened with great attention, all at once exclaimed, "Powerful are the gods of Owhyhee, and great is Pele." This was succeeded by a song in honour of the goddess, in which some joined, others shouted, and a third set laughed in chorus. The missionaries thought them intoxicated, but being assured

to the contrary, and that it was only the inspiration of the goddess, they thought it right to have some conversation with the old priestess; but all they could get from her, was her admission, that, for any thing she knew to the contrary, their Jehovah might be a very good god, and that it was right they should worship him; "but," said she, "Pele is my deity, and the great goddess of Hawaii. Kirauea is the place of her abode; Ohiatolani is one corner of her house. From the land beyond the sky, in former times, she came." Immediately the chanting, shouting, and laughing were resumed, after which the old lady launched forth into the deeds and honours of Pele, in so rapid and vociferous a manner, accompanied by such violent gestures, that she seemed to have lost all command of herself; lastly, assuming a haughty air, she exclaimed, "I am Pele; I shall never die; and those who follow me, when they die, if part of their bones be taken to Kirauea, will live with me in the bright fires there."

It will now be necessary to give a short account of this Kirauea, the terrific abode of the goddess of subterranean fires, and the largest and most extraordinary volcanic crater on the face of the globe. It is situated in the midst of a plain, fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, the whole surface of which, sunk from two to four hundred feet below its original level, appears rent into deep chasms, out of which columns of flame, smoke, and vapour are continually ascending; here and there a few beds of sulphur, and black pools of fresh water diversify, without diminishing, the savagery of the scene.

"After walking some distance (says Mr. Ellis) over the sunken plain, which in several places sounded hollow under our feet, we at length came to the edge of the great crater, where a spectacle, sublime and even appalling, presented itself before us—

"We stopped and trembled."

Astonishment and awe for some moments rendered us mute, and, like statues, we stood fixed to the spot, with our eyes riveted on the abyss below. Immediately before us yawned an immense gulf, in the form of a crescent, about two miles in length, from north-east to south-west, nearly a mile in width, and apparently eight hundred feet deep. The bottom was covered with lava, and the south-west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of burning matter, in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its 'fiery surge' and flaming billows. Fifty-one conical islands, of varied form and size, containing so many craters, rose either round the edge or from the surface of the burning lake. Twenty-two constantly emitted columns of grey smoke, or pyramids of brilliant flame; and several of these at the same time vomited from their ignited mouths streams of lava, which rolled in blazing torrents down their black indented sides into the boiling mass below." — *Ellis*, pp. 206, 207.

"The agitated mass of liquid lava, like a flood of melted metal, raged with tumultuous whirl. The lively flame that danced over its undulating surface, tinged with sulphureous blue, or glowing with mineral red, cast a broad

glare of dazzling light on the indented sides of the insulated craters, whose roaring mouths, amidst rising flames, and eddying streams of fire, shot up, at frequent intervals, with loudest detonations, spherical masses of fusing lava, or bright ignited stones.—*Ibid.* p. 215.

Lieutenant Malden, of the Blonde, estimated the height of the plain at about three thousand feet; the circumference of the great crater, nearly eight miles; the depth, from the edge to a black rocky ledge surrounding it, nine hundred and thirty-two feet; and from this ledge to the bottom four hundred more,—making the total height of the crater one thousand three hundred and thirty-two feet. The cones rising out of the bottom, about fifty in number, and from twenty to seventy feet high, resemble in their shape the chimneys of a glass-house, and some of them were constantly vomiting out flame and liquid fire.

No one can wonder that these enormous volcanoes, from which they have so frequently suffered, should have inspired the simple natives of Owhyhee with terror and superstition. We learn without surprise that even down to the other day, neither the missionaries nor the officers of the Blonde could without considerable difficulty prevail on the inhabitants to accompany them to Kiraeua. The king, with all the assistance of his chiefs, and all the endeavours of the missionaries, strove, and strove in vain, to put down the worship of Pele; nothing, it seemed, was ever to be able to expel the belief that the goddess, when offended, visited the children of men with thunder, lightning, earthquakes, and streams of liquid fire—the instruments of her mighty power and vengeance. What the united efforts, however, of kings and chiefs and missionaries failed to accomplish, has been brought about by the heroic act of one woman: but we shall leave it to Mr. Bloxam to describe this courageous enterprise, worthy an apostle of old, of Kapiolani. This lady, he says,

"The wife of Nahi, a female chief of the highest rank, had recently embraced Christianity; and desirous of propagating it, and of undeceiving the natives as to their false gods, she resolved to climb the mountain, descend into the crater, and, by thus braving the volcanic deities in their very homes, convince the inhabitants of the island that God is God alone, and that the false subordinate deities existed only in the fancies of their weak adorers. Thus determined, and accompanied by a missionary, she, with part of her family, and a number of followers, both of her own vassals and those of other chiefs, ascended Pele. At the edge of the first precipice that bounds the sunken plain, many of her followers and companions lost courage and turned back; at the second, the rest earnestly entreated her to desist from her dangerous enterprise, and forbear to tempt the powerful gods of the fires. But she proceeded; and on the very verge of the crater caused the hut we were now sheltered in to be constructed for herself and people. Here she was assailed anew by their entreaties to return home, and their assurances, that if she persisted in violating the houses of the goddess, she would draw on herself, and those with her, certain destruction. Her answer was noble:—

'I will descend into the crater,' said she; 'and if I do not return safe, then continue to worship Pele: but if I come back unhurt, you must learn to adore the God who created Pele.' She accordingly went down the steep and difficult side of the crater, accompanied by a missionary, and by some whom love or duty induced to follow her. Arrived at the bottom, she pushed a stick into the liquid lava, and stirred the ashes of the burning lake. The charm of superstition was at that moment broken. Those who had expected to see the goddess, armed with flame and sulphurous smoke, burst forth and destroy the daring heroine who thus braved her in her very sanctuary, were awe-struck when they saw the fire remain innocuous, and the flames roll harmless, as though none were present. They acknowledged the greatness of the God of Kapiolani; and from that time few indeed have been the offerings, and little the reverence offered to the fires of Pele."—*Voyage*, pp. 187, 188.

What a sublime subject to exercise the powers of the pencil!—the bottom of a deep crater, vomiting forth streams of igneous lava, a terrified group receding from the fiery furnace, a missionary in the attitude of prayer, while Kapiolani, with a rod in her hand, marches with confident step to the very orifice of the gulf, to dissolve for ever the spell which had bound these islanders from time immemorial to the service of the terrific goddess; a spell which was too powerful for all the art and eloquence of the missionaries to deal with. It was in vain they set up, as they were wont to do, Jehovah in opposition to Pele: it seems never to have occurred to these worthy men, that a simple practical explanation of the power of steam might have done more to weaken the belief of her votaries than five hundred sermons.

The missionaries in this quarter have not, indeed, displayed much common sense in their methods of proceeding. It is but justice, however, to say, that they have at least conferred one most important secular benefit on the people of the Sandwich Islands, by instructing them in the *pala pala*, or arts of reading and writing. The king, Riho Riho, his queen, and the chiefs of both sexes, applied themselves with the greatest diligence to these new studies. Their progress was rapid; they were soon able to write letters to one another in their own language, and heard to exclaim with rapture how wonderful, how delightful it was thus to whisper in the ear of a friend—though removed to the greatest distance. Mr. Ellis says, the king, in particular, would sit for hours together at his writing desk, and on opening it one day, he remarked "that he expected more advantage from that desk than from that fine brig," pointing to one of his vessels then lying at anchor in the bay. "I have sat beside him," he adds, "at his desk sometimes from nine or ten o'clock in the morning till nearly sunset, during which his pen has not been out of his hand more than three-quarters of an hour, while he was at dinner." It is stated, that his mind was naturally inquisitive, his memory retentive, and his thirst for knowledge incessant; and certainly his information respecting the different nations of the world appears to have been much more extensive than could have been expected.

"I have heard him," says Mr. Ellis, "entertain a party of chiefs for hours together, with accounts of different parts of the earth, describing the extensive lakes, the mountains, and mines of North and South America; the elephants and inhabitants of India; the houses, manufactures, &c. of England, with no small accuracy, considering he had never seen them." He frequently declared his conviction of the truth and the advantages of Christianity, attended public worship on the Sabbath, and recommended the same to his people. He was generous and kind-hearted. "In several places on our tour," says Mr. Ellis, "the mothers showed us their children, and told us, that when Riho Riho passed that way he had kissed them." Though he wanted that energy and strength of character so conspicuous in his father, he possessed both decision and enterprise; his abolition of the national idolatry was a striking instance of the former, and his voyage to England of the latter.

This long and hazardous expedition was prompted by his earnest desire to see for himself a country of which he had heard so many interesting accounts,—to obtain a personal interview with the king, for the purpose of placing himself and his islands, as his father had done, under the protection of Great Britain,—to make himself acquainted with our institutions, and to witness the forms and proceedings of our courts of justice. It was his wish that Mr. Ellis should accompany him as interpreter, but Starbuck, the master of the Aigle, (the vessel in which the king proposed to sail,) refused to receive the missionary, insisting that a Frenchman, of the name of Rives, a low, cunning, and profligate man, who had lived upwards of twenty years on the islands, should act as interpreter. This Starbuck is an American, although his owners were English. Boki, governor of Whahoo, and Leliah, his wife, were to be of the party. It was arranged that Karaimoku (or William Pitt, brother to Boki) should be regent in the king's absence, and in case of his death be joined in that office by the late king's widow, during the minority of Kau Kiouli, her youngest son, then about ten years of age.

Kamehamaro, the name of the queen who accompanied Riho Riho, was twenty-six years of age—two years younger than her husband—a woman distinguished for great good-nature and benevolence; she was ever ready to step forward to protect the poor against the displeasure of the king or the chiefs; her aid was never refused to those who sought it, and many a distressed foreigner had experienced relief at her hands; the temper of her mind was equable, inclining to the vivacious, her manners agreeable, her disposition most kind and affectionate. It may easily be imagined with what regret all ranks of people must have witnessed the parting with two persons so amiable and so universally beloved: the scene is thus described by Mr. Ellis, who was an eye-witness:—

"The circumstances attending her departure from the islands were peculiarly affecting. The king had gone on board the *L'Aigle*; the boat was waiting to convey her to the ship. She arose, embraced her mother and other relations most affectionately, and passed through the crowd towards the boat. The people fell down

on their knees as she walked along, pressing and saluting her feet, frequently bathing them with tears of unfeigned sorrow, and making loud wailings, in which they were joined by the thousands who thronged the sea-shore.

"When she reached the water-side, she turned and beckoned to the people to cease their cries. As soon as they were silent, she said, 'I am going to a distant land, and perhaps we shall not meet again. Let us pray to Jehovah, that he may preserve us on the water, and you on the shore.' She then called *Auna*, a native teacher from the Society Islands, and requested him to pray. He did so; at the conclusion, she waved her hand to the people, and said, 'Arohe nui oukou.' (Attachment great to you:) she then stepped into the boat, evidently much affected. The multitude followed her, not only to the beach, but into the sea, where many, wading into the water, stood waving their hands, exhibiting every attitude of sorrow, and uttering their loud *u-e, u-e*; (alas! alas!) till the boat had pulled far out to sea!"

The Aigle touched on her way to England at Rio de Janeiro, where the emperor received the king and his companions in a polite and generous manner, and the English consul-general gave a grand ball, to which all the principal Brazilian families and English residents were invited. On their arrival at Portsmouth, Starbuck landed them without ceremony or notice of any kind, and sent them off to Osborne's hotel, in the Adelphi. This man had complete command of the money taken on board by the king; the original amount had been twenty-five thousand dollars—but when the chests were opened at the bank of England, they were found to contain little more than ten thousand. Starbuck, when called upon to account for this deficiency, alleged that three thousand had been spent at Rio de Janeiro, and a certain sum in travelling from Portsmouth to London; the rest, it may be supposed, he took to himself as a renumeration for the passage. It is shrewdly suspected that his plan was, as soon as the remainder of the money should be exhausted, to carry the whole party to the United States.

On their first appearance in London, the ladies were dressed in strange habiliments. The queen wore trowsers and a long bed-gown of coloured velveteen; and her friend Leliah, the wife of Boki, something of the same kind; and when Mr. Canning sent to inquire after them, they were found playing whist with a pack of dirty cards, complaining bitterly of the cold, and, on the whole, in a state as far removed as possible not only from regal dignity, but from every thing like comfort. The first object, after getting them out of the hands of such a person as Starbuck, was to provide dress suitable to the climate and the condition of the wearers. The Secretary of State appointed a gentleman to superintend their concerns, to see that all their wants and wishes were supplied, and to show them all the sights of London that could be supposed to afford them gratification. St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the theatres, the opera, and the parks. No persons could be more tractable, or adapt themselves with more good temper to the usages of this country than the whole party; their behaviour, whether

at home or abroad, was marked by the strictest decorum. It is proper to note that their moderation in the article of food was quite remarkable; what they did eat was chiefly fish, poultry, and fruit, and their favourite beverage was cider.

While thus in the fulness of their enjoyment, and delighted with the flattering reception they met with from the first nobility in the kingdom, one of their attendants was seized with an illness, which proved to be the measles, and in a few days infection extended to the whole party. Boki and his wife, and most of the inferior attendants, soon got well, and went abroad; but no argument could prevail on Leliah to leave the queen, whose illness had begun to take an unfavourable appearance, even for an hour. In the course of a few days every hope of the queen's recovery being abandoned, her husband, still very unwell himself, was apprised of the danger.

"He caused himself to be immediately placed in his arm-chair and wheeled to her apartment: when, being lifted upon her bed and placed by her side, he embraced her affectionately, and they both wept bitterly. He then dismissed the attendants, and they remained for some time alone together. Till then the king was supposed to be recovering; but it was understood that at this mournful interview these young people had agreed that one should not survive the other. At five o'clock he desired to be conveyed to his own bed, where he lay without speaking, and the queen died about an hour after he left her; that is, about six o'clock in the evening of the 8th July, 1824.

"Leliah, whose dutiful and affectionate behaviour to her friend and mistress had been most exemplary, now took charge of her body, and disposed it after the manner of her country, unclothing it to the waist, leaving also the ankles and feet bare, and carefully dressing the hair and adorning it with chaplets of flowers. —The king now desired the body might be brought into his apartment, and laid on a small bed near him; that being done, he sat up looking at it, but neither speaking nor weeping. The medical attendants observed, that the state of Riho Riho was such as to render it highly improper to keep the queen's body near him, and it was therefore proposed to him to allow it to be taken away; but he sat silent, and answered no one, only by gestures showing that he forbade its removal. At length, after much persuasion, and then leaving him to himself for a time, he suddenly made signs that it might be taken away, which was accordingly done, and the queen was again placed on her own bed." —*Voyage*, p. 66, 67.

From this moment the poor king's disorder rapidly increased; the loss of the queen decided his fate; his spirits sank, his cough increased; and he felt and declared that he should not long survive her. "We have every reason to believe," says the bulletin of the physicians who attended him, "that his anxiety and depression of mind have aggravated all the symptoms of his disease, which, but for this cause, might ere now have terminated prosperously: in six days Riho Riho was a corpse. The day previous to his death, he made his will, bequeathing what property he had in

England to Boki, and his suite generally, and intimating therein a desire that his own body and that of his queen should be conveyed back to their native islands. His majesty's ship *Blonde*, commanded by Lord Byron, was appointed for this service. Presents of various kinds were made to the surviving strangers, both by government and private individuals, and the money which had been lodged in the bank on their arrival was delivered untouched to Boki; and he and his companions purchased with it such articles as were thought agreeable or useful to themselves and their countrymen. Leliah, with her characteristic feeling and propriety, laid out her share in black silks and mourning dresses, to be worn by her friends at home for the late king and queen. A short time before they sailed, the strangers were honoured with an audience of the king, at Windsor, which gave all of them the highest gratification.

The surviving party, consisting of Boki and his wife; Kipahai, the admiral; Kuanoa, the treasurer; and Manua, the purveyor, left London for Portsmouth on the 22d September, to embark on board the *Blonde*. On the 27th of November they entered the magnificent harbour of Rio de Janeiro, where the islanders appeared to take great pleasure, mingled with regret, in revisiting the places they had formerly seen in company with their beloved sovereigns. At a dinner given to them by the British consul, Leliah could not conceal her very affectionate disposition; on entering the room in which, but a year before, a great entertainment had been given to Riho Riho, she burst into tears, observing, "that it seemed as if she saw her lost friends again." Nothing indeed could exceed the affectionate, the gentle, and docile character of the whole party during the voyage, conforming themselves in their occupations, amusements, and habits, to the officers of the ship, and making themselves perfectly agreeable on all occasions.

While at anchor in Valparaiso bay, Kipahai, the admiral, died suddenly of an abscess which had formed on the brain. His death may be considered as a serious loss to his native country; for he possessed a strong energetic mind, considerably cultivated and improved by his various voyages, two of which were to China. At this place, also, the small-pox broke out among the ship's company, and Lord Byron at once determined to remain where he was till every trace of that destructive malady should have disappeared; owing to which delay, the news of the death of Riho Riho and his queen reached the Sandwich Islands some time before their remains could do so—a circumstance perhaps rather fortunate than otherwise. Boki was the only Christian in the party, but on their passage from Valparaiso towards Owhyhee, Leliah and the other chiefs earnestly desired to be baptized; and as they had previously been instructed in the principles of our holy faith, the chaplain did not hesitate to comply with their entreaty, Lord Byron and the officers standing sponsors.

On the 3d of May the *Blonde* came in sight of Owhyhee, and as they approached the shore it was observed that both Boki and Leliah seemed rather depressed than elated by the

sight of their native land. This, however, was hardly to be wondered at, considering the different circumstances under which they had left it, and were now returning. Several fishing-boats were speedily alongside the ship, and Liliah, now that her sense of modesty had been awakened by her residence in a civilized country, withdrew to her cabin at the sight of her almost naked countrymen. The visitors soon became numerous, and whenever it was known that Boki and his friends were on board, several of the principal people came off in their boats, and among the rest a chief and his wife, the latter of whom was Boki's sister; "a large handsome woman," says Mr. Bloxam, "who, in the native light *tappa* dress, stepped across the quarter-deck with a stately but unembarrassed air, and taking a chaplet of flowers from her own brows, placed it on Lord Byron's head, as a sign of welcome, and then went below to visit Liliah." On her return to the deck, this lady appeared completely clothed in an European dress.

When all were ready to proceed to the shore, the whole party were dressed in deep mourning; and on leaving the ship, Boki seemed to be overcome with an extraordinary degree of emotion;—he observed to Lord Byron, as they were rowing towards the land, "that his belly felt as if all was not right." Thousands of the natives, who had assembled to receive him, prostrated themselves at his feet, and began to moan and bewail for the loss of their king and friend. To add to the solemnity of the occasion, minute-guns were fired from the fort, in honour of the deceased.

"The ceremonial of grief being thus fulfilled, the chiefs, accompanied by our surgeon, proceeded to the residence of Karaimoku, who was too unwell to receive Boki on the beach. The meeting of the brothers was truly affecting. At first they appeared incapable of speech, and then, after a long embrace, they went to the adjoining missionary chapel, and gave thanks for the safe arrival of the long absent chiefs. After this, Boki stood up, and addressed all who had followed into the church; and, having spoken of what he had seen and learned abroad, exhorted them above all things to be diligent in their application to letters and to religion."—*Voyage*, pp. 110, 111.

The landing of the bodies, the concourse of people, the funeral procession to the church, which was hung with black on the occasion, and its return to the abode of Karaimoku, the sick regent, are fully described, with an interesting detail of all the circumstances attending this novel scene. On leaving the church, "the procession marched to the same house, belonging to Karaimoku, where we had been received the day after our arrival: it was now entirely hung with black, and a raised platform, over which a low arch was thrown, at one end, was prepared as the resting place of the remains of the two sovereigns, whom the old man had loved as his children through life, and whose early death has been most grievous to him. He received their bodies standing by a chair covered with black velvet, placed for him close to the platform prepared for them; and prepared as he was for the reception of their remains, he was extremely

agitated, and could not restrain his tears. As soon as the coffins were deposited on the platform, the band accompanied some native singers in a funeral hymn, which the missionaries had written, and taught them to sing, to the air of Pleyel's German Hymn. We could not help reflecting on the strange combination of circumstances here before us: every thing native born and ancient in the isles was passing away: the dead chiefs lay there, hidden in more splendid ceremonies than their ancestors had ever dreamed of; no bloody sacrifice stained their obsequies, nor was one obscene memorial made to insult the soul as it left its earthly tenement; but instead, there was hope held out of a resurrection to happiness, and the doctrines admitted that had put an end to sacrifice for ever, and pronounced the highest blessing on the highest purity! Where the naked savage only had been seen, the decent clothing of a cultivated people had succeeded, and its adoption, though now occasional, promises permanency at no distant period. Mingled with these willing disciples were the warlike and the noble of the land, the most remote on the globe, teaching, by their sympathy, the charities that soften yet dignify human nature. The savage yells of brutal orgies were now silenced; and as the solemn sounds were heard for the first time, uniting the instruments of Europe and the composition of a learned musician, to the simple voice of the savage, and words, not indeed harsh in themselves, framed into verse by the industry and piety of the teachers from a remote nation, came upon the ear, it was impossible not to feel a sensation approaching to awe, as the marvellous and rapid change a few years have produced was called up to the mind."—*Voyage*, pp. 128-130.

These and all Mr. Bloxam's reflections on this melancholy occasion are exceedingly just:

"An event (he proceeds) so singular in the history of the world as this is, will deserve every detail which can be given; but first we may consider the extraordinary fate of these young people. Born in a country which had been for ages concealed by the ocean from the rest of the world, and which had only in the reign of their grandfather been made known to the civilized part of mankind, they were nurtured among the ignorance and superstitions of barbarism itself. The transcendent qualities of their father, a conqueror and legislator, had alone opened to their country a prospect of rising to a station among the cultivated nations of the earth. Yet, young as they were, untrained by scholarship or example, they had broken down the barriers of superstition, paved the way for laws and true religion, introduced letters, and, in hopes of benefiting their country, and securing the alliance and protection of the state which they esteemed most likely and most able to guard them, yet leave them free to improve, and not oppress them, they had undertaken no less a voyage than half the circle of the globe, and had died in that foreign land—surrounded, indeed, by affectionate attendants of their own nation, yet anxious for their distant people, and grieving that they had only half accomplished the object of their heroic expedition. Perhaps the

perfect faith reposed in the English by the people of the islands is the strongest proof that ever could be given by a whole nation of simple-mindedness and freedom from guile. There was not a moment's irritation, not a moment's suspicion that unfair means had been used to shorten their days; and we were received as brothers who would sympathise with their grief, and as friends who would be glad to heal their wounds."—*Voyage*, pp. 124, 125.

When Tamehameha died, all chiefs, according to custom, had a tooth or two broken out of their head to commemorate the event—"Our friend Boki," says Mr. Bloxam, "had four of his front teeth sacrificed on that occasion; and the operation must have been severe; he was laid on his back and his mouth filled with *tapa*; a sharp instrument was placed at the root of the teeth, and at one blow they were all knocked out at once." The ladies, on the same occasion, tattooed the tips of their tongues, as was always the custom in memory of their departed friends. On the present melancholy occasion no such sacrifices or ceremonies were observed. It appeared, indeed, to our visitors that all their ancient customs were fast giving way, under the advice and instruction of the missionaries, who are justly blamed for carrying their austere principles and system of reform, in some respects, too far for a people just emerging from a state of barbarism; but more of this hereafter.

Karaimoku's complaint was the dropsy. The preservation of this man's life, at the present crisis, being considered of the utmost importance to the welfare of the islands, during the minority of the young king, the surgeon of the Blonde volunteered a proposal to tap him, as the only means of prolonging his days. It required some address, however, to convince the chiefs, that boring a hole in a man's belly, which they consider as the seat of life, could be done without danger; but Karaimoku, on being asked if he felt any objection to the operation, answered, "No; my life is in your hands, do as you may think good." When the water had been drawn off, during which the regent frequently exclaimed, "maitai, maitai,"—"good, good,"—the wonder and delight of the chiefs were unbounded, they having seriously expected to see his highness's breakfast issue through the aperture.

A few days after this, a national council was summoned for the purpose of investing the young king with the insignia of royalty, and Lord Byron was invited to attend it. All the governors of the islands and other chiefs, male and female, were present, and most of them delivered their opinions in set speeches on the occasion, expressing their resolution to do all in their power to amend the laws, to live according to the precepts of the new religion, and to promote reading and writing. The heroine Kaepolani then said, that on the lands belonging to herself and her husband, Nahi, she had used every endeavour to establish laws for prohibiting robbery, murder, and, especially, drunkenness, adultery, infanticide, and that, on the whole, she had been tolerably successful. A subsequent visit to her district fully confirmed this: "In her domains," says Mr. Bloxam, "the son inherits his father's proper-

ty, without even an appeal to the chief. Theft is punished, murder almost unknown, and infants enjoy all the benefits of parental love.—The decency, cleanliness, and even elegance of the house, and the dresses of Nahi and Kaepolani, give earnest of a speedy improvement among all classes of these well-disposed islanders, and entitle these two chiefs to a very high rank among the benefactors of their country."

But to return to the council.—Lord Byron, being now called on to speak, delivered a paper containing a few hints for their consideration, which, if approved, they might, he said, adopt as their own; but not as the dictates of the British government, which had no wish whatever to interfere between them and their customs, as they must be the best judges of what suited the people. The paper contained the following hints:—

"1. That the king be the head of the people.

"2. That all the chiefs swear allegiance to the king.

"3. That the lands which are now held by the chiefs shall not be taken from them, but shall descend to their legitimate children, except in cases of rebellion, and then all their property shall be forfeited to the king.

"4. That a tax be regularly paid to the king to keep up his dignity and establishment.

"5. That no man's life be taken away, except by consent of the king, or the regent for the time being, and of twelve chiefs.

"6. That the king, or regent, can grant pardons at all times.

"7. That all the people shall be free, and not bound to any one chief.

"8. That a port duty be laid on all foreign vessels."—pp. 156, 157.

These suggestions are, it can scarcely be denied, simple, intelligible, and even practicable; and as such we are willing to believe they will be considered by most of our readers as reflecting credit on Lord Byron: others, no doubt, will regret the loss of a noble opportunity for favouring the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands with a complete constitution, and code to match, ready cut and dry from the workshop of Mr. Jeremy Bentham, or some other lawgiver of the like authority—and even desiderate the programme of a liberal university at Owhyhee, the professors of course to be chosen indiscriminately from the Christian and Pagan parts of the population.—But to proceed with our story:

All matters of public concern being now settled, the officers of the Blonde amused themselves by making excursions in the island, and particularly to the great volcano of Kairaua, which we have already described; and after many exchanges, purchases, and gifts between them and the natives, the ship, abundantly stored with presents of fruit and fresh provisions, stood out to sea from Honoruru Bay.—The two brothers, Boki and Karaimoku, remained on board till she had reached some distance from the harbour. It was evident, that both felt a deep regret at the departure of their English friends, with whom they had so much reason to be satisfied; and when the moment of parting came, and it was necessary they should quit the ship, Boki, pressing Lord By-

ron's hands, repeatedly exclaimed, "Aroha! aroha! nui, nui, aroha!"—"Blessing, blessing, great, great blessing!"—"We saluted them," says the narrator, "with fifteen guns, as they rowed towards the shore; and so took a final leave of two men, who, considering the state of civilization in which they were born, are among the most remarkable of their time."—Nor did Lord Byron part with his friends without emotion. It is due to him to say that from the moment of their embarkation in England to his quitting the islands, his attention to his guests, and his anxiety to satisfy every want and wish, were unabated; he took an interest in every thing that concerned them, and by the kindness and simplicity of his manners and deportment, during the passage and his stay on the islands, secured the personal affection of every chief with whom he had to deal.

There was one point, however, on which Lord Byron appears justly to have felt some uneasiness, and this was the tone, manner, and line of conduct of the American missionaries, particularly one of the name of Bingham. The influence which this man had acquired over the simple natives, and his uncalled for interference in petty concerns wholly unconnected with his mission, were but too manifest on several occasions—but never more openly, nor more offensively, than when Boki, one Saturday evening, expressed a wish to entertain his countrymen with an exhibition of phantasmagoria. The young king and his sister, with many of the chiefs and people, had assembled to see the show, when, behold! a message was received from this Bingham, "that on so near an approach of the Sabbath, prayer was a fitter employment!"—and such was the ascendancy which this man had gained, that "the two poor children were carried off in tears, and many of the chiefs and people followed to the missionary meeting." Mr. Stewart, another of the missionaries, ashamed of the indecency of such conduct, was anxious to explain the matter, by saying that they followed the Jewish mode of reckoning, and considered Sunday to begin on Saturday at noon.

It is greatly to be feared, indeed, that these (we doubt not, well-intentioned) men are creating much mischief among these simple-minded islanders. They have so little judgment, and are so little acquainted with the human heart, as to let their zeal out-run discretion on many occasions and in many shapes; and this we knew to be the case before now. But certainly we were not prepared for such amazing absurdity as the attempt to force the darkest and most dreary parts of puritan discipline upon these poor people, whose character and habits make it so clear that an exactly opposite course ought to be adopted, by those who wish to win them to the pure faith of Him who, with his own lips, proclaimed his burden to be easy.

By Mr. Ellis's own account, the subjects usually chosen for the discourses of these missionaries are the most unsuitable to be addressed to an uneducated multitude that can possibly be imagined—such, for instance, as the Virgin Mary and the immaculate Conception—the Trinity and the Holy Ghost; these and other mysterious doctrinal points—which the

preachers themselves, from the nature of their education, are unfit to handle,—draw from their simple hearers remarks and questions that puzzle their teachers not a little for an answer. They hold out to their disciples little or no encouragement, either by precept or example, to industrious habits. The shoemaker who may have left his stall, and the tailor who has escaped from the shop-board to commence evangelical preaching, would think it degradation to instruct these poor islanders in the use of the awl or the needle. According to their rule, the more time that is spent in preaching, praying, and singing, the better. The least that is required from the naked, or half-naked converts of Owhyhee, &c. is to attend at church five times every day. On Sundays they are strictly prohibited from cooking any kind of viands, or even making a fire. Boki was refractory on this point, and protested strongly against a *taboo* of this rigid nature, insisted on having his tea on Sunday mornings as he was accustomed in London; the English, he said, were as good and religious a people as they were, and yet he saw thousands walking and riding about in the parks on Sundays; and saw no sign of the Sunday dinner being worse than the Saturday.

Indeed, we cannot help thinking that the progressive spread of Christianity would be greatly promoted and hastened if the good people of England, who raise such vast sums annually for the maintenance of evangelical preachers, would send out, in lieu of them, an equal number of the brethren of the Moravian church, whose simplicity of manners, and readiness to instruct the people among whom they are placed in the various trades and occupations of civilized society, are admirably calculated to inspire confidence and give encouragement to barbarous nations to follow their example; by such means the progress of civilization and Christianity would go hand in hand.

The ill effects of a contrary system would appear to have but too clearly shown themselves in the Sandwich Islands. The continued malady and incapacity of Karainoku had thrown the infant king wholly under the control of Mr. Bingham. We have seen some letters of Captain Beechey, who visited these islands in May last, on his way to Behring's Straits, in which he says, "The efforts of the few zealous missionaries are tending, as fast as possible, to lay waste the whole country, and plunge the inhabitants into civil war and bloodshed. Thousands of acres of land, that before produced the finest crops, are now sandy plains. Provisions are so extremely scarce, that not long since the king sent to beg a little bread of the American consul; the fishery is almost deserted, and nothing flourishes but the missionary school." The reason is obvious enough. The poor simple natives are continually threatened with eternal punishment if they neglect "the one thing needful;" they are told that the morrow will take care for itself; that lilies grow without toiling or spinning, &c. "I met two pious scholars," says Captain Beechey, "with a slate covered with writing, on their way to school, and asked them if they thought it right to pray all day instead of work-

ing; to which they replied, that praying was much better than working." To be sure it is; and so would the West-India negroes think, in spite of all that our free-labour philosophers and philanthropists can say to the contrary. So long as an uneducated man, in such a climate as that of the Sandwich Islands, where nature has provided him with simple food without the exertion of labour, can bask at his ease in the sun, loll in the shade, and loiter away the time in a parrot-like repetition of prayers and psalms, (which, of course, such an eternal repetition must soon come to be,) it would be strange indeed if he did not think that such an easy life "was much better than working." Mr. Ellis, after giving an account of their severe athletic exercises, at the exhibition of which several thousands attend, says, that the missionaries having expressed their surprise that they should labour so ardently at their sport, and so leisurely at their plantations and houses, were generally answered, "that they built houses and cultivated their gardens from necessity, but followed their amusements because their hearts were fond of them."

The apprehension of civil war, expressed by Captain Beechey, appears to be owing to the misapplication of another text of scripture, which says, that in the kingdom of heaven none is before or after another,—none is greater or less than another:—which, as the American teachers apply and expound it, is exactly to tell these poor creatures that "all men are equal,"—a doctrine which Mr. Bingham's countrymen are more ready to preach than to practise. The effect it had produced in lowering the authority of the chiefs was visible enough. Boki complained grievously that where two thousand of his tenants once willingly worked for him a certain number of days, at seed-time and harvest,—which is the condition (something like our socage tenure) on which they held their lands,—he could scarcely now prevail on ten to comply with the old custom. No doubt, therefore, this idleness will increase, so long as the islands produce, with little or no cultivation, the bread-fruit, the banana or plantain, the cocoa-nut and the rose-apple, the sweet potato, the *arum* or mountain *taro*, and the sugar-cane. Something of the same sort, it appears, has taken place at Tahitié, even to a greater extent. This island, Captain Beechey says, "is still the beautiful, fertile country it has ever been represented; but it is lamentable to observe the change that has taken place among the natives, who appear to have lost what good qualities they once possessed, and are become so intolerably lazy, that should the bread-fruit, by any accident, fail them, a famine must ensue. Indeed, they have been very near it already; and nothing but the mountain-plantain and a species of fern saved them from the greatest distress. The cotton-grounds you mentioned to me are overrun with weeds; the looms that were sent out have been thrown aside, and weaving discontinued. The king is a child; his mother a most dissolute woman; and the chiefs divided and jealous of each other. At Tobouai," he continues, "the indolence of the natives since their conversion has been such, that, out of the

whole population, but two hundred remain. It will scarcely be believed that this mortality has been occasioned by their being too lazy to cook their food oftener than once a week, in consequence of which it becomes sour and unwholesome, and produces complaints of the stomach, which carry them off." Captain Beechey gives many other details of the same character; but admits that the missionaries are, on the other hand, entitled to every credit for having succeeded in abolishing human sacrifices and the prevailing crime of infanticide, which had proceeded to such an extent, that the population of the island is not more than one-half of what it was when Cook first visited it.

What a pleasing contrast this officer experienced on calling at Pitcairn's Island! He there found the old patriarch Adams and his interesting family, now increased to sixty-five persons, all in vigorous health; their moral and religious sentiments, their modest and amiable manners, their industrious habits, still the same they were when visited by Sir Thomas Staines and Captain Foldger; neither of whom, Captain Beechey says, remained long enough with them fully to appreciate their excellent qualities. "We were quite delighted," he says, "with their manners and conduct, and quitted them with feelings of deep regret; the more so as we were but too well satisfied that the cultivable ground in this little island, which is only two miles long by one wide, does not yield as it used to do. The wood is for the most part expended; and Adams expressed a strong apprehension that famine must soon visit the rising generation, if they are not speedily removed to some other situation; either to some larger uninhabited island in the neighbouring group, if such there be, or to New South Wales, or Van Diemen's Land. His most anxious wish was, that they might all settle together, to cultivate the ground, or labour, as might be required." Our readers will not fail to recollect the strong interest that was excited by our first account of this innocent and simple-hearted little people; and we do hope, and indeed are confident, that England will not suffer them to perish by want. Their strong attachment to each other, and their manners, so different from, and superior to, those of almost any population among whom they could be conveyed, seem to render it desirable that they should be kept a separate people. They were much in want of clothing, which Captain Beechey supplied, as far as his means would allow. Their only covering consisted of the wrappers made from the cloth-plant, which are no better than thin paper, and fall in pieces under a shower of rain. Adams appeared anxious to have a clergyman among them from the Missionary Society, who, it seems, had promised to send one a few years ago. We should deeply regret to hear of the arrival of any such person among them. The old patriarch, with his Bible, is the best possible teacher that they could possess. As to the removal of this innocent and interesting little colony to New South Wales or Van Diemen's Land, such a step would, we fear, prove fatal to their yet unsophisticated and unblemished character; unless, indeed, they could be established in some secluded spot, free from all contact with

the convicts; and the Tahitian group of islands are still in so barbarous a state, that they would not be safe in any of them, whether inhabited or not."

We have so many detailed descriptions of the Sandwich Islands, their productions, and their former state of society, that we deem it wholly unnecessary to return to the subject, which the reader will find amply treated of in

\* The following extract from a letter of Captain Beechey shows the barbarous state of the inhabitants of *Bow Island*, so called, from its shape, by Cook, who had no intercourse with the natives. "The natives of the low coral islands are such a miserable, half-starved set of cannibals, that they furnished nothing worthy of record. You may form some idea of what they are, and of the country they inhabit, when I tell you that I consider that the miraculous manner in which they subsist is the greatest discovery we have made. When we first visited these narrow strips of coral, it was concluded that among the trees there was some cultivation, and it was not until we entered the lagoon at Bow Island that we found it otherwise, and that they derived their support almost entirely from the Pandanus, a tree very like the Doom Tree of Egypt, which bears its pithy fruit in clusters containing about twenty nuts each. This nut is, in size, nearly that of a hazel nut, but being inclosed in a thick fibrous husk, like the cocoa-nut, appears as large as an egg. But their shape is pentagonal; they consequently have no interstices between them. The labour of cracking the nut is such that it requires several hours to prepare a meal. The cluster of nuts being first divided, they are handed to the men, who suck the inner part of the rind, which is somewhat soft, and almost as good as the root of a very old cabbage, and throw them down in heaps to be pounded by the women, who take them up severally, and carefully examine if any meat is left among the fibres, and if so, they have the privilege of a second suck—if not, the nut is placed under the beater, a stone about thirty pounds weight, and, after a few hard thumps, generally exhibits a fracture. The kernels are then picked out and put together for the men, who during this festival are occupied in the laborious exercise of keeping the flies off their filthy persons. These nuts constitute the whole of their food, except such limpets and land-crabs, *vermes*, or slimy *Holothurie*, as they can pick up on the rocks, and which they devour raw.

" You may judge from this description how little would have been gained from such a race; a people destitute of clothing, of weapons excepting big sticks and clubs, and whose God is a bit of wood with a slit cut in it and a bit of hair thrust in, and then slung to a tree to point out which way the wind blows—or, more frequently, a bit of hair tied to the thigh bone of some human being.

" The natives of the islands immediately about Tahiti, being converted to Christianity, are some shades better than those of the islands lying more remote. I should, nevertheless, be sorry to be cast upon their islands, even in Lent time."

the two volumes whose titles are placed at the head of this article, more especially in that of Mr. Ellis. Neither do we see any thing in the return voyage of the Blonde that could have any claim to detain us, except the details of the shipwrecked crew whose few survivors they delivered, a story but too fresh, we imagine, in the recollection of our readers, and too dark and dismal for human nature to dwell on it willingly—and a notice of the supposed discovery of a new island named Mauti, whose little population seems to have highly interested the visitors. The appearance of a single person in a canoe, with a straw hat of the English fashion, and a Spanish cloak of *tapa*, satisfied them that they were not the first Europeans who had visited this place. Two others next came on board, who, to their surprise, produced a written document from that branch of the London Missionary Society settled at Tahiti, qualifying them to act as teachers in the island of Mauti. These were fine-looking men, dressed in cotton shirts, cloth jackets, and matted petticoats in lieu of trousers. On some of the officers landing, the whole male population assembled to greet them; and seemed unhappy until all of them had shaken hands. Among them were only two women, the wives of the two missionaries, who were decently clothed from head to foot. Proceeding about two miles through a shady wood, which improved in beauty as they advanced, they found to their surprise and pleasure, that the path terminated in a beautiful green lawn, where there were two of the prettiest white-washed cottages imaginable; these were the dwellings of the missionaries, who appeared to be the chief personages on the island.

" The inside of their habitations corresponded with their exterior neatness. The floors were boarded: there were a sofa and some chairs of native workmanship: windows, with Venetian shutters, rendered the apartments cool and agreeable. The rooms were divided from each other by screens of *tapa*; in one there was a bed of white *tapa*, and the floor was covered with coloured varnished *tapa* resembling oil-cloth. We were exceedingly struck with the appearance of elegance and cleanliness of all around us, as well as with the modest and decorous behaviour of the people, especially the women; all of which formed a strong contrast with the habits of the common people of the Sandwich Islands: but this is a small community, easily inspected by its teachers, and having, as yet, had no intercourse from without, to disturb the effects of their admonitions and example."—*Voyage*, p. 210.

A church, capable of containing two hundred persons, stood on a hill near the cottages; the pulpit and reading-desk were neatly carved and painted with a variety of pretty designs; and the benches for the people are arranged neatly round. Close to the church was the burying-place, and the whole had the air of modest simplicity, which delighted no less than it surprised the visitors.

The history of this little island may be found in the Evangelical Magazine. It belongs to the king of Wateeo, (discovered by Cook, in the year 1777,) whose inhabitants, like the Ta-

heitans, have been prevailed on by the Missionaries to destroy their idols, and relinquish idolatrous worship. The king, accompanied by two English missionaries from Tahiti proceeded shortly afterwards to Mauti, where also he prevailed on the people to destroy the morais, and burn the images, and left a native teacher to instruct them in the Christian religion. The whole population was supposed not to exceed three hundred; their food principally bread-fruit, and fish: but they had yams, cocoa-nuts, and plantains; a few tame goats, fowls, and abundance of pigs. Birds, of rich plumage, and various-tinted butterflies, were singing and fluttering in the woods, consisting of magnificent forest-trees—and the climate was delicious. "These," says Mr. Bloxam, "and, above all, the perfect union and harmony existing among the natives, presented a succession of agreeable pictures which could not fail to delight us."

It is added, "As Mauti has not been laid down in any chart, or described by any navigator, we used the privilege of discoverers, and named it *Parry's Island*. It lies in lat.  $20^{\circ} 8'$  S. and long.  $157^{\circ} 20' W.$  but though we are reluctant to deprive Captain Parry of any honour that his well earned reputation merits, we must use the privilege" of dissenting from the assertion of its "not being laid down in any chart," because in Arrowsmith's chart of America (1812) and Purdy's Chart of the World (1812), there is laid down small island named *Mahowarah*, precisely on the spot assigned to Mauti. We cannot mistake, as Watteeo, lies in lat.  $20^{\circ} 1' S.$ , long.  $158^{\circ} 15' W.$ , and Mahowara is about a degree to the S. E. of it, namely, lat.  $157^{\circ} 15'$ , and long.  $20^{\circ} 30' W.$ , which comes so very near, as to leave little doubt of their identity. In fact, it belongs to a group of seven or eight islands, from four to six hundred miles south-west of Tahiti, called *Harvey Islands*, whose names, as given by the missionaries, are Mauti, Atooi, Metiō, Manain, Aitutaki, and Ruratonga, in all of which idolatry has been abolished, Christianity introduced, and the inhabitants very generally taught to read and write their own language, by native teachers sent out from Otaheite by the missionaries of the London Evangelical Society. On their authority, the population of this group is stated to exceed that of the Society Islands, by two or three thousand souls. On Ruratonga, a church has been built, of six hundred feet in length, by sixty in breadth, said to be capable of containing four thousand five hundred people, and to be frequently crammed quite full. The accounts sent to the Missionary Society of the comfortable situation of these islanders, their industrious habits, exhibited in their improved dwellings, cultivated lands, decent clothing, and the considerable advances made in the arts of civilized life, form a striking contrast with the details given by Captain Beechey concerning the present condition of Taheiti and the Sandwich Islands; and they lead to a hope that, through the means of these native teachers, the time is not far distant when the benefits of Christianity and civilization will find their way to all the groups of islands scattered over the vast Pacific Ocean. In furtherance of this ob-

ject, it might perhaps be advisable to place the patriarch Adams, and his little family, on some one of those neighbouring islands, in which the native teachers have so well prepared the population to receive this small society, to the mutual advantage of both parties.

The dissemination of Christianity throughout the islands of the Pacific will be the less difficult, as the whole of them, from the Friendly Islands eastward, make use of dialects of the same tongue; the numerals of which, with a great multitude of words, are similar to those of the Malays. Mr. Ellis says, a number of words appear true Hebrew roots, and that, in the conjugation of the verbs, there is a striking similarity to that language. We place more weight on the fact that, exactly as with the Hindoos, their place of happiness, after death, is Meru; and think it is impossible, in the Pele of the Sandwich Islands, not to recognise the deity, so universally worshipped in the eastern world, under the name of Pele, Bel, or Baal. In short, their customs, habits, games, and every thing belonging to them are oriental, though in a state of great rudeness. Their dispersion over the Pacific is easily accounted for, by the constant easterly winds, which at various times, and in various directions, may have blown fishing canoes from the Asiatic islands to those scattered over the Pacific, and from one of these islands to another,—which last accident, indeed, is constantly happening at the present day.

*Note.*—Since the preceding pages have been struck off, we have been favoured with the following literal copy of a letter of Boki, (which we pledge ourselves to be genuine,) confirming what we have stated with regard to the conduct of the American missionaries at the Sandwich Islands.

*Island of Wouhoo, Jan. 24, 1826.*

Sir.—I take this opportunity to send you these few lines, hopping the will find you in good health, as ples god the leve me at present. I am sorrey to inform you that Mr. Pitt (Karamakoe) has gon thro four oppershons sinc you sailed from here, but thank god he is now much better, and we ar in hopes of his recovery, and I am verey sorey to tell you that Mr. Bingham the head of the Misheneres is trieng everthing in his pour to have the Law of this country in his own hands. all of us ar verey happy to have sum pepel to instruct us in what is rite and good but he wants us to be intirly under his laws which will not do with the natives. I have don all in my pour to prevent it and I have done it as yet. Ther is Cahomano wishes the Misheneres to have the whol atority but I shall prevent it as long as I cane, for if the have ther will be nothing done in these Islands not even cultivation for ther own use. I wish the pepel to reid and to rite and likewise to worke, but the Misheneres have got them night and day old and young so that ther is verrey little don her at present. The pepel in general ar verrey much disctisfisht at the Misheneres thinking they will have the laws in ther own hands. Captain Charlton has not arived from Otiety which makes me thing sumthing has hapned him. Mr. Bingham has gone so far as to tell thes natives that nether king George nor Lord Biron has any regard for God,

or aney of the English cheefs, that they are all bad pepel but themselves, and that there is no Redemption for aney of the heads of the English or American nations. God send you good health and a long life.

Mrs. Boki sends her kind love to Lord Biron and Mr. Camrone and the Hon. Mr. Hill.

(Signed) NA-BOKI.

## Literary Intelligence.

*Ganganelli's Correspondence*.—A singular work has just made its appearance in France; it is the correspondence, which has been only recently found, between two persons, each of whom obtained a great, but very different celebrity. The facts are these: In 1720, in a seminary at Rimini, there were two children who contracted for each other a very strong friendship; one was the son of a labourer in the neighbourhood of *Santo Angelo-in-Vado*; the other was the only son of an officer of fortune in the service of the King of Sardinia. These two engaged, that whatever might be their lot in the world, they would never allow more than two years to pass without writing to or seeing each other: this promise was religiously observed. One of the children, Laurent Ganganelli, became professor of philosophy at Orsaro, entered into the order of St. Francis, held some high situation under the Inquisition, was then made cardinal, and lastly pope, under the title of Clement XIV. The other child, Carlo Bartinazzi, went into France after his father's death, and better known under the name of Carlin, became one of the best harlequins of the Italian comedy. These are the two persons whose correspondence is now published. It may be added, that it was this very Clement XIV, predecessor of Pius VI, who in 1773, and at the request of all the European princes of the House of Bourbon, pronounced the abolition of the Society of Jesuits, which the present Royal Family of France are labouring so hard to re-establish.

*A Concise History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times; or an Account of the Means by which the Genuineness and Authenticity of Historical Works especially, and Ancient Literature in general, are ascertained*. By Isaac Taylor, jun. Author of *Elements of Thought*, &c. 1 vol. Svo.

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Dr. Gordon Smith's *Work on Poisons*, which has been greatly delayed by ill health on the part of the Author, will shortly be ready for publication.

Early in May will appear, London in the Olden Time. A Second Series. Comprising Tales illustrative of the Manners, Habits, and Superstitions of its Inhabitants from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century 1 vol. crown Svo.

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Harrison, M.D. F.R.A.S. Ed. formerly President of the Royal Medical and Physical Societies of Edinburgh, &c., is in the press.

A fashionable jeu d'esprit is announced by Mr. Ainsworth, under the quaint title of *May Fair*. It is dedicated to the Coterie at Holland House.

*An Appeal to Reason; or, Christianity and Deism Contrasted. Dedicated to the Members of the Christian Evidence Society*, by the Rev. Samuel Walter Burgess, D.D.

Mr. Sweet has nearly ready for publication, in monthly numbers, with coloured plates, *The Florist's Guide and Cultivator's Directory*, or an exhibition, with the best method of cultivation of Tulips, Hyacinths, Carnations, Pinks, Ranunculus, Roses, Auriculas, &c. &c.

Major Frederick Johnston is preparing for publication a Translation from the German of Count Von Bismarck's celebrated *Lectures on the Tactics of Cavalry*, to be dedicated by permission to Gen. Sir Hussey Vivian, Colonel of the 12th Lancers.

*The Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Admiral Lord Collingwood*. By G. Newnham Collingwood, Esq. are in a state of forwardness for publication.

*A Life of Morris Birkbeck*, written by his Daughter, is nearly ready.

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